

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. III, No. 42.

VICTORIA, B. C., JULY 28, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Is published every Saturday morning at 77 Johnson street, Victoria. Subscription, \$1.00, invariably in advance.

CORRESPONDENTS—THE HOME JOURNAL is desirous 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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers ordering address of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED—All papers are continued until an explicit order for discontinuance is received.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to

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

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

[I]n the absence of other interesting subjects to discuss, I will refer to a practice which was indulged in at many of the meetings during the recent political campaign. I mean hissing. Some years ago, a contributor to *Chambers' Journal* asserted that hissing was first heard in Pandemonium, and he gave Milton as his authority. Hissing, continued this writer, comes so easily to the natural man when he wants to express dissent, that it must certainly have tried to legitimize itself again and again in state assemblies; but it has been decided that groaning and coughing accord much better with such meetings.

Formal divisions were not taken in the primitive periods of deliberative assemblies: the mind of the majority was discovered by simpler and quicker processes. Our Teutonic ancestors, according to Tacitus in his *Germania*, expressed their affirmative vote by the brandishing of their spears or rattling of their weapons: this, he says, was their utmost complimentary form of assent and approbation. They voted their "Nay" by uttering a growling noise; "if sentiments displeased them, they rejected them with murmurs." The *strepitus*, whatever it be, was certainly in a lower and less insolent and irritating tone than the hiss. Strabo tells us there was an officer (a moderator?) in the old Gaulish assemblies whose business it was to put

down all interruption; at the third summons he cut off a piece of the offender's tartan with his sword.

The theatre is of course the classical and historical home of hissing. I imagine that anyone with sufficient acquaintance with the details of dramatic history and biography might compile a big book on *Hissing in the Theatre*. It has domesticated itself there; in other places it has only lodged; if it is to be finally dislodged from other places, it will still, I suppose, assert a prescriptive title to be heard there. Theatre-hissing is not only noticed by the great dramatists of all periods of our literature, but I find it brought in to point a moral by one of our great English preachers, who has most absurdly and uncritically been taken for a Puritan, Thomas Adams. In a sermon published in 1614, under the title *The Sinner's Passing Bell*, he says: "The player that misacts an inferior and unnoted part, carries it away without censure; but if he shall play some emperor or part of observation unworthily, the spectators are ready to hiss him off." Plays, however, are hissed as well as players, and the French have an untranslatable adjective which they apply to both. Hissing began in the theatres say the French Encyclopedists, as soon as there were bad poets and bad actors impudent enough and ignorant enough to expose themselves to the criticism of a great assembled world. The French call such actors and the works of such poets *sifflable* (hiss-able); they speak of a "comédie sifflable," an "acteursifflable." I have only heard of one attempt to dislodge hissing from its home in the theatre, or rather to regulate its hour; readers who are better acquainted with theatrical history may possibly know of others. In December 1819, the police of Copenhagen issued the following curious ordinance: "After this present notice, the public shall not testify their dissatisfaction at the conclusion of a piece at the theatre until ten minutes after the fall of the curtain. At the expiration of these ten minutes, a signal will be given by three beats on a great drum, and all those who after that shall hiss, or give any other mark of disapprobation, will be arrested as disturbers of the public peace."

A French newspaper of the same year (from which this ordinance is translated) says that it was infringed the very first

night it was in force, and that arrests were made accordingly. The fact that hissing is reckoned legitimate at the theatres, has led men to choose them as the place for expressing their public dislikes in times of great excitement. Shakspeare's Cardinal Wolsey was hissed at the time of the papal aggression, but the hiss was not meant for the actor, but for Cardinal Wiseman. Hisses are directed at unpopular persons who come as spectators, and not as actors. Sir William Knighton says that George IV. always entered the theatre with an excessive dread of being saluted with this mark of public disapprobation. If he heard one single hiss, although it were immediately drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home wretched, and would lie awake all night thinking of that one ugly note, and not of the thousand agreeable notes. Sometimes it has not been one visitor, but a whole party of visitors who have had the hisses of the spectators directed upon them.

I imagine that a chapter might be made upon the repartees of the victims of hissing. To say that the hissed have often given back as good as they got, would be to say that they merely showed fight; but the fact is that they have very frequently, like Orator Hunt, won an unmistakable victory. On one occasion there were only seven persons in the theatre at Weimar; the seven, however, considered themselves to form a sufficient court of criticism, and taking offence at the bad acting of one performer, they hissed him energetically; the manager thereupon brought his whole company upon the stage, and out-hissed the visitors. Mr. H. C. Robinson tells us that he was present at Covent Garden Theatre with Charles and Mary Lamb in December, 1806, when Lamb's *Mr. H*— was performed for the first time. The absurdity of the piece turns upon the hero being ashamed of his name, which is only revealed at the end as "Hogsflesh." "The prologue was very well received," says Mr. Robinson, "indeed, it could not fail, being one of the very best in our language. But on the disclosure of the name, the squeamishness of the vulgar taste in the pit showed itself by hisses; and I recollect that Lamb joined, and was probably the loudest hisser in the house." Rossini, at the first performance of his famous



*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, took the very opposite course; when every one was hissing, he turned round and energetically applauded. He felt certain of the triumphant future of the opera, and from his earliest youth was unmoved by the first judgment of the general public.

Of all the nuisances in this world "the man who knows it all," I believe, is the greatest. Some of us, to our great discomfiture, have this well posted bore on the list of our acquaintanceship; with others again, happily, he may be a lingering memory. In the latter case, as time softens resentments as well as trouble, I am inclined to forgive and take a more charitable view of him, for he is more fool than knave.

He carries with him, usually, a patronizing air—so patronizing, in fact, that intelligent men feel uneasy and awkward in his presence. He claims to know it all. Unfortunately for himself, he knows too much, for his mind is a veritable lumber room of hard facts derived from a surfeit of books, old almanacs, curio columns and the *multum in parvo* of newspapers.

No matter what the current question may be—social, industrial, religious or political—that the thinking world is agitating itself about, this well posted blockhead is done with it; has it thoroughly settled to his entire satisfaction; all cut and dried; stowed away in his overcrowded memory, to be handed out gratis to the first man he meets. People generally avoid him; but the poor newspaper man has to stand his ground when he sees him coming sauntering into his place of business. Business has to be attended to, customers waited upon, and he finds it the best policy to put on an affable appearance while this fellow gives him a lecture on how to succeed, to the edification, and admiration, probably, of his patrons.

He is the one murky and disagreeable looking cloud that hangs over the sunlight of most festive gatherings. His presence is no sooner noticed than some knowing wag predicts wind. And it comes, sure. His rasping voice is not long in making an opening, and it rattles away like an old clock without a pendulum. Men who pride themselves on having the quality of being better listeners than talkers lose all patience. The few leisure hours that had been set apart for a little sympathetic gossip and the soothing spirit of song have been transformed into a weary and thoughtless rattle on all the moss-grown ideas of other men's minds. If he had only essayed a song—"After the Ball" even—all might have been forgiven and forgotten. Yet it is more his misfortune than his fault. Nature plays strange pranks with most men. Many are endowed with some distinguishing quality

or grace, but find themselves lacking in some other sympathetic auxiliary that is essential to work in harmony with it. She gives in one way and leaves them wanting in another. A man may have the ability to plan, but get lost in the foundation when he starts in to construct. One sense must be in touch with another—there is no such thing as independence in Nature, however much we may prate about having it.

The well-posted individual may have a retentive memory and an excess of material knowledge; but it is not wisdom—merely a rough and useless mass of unhewn stone. Nature has not provided him with the cunning to chisel it out, to fashion and shape it so that it may be of use and beauty to the world he moves in and a credit to himself. There is a wide chasm between this kind of knowledge and real wisdom, which all his acquired material can never bridge. When he begins to learn that the mere dates of eventful days, the populations of remote places, and all such like are better on the book-shelf than in the memory; when he learns that there is infinitely more beyond his reach than he ever dreamt of; that there is more in his brother man than he gave him credit for, and that he is worth listening to awhile; when he strives to live in touch with human society and the existing order of things, then he will have sown a seed that can not fail to flower.

Here is another nuisance: Since the disappearance of the Ark (not Noah's, of course, but Spratt's) from Victorian waters, many people flatter themselves that they have got rid of the whistling nuisance. "Music hath charms," etc., is an assurance with which all are familiar, but the musical engineer of the Ark, when he indulged in those discordant variations of which his steam whistle was so capable, failed to "soothe the Siwash breast," much less that of the ordinary whiteman within range of the noise. The whistling nuisance, however, is still with us. I am frequently aroused from my peaceful slumbers—and I am a sound sleeper—by the whistling of steam craft in the harbor. It used to be about 2 a. m. when I received my first shock. On those occasions, I became conscious of the fact that a large proportion of the good people of Victoria suffered as I did just because the regular steamship was about to start for Vancouver. I often thought that the whistle was loud and shrill enough to be heard by our neighbors in the Terminal City. But I have become accustomed to that now. I cannot, however, reconcile myself to the intermittent whistling of all the steam craft in the harbor. It does not interest me in the least, nor, indeed, any other ordinary land-shark, to know that a steam tug is

going through the bridge at 3:30 a. m. and yet before this little event takes place it is necessary that three or four shrill whistles be given—loud enough, one would think, to open the bridge of themselves. It would appear as if no movement is made until heralded by the indispensable whistle. This may be a very well for those interested, but it can not be considered a boon to sleepers. Nor is the whistling nuisance confined to the harbor; it prevails all over the city commencing at six o'clock in the morning. One particularly harsh blast is heard at 6 a. m. I am told it is intended to wake up the engineer of the establishment from which the sound is sent forth, and whistles a mile distant. It no doubt has the desired effect—and a great deal more. Now, if this big whistle were allowed to do all the waking-up, there would be no very vigorous kick coming. At seven o'clock, however, nearly every establishment in town using steam power uses the steam whistle, and oh, what noise! I often ask myself, is all this noise necessary? Is it fair to torture a whole neighborhood that a few may know that their days' work begins? In dealing with other evils, the whistling nuisance should not be overlooked. I know of an establishment employing two whitemen and three Mongolians, and its whistle calling all hands together is as pretentious in volume as any in the city.

According to the *Victoria Times*, Rev. J. E. Starr, formerly pastor of one of the Methodist churches in this city, spoke in his church in Toronto on the late strike upholding the stand taken by the Pullman company and condemning the course taken by Debs. After the rev. gentleman concluded his remarks, a smile passed over the faces of the congregation as the choir sang the anthem, "Strive With All Your Might." I give the foregoing as it constitutes a fitting prelude for a recent incident in the life of the Rev. Rolph Duff, the brilliant pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Vancouver. It has been customary for the clergymen of that place to announce the subject of their Sunday sermon at least two or three days previous to the service. Last Thursday Mr. Duff had a notice inserted in one of the local papers that the subject of his text for the following Sunday would be "Will the Building be Completed." Now it never occurred to the wild and untutored residents of the Terminal City that this text had any scriptural significance. In their minds, it could only refer to the magnificent pile which is in process of construction over James Bay and to the cost of which Vancouver has contributed so liberally and generously. Therefore, when Sunday arrived, the church was crowded from cellar to garret



This Mr. Duff regarded as nothing more than due appreciation of his eloquence as a clergyman and his popularity as a citizen of no mean city. All at once it dawned upon him the true meaning of the presence of this throbbing mass of listeners in his church—they imagined he was going to express dissatisfaction at the construction of the Parliament buildings. He disabused their minds of this belief, however, when he prefaced his sermon with these words: "I hope I have not brought you here under false pretences. I resisted the temptation to refer to political matters when your interest was excited, and, now that you have become utterly nauseated, I am not likely to begin."

The *Commercial Journal* has been publishing a series of articles on the subject of industrial enterprise. In its last issue, it says:

"We wonder what will be the next development in connection with British Columbia industries. The season is getting far advanced and it is high time that something were done looking to the thorough development of some of our latent resources and dormant energies. Who will make the necessary move? We can quite realize that the political excitement of some months past has not tended to the consideration of our manufacturing interests. We have been temporarily removed, as it were, from every day business. But now that the Canadian tariff has been amended and that provincial politics are not pressing, surely some attention can be paid to the subject of taking further steps to develop our trade and industry. If some of our people do not take some decided action, we cannot expect that outsiders will come in and invest their money. It is the capital which we want. Let there be some well digested plans for attracting it and for turning it to advantage."

It may occur to many that this matter might well be taken up by the Board of Trade. The committee on manufactures is composed of Messrs T. B. Hall, G. Leiser, D. R. Ker, Wm. Templeman and F. J. Claxton. Every one of these gentlemen know that if Victoria is to retain her commercial pre-eminence manufacturing industries will have to be established.

The *Harbord Review*, a paper published by the students of the Harbord Collegiate Institute, tells a story of the meeting of two young men who, as boys, sat together in a public school fifteen years ago.

One of them is father of four children, has been engaged in several occupations and business ventures, made an assignment once, but is now doing well and worth about eight thousand dollars. The other is taking an Arts course in the University, has another year of study ahead of him, is not quite decided what occupation he will enter, and draws his expenses from his father's purse. The

first one either had not a father or his father had not a purse, so he early plunged into the thick of life, marrying at eighteen and failing for three thousand dollars at twenty-one. The other at thirty will only have left school, and will probably toss up a copper to see whether he will apply for a clerkship in a bank, or take a further course of study and become a land surveyor. Those two young men present quite a contrast, and it would be very interesting to compare their worldly positions twenty years hence. One has been puttering around the brink of life all these years, playing with the pebbles, putting on cork vests, making scientific measurements of the speed of the current, the depth of the stream and the height of the sky, analyzing the water and studying the geology of the river bed. He has been testing his strength on expert contrivances, gauging his upward reach and his downward reach, theoretically buffeting imaginary waves, while being safe on shore all the time. He has been going through the motions of life while not living. The other is in mid-stream. He plunged in without theories, without calculations as to the depth of the stream or its width or the speed of its current—it had to be crossed, deep or shallow, wide or narrow, fast or slow. He plunged in and began to buffet with all his might. Waves have washed over him and he knows what the initial terrors of drowning are; he knows, too, how to relish the moment when he gets upon the top of a wave and is bathed in sun and intoxicated with pure air. He has no theories yet, but he is drenched with experience. He cannot tell you the speed of the current, but his arm instinctively put forth strength enough to match it. Which is the better off? Twenty or thirty years will tell the tale, it will then be known which one will be tossed up a battered ruin on the other shore, and which will land in fine trim, amidst plaudits, to enjoy the comforts of age.

Once more I feel constrained to congratulate the efficient and energetic Superintendent of Provincial Police, Mr. Fred. Hussey. His work in connection with the arrest and conviction of the murderer Lynn is said by lawyers and others to have been highly praiseworthy. Before the prosecution moved in the matter he placed in their hands a chain of facts, which, when placed before judge and jury, resulted in a speedy and righteous conviction. In working up his case Mr. Hussey received valuable assistance from Mr. Biedsoe, and to these two gentlemen all credit is due for the vindication of the majesty of the law in the instance of Hugh Lynn, the red-handed murderer.

The recent appointment and installation in office as harbor master of Montreal of an individual who had no more knowledge of the shipping trade than some of the most abstruse of scientific questions, continues to call forth loud protests from the Board of Trade and others. But Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is inexorable and has snubbed the Board of Trade of the chief commercial city much in the same way as he has repeatedly done that of this city. In fact the "boy Tupper" appears to have lost all regard for the representations of those who are most directly concerned with matters in regard to which he happens to have the official patronage.

Despite the great expectations which have been built upon Imperial intentions regarding the transportation of Australian and New Zealand mails the British Postmaster-General is reported to have said that the Government could not hold out any hope that the Canadian Pacific route would be substituted for that *via* San Francisco. This must have been disappointing to the advocates of those proposals which have recently been discussed at the late Colonial Conference in Ottawa the more so since the tendency of Rt. Hon. Arnold Morley's remarks were decidedly favorable to the United States route.

Of all the calamities that ever descended upon this already sorely afflicted community I regard the "New Syndicate Circus, and Menagerie" as one of the worst—perhaps not as far-reaching in its bad effects as the smallpox; but nearly so. To begin with the parade, it was a matter of comment that a more poverty-stricken looking lot of animals, outside of those rented in the city, never disgraced the streets of Victoria. There were camels without humps and dromedaries with something on their backs that very much resembled artificial humps. There were horses whose bones could be counted without the aid of spectacles, and trick animals dwarfed in their growth.

It might be said that it speaks volumes for the charitable inclinations of Victorians that they subscribed liberally towards providing coverings for these poor dumb animals. Our esteemed and eminently respectable contemporary of Broughton street contributed a blanket for the elephant, whose step, by the way, betokened a life inured to long suffering and want. But notwithstanding all this, the monster of the jungles evidently felt its degraded position, for it nodded apologetically to the strangers along the line of march. Evidently the poor beast's mind wandered back to its home in its native fastnesses where it was respected and



# 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.

looked up to by all. Thrown loosely over the back of a mule, was a sheet on which was inscribed a legend, directing the attention of the public to the fact that at a certain store down town, which was always open, a superior quality of pure goods, etc., could be secured. Was this not enough to make the high-born asinine ancestors of this beast of burden turn in their graves? There were also other animals and other sheets, on which were similar inscriptions. As to the performance under the tents I am told that it could not very well have been any worse. The only feature of merit was a trapeze performer.

Notwithstanding all this these strolling vagabonds took considerable money out of this city, consequently the purchasing power of the people has been contracted to the extent of four or five thousand dollars. It would be an act of wisdom on the part of the Council, if they would raise the licenses of circuses so high that it would be unprofitable for them to exhibit here in the future.

#### SPORTING GOSSIP.

##### LACROSSE.

The seniors of Victoria and New Westminster will play their next match in this city next Saturday. The home team got down to practice last Monday, since which time they have done some very hard work. The prospects are now that the match will be even more stubbornly contested than the one of July 14. It is said that Spain will play with Westminster, but no changes in the Victoria team have yet been discussed. The local club are making great preparations for the event. The E. & N. Railway will run a cheap excursion from Nanaimo.

New Westminster has entered a protest against Morton, of Victoria. As his case

is before the executive, THE HOME JOURNAL refrains from criticism.

The fourth game of the intermediate championship series was played at Nanaimo, on Saturday the 21st inst. between Nanaimos and Stars of this city, resulting in a victory for the latter by three goals to nil. Both teams played an excellent and decidedly good natured game.

The Stars and James Bays cross sticks again at 3 o'clock sharp this afternoon and a very interesting game is expected as both teams are tie with each other and this is the only chance the Stars have of winning the Island championship. The Stars will line up the same as they did last Saturday.

##### SPORTING NOTES.

A golf club has been organized in Winnipeg, and the *Free Press* goes into ecstasies over the innovation. It says "golf is immense." "To play the game properly," says the same paper, it is necessary to wear a golf costume. Winnipeg has not yet decided on this beyond the point of a red jacket, which experience has shown to be a sine qua non—which is not the same thing as a sieacure, though we have heard a distinguished officer say that he had declined a certain office, as it was a mere sine qua non. What the lady members will wear we cannot say. A red bombazine, cut on the bias, with gores caught up by buffons of tulle in Directory style; hair dressed a la pompadour with a bun strikes us as very appropriate, but we cannot be sure that this will meet with general approval. We certainly think that the lady who wears a bun will achieve that success, which our youngest office devil describes as 'taking the pastry.'

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

#### EDUCATIONAL ESSAY.

##### KNOWLEDGE, ORIGIN AND AIMS.

Knowledge, which means intellectual enlightenment, may be defined as a clear perception of truth.

The word knowledge is used in different senses, and often means practical skill, suggested by the old maxim of Francis Bacon, "Knowledge is Power," i. e. applied knowledge.

The history of Psychology shows that there has been much controversy about the origin of knowledge between the two great schools of thought in Philosophy. The Intuitionists maintain that knowledge is to a certain extent innate, i. e. inborn capacity; while the Empiric school teach that knowledge is wholly derived from experience and is connected with the special and general senses. The teachers of this party say that all knowledge is connected with the senses. Both schools of thoughtful enquiry teach much that is true, but it is difficult to decide where one ends and the other begins—three mediums of receiving knowledge viz., sensation and perception; (2) consciousness and reflection; (3) testimony. The true aims of educational work are important, viz., culture and practical ability. The correct ideal of school work should combine culture with a considerable amount of executive ability.

The foremost educators divide the teachers' duties into three parts—physical education, intellectual culture and moral training.

The muscles of the body should be trained to respond to the calls of the will and the mind trained to acquire knowledge scientifically, while the moral feelings and conscience should be strengthened to carry pure thought and feeling into practical activity.

A fire alarm disc, suitable for placing on any watch, has been introduced in the city.



## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

OK BAY has been the chosen rendezvous of many picnic parties during the season, but one of the happiest of the lot was that of Miss Johnson's class. (St. John's Sunday School), on Wednesday last. The little ones, headed by their teacher took the car at ten o'clock, and with a well packed hamper started for the scene of their day's outing, not returning until after eight o'clock in the evening, and then with the happiest recollections of the event.

The residence of Joseph Loewen, Esq., was tastefully decorated, last Wednesday evening, and thronged by a merry company. The verandahs and lawn were nicely illuminated by numerous Chinese lanterns, which were very pretty. Sunflowers and ivy combined made the ballroom look cool and inviting. The ivy, particularly, clinging to chandelier, staircase and archways, almost pictured a fairy glen. The Bantly family supplied their usual excellent music, and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. The following are a few of the guests: The Misses Dunsmuir, Misses Harvey, Misses Foster, Misses Pooley, Misses Angus, Misses Erb, Mrs. T. Corsan, Miss M. Gaudin, Miss C. Jones, Mrs. Hannington, Mrs. Dumbleton, Miss Devereux, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Braunsden, Miss Richards and Mrs. Barnard; Messrs. Stahlschmidt, Huggins, Lampman, Powell, H. A. Robertson, Locke Robertson, Archer Martin, Corsan, Barnes, Mitten, Holt, Langton, J. O'Reilly, C. J. Loewen, of Vancouver, Hennage, R. N., Stanley, R. N., Shuter, R. N., Chance, R. N.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pegram, leave for Kamloops by to-night's boat, whither Mr. Pegram is bound to take charge of the local branch of the Bank of B. C. there. Mr. Pegram has been in Victoria as paying teller to the bank for the past three years, and has made many friends during that time. His services will also be missed by the Arion Club, with which institution he has been actively associated ever since its formation. We wish Mr. Pegram every success upon his entering on his new duties.

A number of young people assembled at "Craig Royston," the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. MacGregor, Terrace Avenue, on Wednesday evening last to celebrate the sixteenth birthday of Miss Vera MacGregor. A most enjoyable evening was spent with various games, music, etc.

A boating and tennis party will be given by a number of young bachelors to their lady friends this afternoon. The party will land at Kurtz' point and spend the afternoon on the grounds surrounding the residence of Mr. J. S. Yates.

Rev. Father Althoff, is about to remove from Juneau, Alaska, and is expected to arrive from the north shortly.

A pleasant lawn tennis party was given by Mrs. J. S. Yates, Gorge Road, last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Robt. Ward gave a garden party Thursday afternoon at "The Laurels," Belcher street.

Mrs. Chas. Gibbons and family will spend a month or so at Race Rocks.

Miss Meiss, of Tacoma, is a guest at the Mount Baker Hotel.

Mrs. Oscar Bass is out at Cadboro Bay for the summer.

## ANECDOTES OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE.

The following is from the *Kootenay Mail*: The late Sir Matthew Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia, was an uncommon man. He will probably be the best remembered for the courageous part he played in the early and troublesome life of British Columbia, when men's minds were fired by the gold fever. He was appointed judge of the Mainland of British Columbia as far back as 1858. Those were the days when on the whole of the Pacific slope of North America shooting was promiscuous and law uncared for. Chinamen were looked upon as other than human, and killing them was little more than a pastime when work was slack or when John had a good claim. Judge Begbie went up to Cariboo amongst this lawless crew and the men looked forward to a bit of sport in the shape of judge-baiting, and many were the boasts and schemes got up and talked of.

But the judge was a big, bony man, and his whole atmosphere and carriage suggested courage and determination. He soon saw what was before him in Cariboo. A Chinaman had been killed by a white tough only a short time before his visit to the district. Begbie swore in some sort of a jury, and passed the death sentence, to be carried into execution next morning at daybreak. No one thought it would be carried out. Many were the murderous plots and rescue schemes discussed during that night, but the man was hung next morning, and Begbie saw it done with his Winchester ready for use in his hands. The result was remarkable. The toughs at once said that a country where a white man was hung for potting a Chinaman was no kind of a country at all, and many of the worst sort left. But Begbie slung up many a man in the gold country at Cariboo.

Many tales are told of the decided way

in which the late Chief Justice would say what he thought. A little while ago the journalists of the Province came under his caustic notice. Sometimes the jurymen serving under him were very severely dealt with. For example, in 1883 a man was charged in Victoria with killing another man with a sandbag, and in the face of the judge's summing up, the jury's verdict was "Not guilty." This gained for them a very pointed judicial admonition. Said the Chief Justice:

"Gentlemen of the jury, mind, that is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience will rest the stigma of returning such a disgraceful verdict. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of immorality and crime. Go; I have nothing more to say to you."

And then, turning to the prisoner, the Chief Justice said:

"You are discharged. Go and sandbag some of those jurymen; they deserve it!"

The following was received too late for classification: On Sunday last after the conclusion of the evening service in the Centennial Methodist church a short musical programme was gone through, consisting of three solos by Mrs. Mifflin, Mrs. Rowlands and Prof. Rowlands respectively, and a mixed quartette. Mrs. Mifflin sang "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own" with much expression, but was handicapped very much by the accompaniment, which was very badly played. The whole thing was repeated as a quartette by Mrs. Rowlands, Mrs. Mifflin, E. Wolff and Prof. Rowlands. Prof. Rowlands rendered Gounod's "Nazareth" with great display of power, but his accompaniment was even worse than that of the preceding number, the left hand being apparently allowed to forage for itself. Notwithstanding this drawback Mr. Rowlands' voice speedily found the utmost recesses of the building. Mrs. Rowlands sang "Oh Rest in the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" very sweetly. It is always a pleasure to listen to this lady, as she is an evidently painstaking artist. The quartette (unaccompanied) "God is a Spirit," was a delicate morsel, and received careful handling. This number was sung by Mesdames Rowlands and Mifflin and Messrs. Wolff and Rowlands. The marks of expression were particularly well marked throughout. The affair was terminated by the singing of the Doxology by choir and congregation. In future, when Prof. Rowlands intends giving another affair of this sort, I should advise him to engage an accompanist who can play; otherwise, the concert was a success throughout.

A. B. C.



## A PSYCHOLOGICAL MYSTERY.

"MR. GIERS, Feldon has gone and left things down there in confusion. I have just received a dispatch; he has taken along all the stock, securities and the private papers. You must go down at once and look the matter up. Get those papers at all hazards. As the scoundrel left but yesterday, he must be within reach. My private car will take you as far as the City of Mexico; there you take the Narrow Gauge to Orizaba. Your old friend, Jackson, will meet you at the station and assist you. Get ready. Steam is up; in five minutes you will have to start."

The morrow was to have been my wedding day. I was sorry to think of the annoyance which this sudden departure would cause my beautiful Beatrice and her family. I had long learned to make the interests of my chief my own; delay was impossible. I could not even bid them good-bye; duty before everything.

With feelings in which bitterness was curiously blended with satisfaction—satisfaction with the new evidence of confidence that I was giving—I said that I would be ready.

Returning to my office, I hastily wrote a note to Beatrice, took a box of cigars, and, in another two minutes, found myself in the chief's private car. He handed me written instructions and a cheque book, and, wishing me a safe journey, gave the signal to the engineer. A shrill whistle and away we sped at a tremendous rate.

I read the instructions carefully. Special stress was laid upon the recovery of those private papers which the chief had mentioned. Being acquainted with the country, I was sanguine of success, if I could but get hold of Feldon, although I did not know him personally.

We reached El Paso almost before I knew it. On we sped through Mexico until we reached Queretaro, where an accident happened to the car. Fortunately we were within twenty minutes of the night express from Aguas Calientes to the City of Mexico, which stops at Queretaro.

Having telegraphed to the chief regarding the accident, I ordered the car and the engine side-tracked until the next day and procured a ticket for a first-class compartment to the City of Mexico.

I say "a first-class compartment" because the ticket agent had informed me that the express was made up of English coaches, with doors on both sides. I don't feel myself called upon to discuss the difference between British coaches and American cars, but although there are some disadvantages in English coaches, owing to the fact that the passengers face each other, a first-class compartment when occupied by one or two passengers

is certainly far more convenient than the American car with its two-seat chairs. The seats, which run the whole width of the English compartment coaches, are comfortably upholstered, with soft arm-rests and head-cushions.

I was talking with the engineer, who swore at the Mexicans in choice machine-shop terms, when the express rushed into the station. I was ushered into a compartment by the conductor, the engine gave a shriek, and we sped to the City of Mexico.

The light in the compartment being rather dim, I did not, on entering, observe the presence of any other person. But I was made aware that I had a fellow traveller by something like a growl. My companion had evidently been disturbed in his slumber, and did not greatly relish it. As I looked more closely, I saw that he was well dressed, of gigantic size, and evidently an American. I apologized for the intrusion, but he made no answer. I had been travelling alone the whole day, and was inclined to talk to some one, so, nothing daunted, I stepped across to his corner and offered him a cigar; he refused and turned his head toward the window.

I said no more, and drawing my soft felt over my eyes, I tried to sleep. But—how shall I say it?—a mysterious power seemed to keep me awake. Opening my eyes, they met the steady gaze of the stranger. Again I closed them, and feigned sleep by a good imitation of a snore, while I looked at him through half-closed lids.

His gaze was still upon me; turn as I might, my eyes reverted to his, and the annoyance which I felt at first soon changed to horror, for suddenly his eyes took that strange brilliancy peculiar to savage beasts and the insane. The longer I looked at him, the firmer my conviction grew that I was a companion to a madman. It is literally true that this knowledge positively paralyzed me, for, as I thought of rising, I could not move. The horror grew so intense that I felt the perspiration oozing from every pore of my body.

My thoughts chased one another through my brain with the rapidity of lightning; my school days, my life as a newsboy, my meeting with the chief, my first step to an honored position, my lovely affianced, my rise to the highest position in the gift of the chief, my race after Feldon—all flashed before my mind, and there I was, my eyes spellbound by those of the madman.

I tried to recall my energy; I sought to coax my limbs into mobility. I reasoned with my fingers, asking them to move just a little; I knew that if they but moved one-hundredth of an inch I should be safe. I tried to persuade them to move in the direction of my overcoat pocket,

where I had my Smith & Wesson double action hammerless revolver.

The madman rose and slowly came toward me. What a tremendous fellow he was! His head touched the ceiling; his glance went right through me. He put his hand into my overcoat pocket, out of which he took my revolver and slipped it into his own pocket. As he did so he smiled a ghastly smile, more horrifying even than his gaze. Now he tapped me on the forehead, and at the same time saying: "Get up, mister!"

His touch acted on me like a powerful battery. I was up in an instant, strange to say, and as I stood on my feet my faculties returned, but with them the recognition that I was absolutely at the disposition of the merciless maniac.

For a moment I thought that he had hypnotized me and wanted some sport, but I soon found out my mistake. He was obviously insane.

I cried: "What do you want of me, sir?"

"I want you!" he replied ferociously. "You want my money, I suppose. Here it is," and I handed him my pocketbook. "Keep your money; I am not a robber. I am a philanthropist."

"And what do you want of me?" "I want to show you an invention of my own; the automatic executioner."

"I shall be pleased to see it," said I. "Shall you? I am glad of that."

With this he took from his pocket a curiously twisted cord and continued thus: "I have worked on this for years, and am at last ready to show the world what real genius is like. As sheriff of Montreal, I have executed many criminals in my time, but their last struggle was always a disgusting one. My invention does away with all this; one end of the electro-automatic-executioner is fastened to a hook, the noose is slipped over the criminal's head, and in a fraction of a second he is with the silent majority. Do you see the advantage of my invention?"

I thought it advisable to humor the trend of his mania, and said:

"This is truly a great invention. I should like to introduce this among the politicians of San Francisco."

"Introduce it, eh? Why, yes, certainly; it shall be introduced, but I will do that myself!"

"And what do you want me to do in the matter?" I asked, trembling at the thought dawned upon me that he possibly wanted to try his invention on me. His answer confirmed my fears. He said:

"You? Why, you shall be made glorious by verifying the utility of my invention. I have been hunting in every country in the world for the proper person, worthy enough for that grand

purpose  
until th  
and ar  
comma  
Imag  
fainted  
and we  
conscio  
grown  
I had p  
and fee  
escape a  
Involu  
line, wh  
the othe  
Madu  
look and  
It is u  
this trait  
gations,  
work to  
reach th  
lamous a  
For a  
the door  
but the  
the rate  
be dash  
to escap  
matric  
"Make  
watch, th  
before liv  
to live.  
This is  
of joy; si  
awful end  
train was  
five o'cloc  
that lengt  
"My de  
willing t  
vention o  
you to gra  
"What  
"I wish  
to a lady  
would ask  
city of Me  
"Certai  
quick abo  
"I tha  
provoking  
"I have t  
Could yo  
paper?"  
"Certai  
said he, ex  
a tablet of  
While I  
his pocket  
of my pen  
"Just se  
point of m  
have no ki  
"Oh, n  
"Just ha  
sharpen it  
keen-edg



purpose, but Heaven bade me wait until this evening; I knew you would and am prepared to execute Heaven's command."

Imagine my horror! If I could have fainted I should have experienced relief and would have been executed without consciousness. But my nerves had grown strong during the last moments; I had perfect control over my faculties and feelings and thought of means to escape an untimely death.

Involuntarily I looked at the bell-cord line, which, unfortunately for me, was on the other side of the compartment.

Madmen are cunning; he caught my look and said:

"It is useless to look for that rope there; the train does not stop at any of the way stations, nor would heaven permit this work to be interrupted, and when we reach the City of Mexico I shall be famous and you in heaven!"

For a moment I thought of jumping at the door, opening it and saving myself, but the idea was not feasible, because, at the rate the train was moving, I would be dashed to death, were I lucky enough to escape the grasp of the powerful maniac.

"Make haste," said he, drawing his watch, the execution must be completed before five, and it is now twenty minutes before five.

This intelligence caused me a thrill of joy; since force would only hasten my awful end I must seek to gain time. The train was due in the city of Mexico at five o'clock; if I could divert him for that length of time I was saved.

"My dear sir," said I, "I am quite willing that you should try your invention on me, but before I die I ask you to grant me a favor."

"What is it? speak; it is granted."

"I wish to write my will and a letter to a lady to whom I am betrothed, and would ask you to mail the letters in the city of Mexico. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, with pleasure; only be quick about it."

"I thank you very much. Ah, how provoking," said I, searching my pockets. "I have no paper to write the letters. Could you oblige me with a sheet of paper?"

"Certainly, sir; I have plenty of that," said he, extracting from his breast pocket a tablet of paper and two envelopes.

While he was taking the paper from his pocket I managed to break the point of my pencil.

"Just see how troublesome I am. The point of my pencil has broken off and I have no knife to sharpen it."

"Oh, no trouble at all," he replied.

"Just hand me the pencil and I will sharpen it for you." With this he took

his coat and sharpened the pencil. He was evidently as well armed as he was physically powerful. Having sharpened the pencil, he sheathed the dagger, and told me to go on. I thought of writing a lot of nonsense, but could not for the life of me—which really was at stake—compose a single sentence. In my despair I copied the alphabet. I drew the characters with care, in order to fill up time and space.

At last the sheet was full, and my executioner asked me if I were ready.

"I am ready with my will, but I have not written the letter to my affianced."

"Well, write quickly," said he, and his look was threatening.

"I should like to describe to her your wonderful invention. Can you show me how it works so that I may write intelligently on the subject?"

"Decidedly, I will; you are a good fellow, entirely unlike those cowards from Montreal."

"Ah, but where will you fasten it?" I asked.

"Nothing easier; I slip the end through that lemp bracket in the ceiling, just the place for it."

So said and so done; but while he was thus occupied I cast a glance at the window and my heart gave a leap, for I saw the first houses of the great Mexican city. To gain a little more time was all that I needed, but my life depended on my doing so.

"Behold how it is done," said he, holding the cord in one hand.

"Ah, but you would have to engage a living executioner to slip the noose over the criminal's head," I argued.

He became frightfully excited, and in his rage did not hear the whistle of the locomotive.

"This is the greatest invention of the age," said I. "Can you draw?"

"No," he replied. "Why?"

"Because I should like to send my affianced a sketch of this wonderful executioner. But as you cannot draw, and as I, who am a first-class sketcher, could not possibly make a sketch after my death, and she will be sorry, because she edits a newspaper."

"A newspaper did you say?" he cried, his eyes flashing wildly. "They refused to mention my invention in the papers in Montreal, the curs."

"My affianced would be only too happy to do it, if you would consent to throw the noose over your head so that I could sketch you."

"This is a capital idea," said he, "and if you are quick about it I'll do it."

"I will be quick," I cried. "Get ready."

I had hardly finished when he slipped the cord over his head, but quicker than thought I was at the door, opened it and

jumped. I fell into a crowd of people—we were at the station of the City of Mexico. As I jumped I heard the gurgling sounds of the strangling maniac. I was not hurt by my fall, and when I regained my feet I hastened to the compartment, anticipating the horrible sight of the madman strangled by the invention of his disordered mind. But imagine my surprise when, on reaching the place of my late adventure, I found it—vacant.

The curious crowd made such a noise that the conductor came forward, eager to know the cause of the tumult. I asked him if he knew my traveling companion, if he had seen him leave? He looked at me in amazement; he had seen no one leave the compartment, except myself—in the peculiar manner described. He said that I had been the sole occupant of that compartment from Queretaro, and, turning to the crowd, said in Spanish "The American is crazy," which caused the crowd to disperse panic stricken. Seeing that I could get no satisfactory explanation from the conductor, I took my overcoat and bought a ticket for Orizaba. At the station there, I was met by Jackson, who received me very cordially and informed me that Feldon had been found. I had experienced some shocks in the last few hours, and this news hardly surprised me. Still I asked: "Where was he found?"

"In Jalapa," was Jackson's reply.

"When was that?" I queried.

"Last night," said Jackson,

"What has he got to say?" said I sternly.

"To say!" cried Jackson, "the poor fellow has nothing to say; he is as crazy as a loon; I pity him. It took six men to manage him last night."

We had just arrived at the quartz mills, and Jackson conducted me to the room where Feldon was strapped to an iron bedstead, a raving maniac. As I looked into his face I nearly fell, the shock was so tremendous. Great God! it was my travelling companion of the night before!

When I told Jackson the cause of my agitation he was perplexed. "The automatic executioner is the very thing he raved about. We found him half dead with a riata around his neck. This is very strange!" said Jackson.

My story met with many incredulous smiles in San Francisco. My dear wife alone believes it, and shudders when I relate it to others. To me it remains a psychological mystery.

Lawson & Bennett, brewers, Victoria, have dissolved, John Lawson retiring.

H. S. Fairall, brewery, Victoria West, has sold out to G. Varrolman and Steve O'Brien.



# VICTORIA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

288 YATES ST., MISS M. B. SHARP, PRINCIPAL.

Summer session for pupils desiring to study during the holidays. Primary departments. Special rates for beginners. Herr Anton Zilm, for several years concert master in Theodore Thomas's orchestra, has been engaged for the violin and orchestral department.

## MUSIC STUDIO. REMOVED.

Pupils received for a thorough progressive course of graded instruction.

**PIANO AND ORGAN.**

Communications addressed Box 444.

MR. G. J. BURNETT, Organist and Choirmaster, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

### SINGING LESSONS.

Italian School of Voice Production and ELOCUTION by

W. EDGAR BUCK, Bass Soloist, formerly graduate with Manuel Garcia, London, Eng.

### FRENCH LESSONS.

Private and Conversation Classes by MADAME HARRIETTE BUCK, of Paris, holding diploma.

Studio—85 and 87, Five Sisters' Block.

## VICTORIA School of Music,

43 1/2 GOVERNMENT ST.

LESSONS GIVEN IN

Singing, Piano, Violin, Organ and Harmony.

MR. CLEMENT ROWLANDS,  
MR. ERNEST WOLFF, L.C.M.,

H. A. TIEDEMANN  
Piano Tuner and Regulator,

With VICTORIA, B. C.  
L. W. WAITT & CO.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Madame Laird : - :

TEACHER OF  
VOCAL MUSIC

In all its branches.  
Sacred Music a specialty.

161 VANCOUVER ST., cor. Pandora Avenue

MISS FOX,

Teacher of

Piano and Harmonium.

RESIDENCE:

36 MASON ST., NEAR PANDORA AVENUE.

## FRANK BOURNE,

THE PRACTICAL  
Piano Tuner and Repairer.

Work Guaranteed.

Pianos Selected.

134 FORT STREET, VICTORIA

## MR. GEORGE PAULINE

(Organist Christ Church Cathedral)

LESSONS GIVEN IN

THEORY, PIANO, ORGAN.

TERMS MODERATE.

9 LABOUCHERE STREET

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MRS. JAMES BROWN-POTTER  
and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, supported



by an exceptionally strong company, will open a three nights' engagement at the

Victoria theatre Tuesday evening next in the following repertoire: Tuesday evening, The Iron Master, an adaptation of the translation of George Ohnet's celebrated novel; Wednesday evening, I



Society, by Dumas, fils; Thursday evening, Camille, by Alex. Dumas. One of Mrs. Potter's most successful plays is In Society, written by Alexander Dumas, the younger, and presented to her by him.



The story of the play tells of a young married couple who have reached the indifferent stage, where the husband again seeks the attractions offered by the clubs, the ballroom and the gay Parisian restaurant. The wife becomes jealous, and requests her husband to remain at home during the evening. This he refuses to do, and finally one evening when he is



# J. W. CREIGHTON'S FINE TAILORING PARLORS, 86 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

Suits reduced \$30 to \$20; \$35 to \$25.

Now is the time to buy.

## IDEAL PROVISION STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hams, Bacon, Etc., and all kinds of Dairy Produce.

64 FORT ST., - - - VICTORIA, B. C.

W. Blakie, Manager.

## Dr. A. A. HUMBER, Dentist, 93<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> DOUGLAS ST., Next to Odd Fellows' Hall.

Gas Ether given for painless extraction of teeth. All work guaranteed. Crown and Bridge work a specialty. The most modern appliances used. Telephone 527.

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

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE  
99 DOUGLAS STREET.

Miss Hext, a large audience will no doubt be in attendance.

Mr. J. G. Brown, the popular leader of the First Presbyterian Church choir, went up to Vancouver, last Saturday morning, to assist at the reopening services in connection with Rev. Mr. McMillan's church at Mount Pleasant, of that city. Large congregations assembled at the morning and evening services, and enjoyed the fine solo singing of Mr. Brown. The Rev. Mr. Clay, of St. Andrew's Church Victoria, preached both morning and evening. On Monday evening, a grand concert was given, at which our popular baritone made a great hit, being encored on every appearance. A great many old residents of Winnipeg, Manitoba, were in the audience. This may be accounted for by the fact that five of those taking part were old Winnipegers, namely: Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Griffiths, pianists; Mr. W. Cope, Mr. J. D. Scott, Mr. J. G. Brown. The pieces of the evening were the duetts between Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Brown and Mr. Scott and Mr. Brown.

THE HOME JOURNAL is in receipt of a somewhat lengthy criticism of "Lady Windermere's Fan," but as the play and actors are now almost forgotten, it is con-



## JAMES FISHER ALBION MARBLE WORKS, 73 FORT STREET.

Monuments, Copings, Etc. at reasonable prices. Designs on application.



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.

considered that the public would not be much interested in its publication. "M." sums up the merits and demerits of the play by saying: "I am convinced that Mr. Wilde's play will be remembered longer for its shining passages than for the perfection of the work as a whole."

Prof. Finn's band is now one of the best on the coast.

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.

about to attend a mask ball, after requesting him not to go, in a fit of desperation, she declares that if he attends the ball she will follow him, claiming that she has a right to be where her husband is. He takes the threat as a joke and treats it accordingly leaving her, as he supposes, in the act of retiring for the night. Scarcely has he crossed the threshold than she follows, enters a cab, attends the ball, has her husband escort some ladies to supper, forms an acquaintanceship with an unknown man, going to supper with him and occupies a compartment next to him in which her husband and his friends are seated. Here she overhears the conversation and eventually goes home in the wee sma' hours of the morning. The following morning her husband learns of her adventure and immediately becomes seriously indignant; calling his friends and relatives around him, he denounces his wife in strong language and telephones his lawyers to take immediate steps to secure a divorce. The interposition of mutual friends finally reconciles the husband, and the wife proves that her action was simply to teach him a lesson in the ways of the weaker sex. Mrs. Potter will of course play the wife, and Mr. Hext, the injured husband. Both parts are said to be wonderfully strong and full of character.

Miss Ethie Elaine Hext, the gifted singer from Eastern Canada, will appear for the first time in this city, next Tuesday evening under the auspices of the First Presbyterian Church choir. Miss Hext has earned golden opinions from the press in all sections of the Dominion, and her appearance in Vancouver last Monday evening drew together one of the largest audiences ever seen in the capacious market hall of that city. Her entertainments are something of an innovation upon the ordinary ones given by elocutionists, consisting as it does of readings humorous and tragical; and an entirely new departure is made of statuesque posing in Greek costume, some forty-five in number. The musical part of the programme is in the hands of Mr. J. G. Brown, who will be assisted on this occasion by Miss Hutcheson, the well known soprano of St. Andrew's Church choir, Mr. H. Firth, leader of Victoria West Methodist Church choir, Miss Wilson and the Parfitt orchestra (nine pieces). The local talent alone will be well worth hearing, and with the additional attraction of



**HER EXCELLENCY IN IRELAND.**

**D**URING the month of June, Lady Aberdeen made a tour through Ireland in the interests of the Irish Industrial Association, of which Her Excellency is president; and if fresh evidence were needed to testify to the quick, responsive gratitude of the Celtic race, writes Faith Fenton in the *Toronto Empire*, it would be found in the enthusiasm that has marked her reception and progress through the restless little isle.

It was during the Aberdeen regime in Ireland that this most helpful association was established; and it is largely due to Her Excellency's organizing skill, social influence and enthusiasm that it has reached its present active and prosperous condition.

In her past position as viceregal lady of Ireland, Lady Aberdeen saw not only its destitution and poverty, but the skill and capabilities of its people—in minor industries—especially that of its girls and women in the art of crochet and lace-making. And with practical benevolence she began at once to formulate plans for encouraging these industries and finding market for them.

The organization of the Irish Industries Association was the outcome of this planning, and its speedy growth and prosperity prove its necessity.

This association has been established for the purpose of encouraging and aiding home industries among the people; especial attention being directed to the fine arts of lace making and embroidery, for which the Irish women are famed.

By employing teachers of these arts; by bringing the workers into connection with the wholesale trade, so that they may not be dependent upon casual custom; by establishing effective middlemen between the simple unbusiness like peasant workers in their homes, and the great wholesale market; by making the industries known and securing more extensive custom—this is the work the association has set itself to do, because in it lies the amelioration of the condition of the Irish peasantry.

Leaving the task of establishing local branches and securing modern design and high quality in the works to able coadjutors, Her Excellency, since her arrival upon these shores, has devoted herself to making these Irish industries known and endeavoring to establish agencies in Canada and the States.

The Irish Village at Chicago last year did much to make known the minor industries of Ireland, and the fine quality of its goods. The Irish poplins certainly attained fame with the World's Fair visitors, while the Irish laces were gener-

ally admired. The pathetically bare Irish cottages, each with its fire place and stack of peat, its old settles and dresses, and its busy occupant carving, spinning or lace making, did much to make the prosperous people of the New World realize the hard conditions under which many of their brethren are laboring, and to fill them with kindly thoughts of help in whatever practical way might be opened. As a result of the Irish village a store has been opened in Chicago, which the association hopes may become a central agency for the United States.

"In speaking of Canada," said Her Excellency at her reception at Cork, "I should like to tell you of the great interest taken in this work by very many people there, and especially, I need not say, by the Irish whom we have come in contact with.

The Prime Minister of Canada, who is of Irish descent, has given me a message of hearty greeting to you in Ireland, and to let you know how deeply he is interested in this work and how proud he is to be a Waterford Irishman himself.

"In Canada we hope to establish agencies for the Association. In fact we have already entered into business relations with a leading house in Montreal. Mr. Murphy came over at the beginning of the year and bought goods and carried them back. The goods were so eagerly sought that he is coming again this month to get further consignments.

"We hope also to have agencies in other places—Toronto and Kingston—and in that way you see our business in Canada is promising."

Upon her arrival in Cork, upon the first of June, Lady Aberdeen was greeted with the heartiest of receptions, and a very large public meeting inaugurated her Irish tour.

It was here Her Excellency delivered her first address, in which she gave a picturesque description of the Irish Village in Chicago last year, entered into details concerning its profits and results, and discussed the possibilities of the American market for the Irish industries.

Throughout her lengthy address, which was listened to with interest and enthusiasm, Lady Aberdeen's business ability was most marked.

It is this practical quality of her genius, coupled with clear-sightedness, womanly enthusiasm and the all-roundness of her thought that makes Her Excellency a force as well as an influence in whatever work she undertakes to do.

Very clearly and in most business-like way she outlined to her listeners, not only in Cork, but throughout her tour, the

objects of the association and the channels of its work. Not one fact was overlooked, not one possibility untouching. To create a market for the industries, to make the industries worthy of the market, to bring the poor workers more in touch with one another and with business enterprises—each of these aims received Her Excellency's attention, and she enlivened upon the best methods of accomplishing each.

That Her Excellency has given something more than her good will and untiring effort to the Irish industries, especially the lace making, is evident from a statement of the manager of the association, made at the meeting in Cork.

"After the Irish Village in Chicago I thought the greatest step which the association had taken was the acquisition of the Irish Lace Depot of Ben. Lindsay. Its greatest advantage was that it had already a great foreign connection with Paris, London and Berlin, and through there existed the means of putting the industries on the basis of a regular wholesale trade.

The establishment of the Lace Depot in Dublin was entirely due to Lady Aberdeen herself, she having put nearly £5,000 of her own money into it.

Lady Aberdeen felt that when Mr. Lindsay, the only wholesale lace merchant in Ireland, died, there was a great prospect that the lace buyers would have a chance to dispose of their work. She bought the premises, the stock, the goodwill and everything connected with the establishment, and the consequence was that all the lace workers of the county who had been in the habit of sending their work to Mr. Lindsay, were now doing so; and these workers were paid nearly £400 for their work."

Beginning at Cork, where she visited all the factories and institutions, Her Excellency journeyed south through the most picturesque and tourist travel portion, visiting Kinsale, Limerick, Tralee and Limerick, where, by her graceful recognition of the love and vice she has given Ireland, she proffered the freedom of the city.

At every point, she was met by enthusiastic people, and given spontaneous loving welcome. At the Kinsale convent schools, where so much of fine lace work is done, she was greeted by the following song of welcome:

Welcome to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
With hearts full of joy, your coming we hail,  
Child of the thistle and shamrock, Mavourneen,  
Caed mill's failthe once more to Kinsale.  
The Canada claims you from home and  
Erin,  
Still do you faithfully bear us in mind,  
And brave loss and danger, Mavourneen,  
Mavourneen.  
For dear Erin's children employment to find,  
Chorus—Welcome to Erin, etc.



how we treasure Mavourneen, Mavourneen.  
The love you have shown to our county and race.  
Your zeal in our cause and your efforts to help us.  
Our warm Irish hearts have won you a place.  
By our Heavenly Father, so rich in reward-  
ing.  
Your deep debt of gratitude amply repay,  
O Aberdeen's house, bestow choicest blessings  
And crowns everlasting we earnestly pray.  
Chorus - Welcome to Erin, etc.

The brief address from the girl tells rather pathetically something of the hopeful Irish nature and the hard Irish poverty - tells also how the laughter and fun of that Irish Village in Chicago shined a wondrous bright reflection across the big ocean to sparkle in shining silver sixpences in the hard places of the little green isle.

At Killarney, the shrine of tourists, a very touching address was presented to Her Excellency, where with unfeigned pleasure the people welcomed the visit that would do so much to revive the languishing local industries.

Killarney convent is noted for its fine needle-point lace. The work, which requires the greatest patience for its execution, is really beautiful, and its excellence was won for it well merited recognition. It was much admired at the Chicago exhibition. Unfortunately, here in Canada and the States, we are apt to get an inferior article which is palmed off upon us as the genuine hand-worked needle-point. At Tralee Her Excellency visited the convent to examine the embroideries and lace work and afterward the knitting and thread factories.

In Limerick City Lady Aberdeen's welcome was most enthusiastic and here the freedom of the city was conferred upon her, which honor she accepted gratefully and with eloquent speech, again urging the people to cultivate the home industries and renewing her promise to endeavor to find market for the same.

Her Excellency suggested that deputations might be sent to different houses to ask them to dress their windows with Irish goods at particular times; and stated that the association had now an agent in Montreal in a very large house, who had undertaken to have a window always dressed with Irish goods, and to have, in fact, an Irish department. She hoped in that way they would be able to introduce a great number of Irish goods in Canada.

Returning to Dublin, Lady Aberdeen visited many places in the north of Ireland, and was everywhere received with unbounded enthusiasm on the part of the people of all classes and creeds. Throughout her tour the greatest desire seems to have been shown to indicate the gratitude

felt for her untiring energies on the part of the Irish industries.

At Carrick and in the centre of the weaving industry where the beautiful Donegal home-spun tweeds are produced, Lady Aberdeen received as glad a welcome as among the lace-makers of the south. She visited the weavers' cottages and inspected the work done.

The importance of these Irish industries may be estimated in the fact that to a great extent the people depend for subsistence on homespun and cottage industries; for hardly a year passes without at least a portion of the potato crop being destroyed, either by the winds from the hills or the gales to which the Irish coast is exposed. Therefore in protecting and encouraging these Her Excellency and her aides are really helping to solve the difficult problem of Irish poverty.

The Irish blood that filters through Canadian veins grows clearer, but not less warm, and, as a people, we are one with our vice-regal lady in our desire to advance in every wise, practical, kindly way the interests of the little green isle.

And Ireland's ardent welcome to Her Excellency in her recent tour is but another finer link in the tie that binds these afar off, yet of one blood, together.

**DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS,**  
Late of London, England, general family and obstetric practice, with special attention to diseases of children and diseases of the chest and stomach; over twenty-five years' experience; many years a member of the British Homoeopathic Society, British Gynecological Society and Pathological Society of London.  
DR. WILLIAMS may be consulted at all hours at his office and residence, 91 Pandora, near Quadra street, city. Telephone 153.

## The Chase Metallic Roof-Plate.

### POINTS OF SUPERIORITY:

A Metallic Conducting Plate, covering the roof of the mouth.

Thinness and perfect adaptation of the same. The accuracy of adaptation to that portion of the alveolar ridge with which the rubber or celluloid comes in contact.

A plate when made by this method is much lighter than an all gold plate, hence more pleasing to the patient.

The metallic roof-plate cannot become detached from the rubber, as the peculiar construction renders it impossible.

It is one of the most cleanly, durable, comfortable and beautiful dentures ever devised.

The metallic plate can be reswaged in case of absorption or shrinkage of the mouth, thus saving the expense of new metal.

These plates can be fitted to any mouth, however irregular or ill shaped.

Enunciation is much better than when the roof of the mouth is covered by a rubber or celluloid plate.

Perfect conduction of heat and cold, thereby preventing inflammation of the mucous membrane.

The peculiar and original method of making these Plates renders it possible to give to the patient the advantages of both a Metallic and Rubber Plate at a price within the reach of all.

**DR. A. C. WEST, DENTIST,**  
Adelphia Building, Government and Yates streets, Victoria, B. C.

## Try Our +

**EGG** LEMONADE  
PHOSPHATE  
COFFEE  
CHOCOLATE

10 Cents.

Or a glass of  
Hires Root Beer,  
Ottawa Beer,  
Raspberry Phosphate,  
Strawberry Phosphate,  
Orange Phosphate,  
Blood Orange Phosphate,  
Coffee and Cream,  
Chocolate and Cream  
Etc., Etc.

5 Cents.

—AT—

## The Central Drug Store,

CLARENCE BLOCK,

Cor. Yates and Douglas Sts., Victoria, B. C.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

## UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE

"Motion best means of cure."—Hoffman.

## Massage.

**DONALD F. MACDONALD,**

Certified Medical and Surgical Masseuse, London, Eng., visits or receives patients at the

## LEANDER SWIMMING AND ELECTRIC BATHS.

No. 32½ Fort Street.

## W. J. HANNA,

Graduate U. S. College of Embalming, New York.

## FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER

Parlors 102 Douglas St.,

Telephone 498. Victoria, B. C.

## W. G. FURNIVAL UPHOLSTERER.

Carpets cleaned, altered and relaid.

Lace Curtains and Blankets a specialty.

DUCK BUILDING, 58 BROAD ST., TEL. 540

Of all the summer beverages for Table or general use, Cider is the most healthful, and SAVORY'S is the BEST, being made from home grown apples and perfectly pure. A splendid thing for picnics is a case of Savory's Champagne Cider. All the leading grocers keep it in stock. If your grocer should not have it, order direct from the maker.

W. J. SAVORY,

VICTORIA, B. C.

Telephone No. 32.

P. O. Box No. 18.

## QUEEN'S MARKET,

Cor. Government and Johnson sts., Victoria.

Lawrence Goodacre,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHER

Contractor by appointment to Her Majesty's Royal Navy, the Dominion Government, etc. Shipping supplied at lowest rates.

## NEW QUEBEC MAPLE SYRUP

ARRIVED. [Very Delicious.]

Falconer Vinegar and Pickle Works.

Telephone 473. Fort St., Victoria, B. C.



**IT'S HOT!** +

You should feed your hens this hot weather, to prevent cholera, on midds or bran (scalded). \$1.25 per 100 lbs.

9 & 10 City Market, W. B. Sylvester.

**PENSARN KENNELS.**

FOX TERRIERS { Combined strains of  
Ch. Venio, Ch. Re-  
gent, Ch. Rachel.  
SCOTCH COLLIES { Pensarn Gordon, 3.222  
Melchley Flurry, 2.842  
Melchley Flurry won the silver medal for best  
collie at Victoria Show, Feb., 1894.  
J. B. CARMICHAEL, 87 Government Street.

**FOR SALE**—Irish Setter Puppies, from Miss  
McGinty C. K. C. 3,270; good field dogs.  
Address "Irish," this office.

**S. F. TOLMIE, V.S.,**

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,  
Fellow Ontario Veterinary Medical Society.

Diseases of all Domestic Animals treated

Office at Bray's Livery, 109 Johnson street.  
Telephone 182. Residence and Infirmary: Clo-  
verdale, Saanich Road. Telephone 417.

**THE KENNEL.**

J. B. CARMICHAEL has sold the  
rough coated collie, Gordon Won-  
der, by Pensarn Gordon, ex Simpson's  
Nellie, to H. F. W. Behnsen, of Spring  
Ridge. Wonder is an exceedingly rich  
colored sable, with handsome white mark-  
ings, and gives every promise of being the  
best dup yet sired by Pensarn Gordon.

The collie, The Lady of Oaklands, has  
been presented to the children of the  
Protestant Orphans' Home, by Mr. Mer-  
ritt. Lady is litter sister to Gordon  
Wonder, mentioned above.

The sporting editor informs us that a  
swimming match is on the tapis between  
the tykes of two well known fanciers, to  
take place in James Bay. We thought  
something was up, as a well known fireman  
has been seen giving his bulldog difficult  
swimming lessons, out near the Dallas  
Road.

The tramway wire broke at the corner  
of Government and Yates streets, on  
Tuesday, and came near to causing the  
death of a very valuable field spaniel.  
The dog merely touched the wire with  
the nail of the middle toe of the left fore-  
foot, but received enough juice to send it  
up Yates street at a very high rate of  
speed.

Several of our fanciers are putting in a  
week or so at "Camp Killarney," opposite  
the Victoria Gardens, and of course each  
has his favorite tyke along. H. C.  
McCauley spends his spare time trying to  
teach his water spaniel pup to swim, and  
Goulding Wilson claims to have taught  
his collie to round up all the campers to  
their meals.

The English partridge eggs brought out  
by the Victoria Gun Club proved to be

**Groceries For Cash**

at R. H. Jameson & Co., 33 Fort S

What are you going to do about it?

What the Public will do:--

DRINK JAMESON'S PURE TEAS AT GREATLY REDUCED  
PRICES. Black, best 75c., now 50c.; Gunpowder, best 80c., now  
60c.; Japan, best 60c., now 40c.; Young Hyson, best 60c., now  
40c.; a good Kasow Congou for 25c.; best Ceylon 65c., now 45c.

addled, owing no doubt to their long de-  
tention on the way.

The black cocker spaniel, Josephine,  
the property of the Wandering Kennels,  
has whelped six pups—three dogs—by  
Ch. Black Duke. The Wandering Ken-  
nels are owned by Harry Wright, who is  
rapidly coming to the front rank in  
cockers.

We received a pleasant call from Rev.  
F. W. Flinton, of Cedar Hill. He was  
accompanied by his collie, Echo Lass, that  
is developing into a very promising  
animal.

D. J. McDonald has invested in a well  
bred Newfoundland, from the kennels of  
a gentleman on the Gorge road.

An exhaustive letter on "the care and  
management of dogs," by Samuel Matson,  
was received too late for publication this  
week. It will appear in the next issue,  
and will well repay a perusal.

**POULTRY.**

THE *Poultry Keeper* has come out  
strong for comparison judging. We  
are with him when he says: "Comparison  
judging brings only the best birds to the  
show, and does not fill the show-room  
with a lot of trash to be 'scored'" The  
man who has to get a judge (?) to score his  
birds should not style himself a breeder.

Another poultry association has been  
organized in Washington under the name  
of the Washington State Poultry Associ-  
ation, with F. R. Wilson as secretary.  
Mr. Wilson will be remembered by the  
fanciers here as the man who awarded the  
prizes at the fall show in 1891, the year  
that exhibitors' names were marked on  
the coop tickets.

Mr. Merritt has sold, through an ad. in  
this paper, a couple of fine langshan  
cockerels to Chas. Green of this city.

Fish is a very acceptable food to the  
hens, and those living along the seacoast  
should take advantage of its plentifulness.  
The dried ground fish may also be used,

Providing a great pleasure to the smoker. The brands we keep excel in flavor, color, and general smoking qualities. The same remark applies to the various brands of smoking mixtures. Our assortment of pipes and smokers' articles generally is COMPLETE in every detail.

H. L. SALMON, Salmon Block

**HARTMAN & CO.**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS**

11 and 12 New City Market,

RECEIVERS OF

Grain, Hay, Mill Feed, Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs,  
Imported and Domestic Fruits, etc.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.  
Returns made weekly.  
Have you seen our Chop Feed, which cannot  
excelled?

and even the salted article is excellent,  
provided it is well soaked before using.  
Ground fish is very cheap, and may be fed  
in connection with ground meat or ground  
grain and made into dough. It serves as  
a change, and although some maintain  
that fish imparts a flavor to the flesh and  
eggs, we doubt if it is sufficient to be  
recognized by any but an expert.

B. B. Moore has gone to Cowichan  
Lake for a week's fishing. He is ac-  
companied by W. H. Whittaker, the  
Kamloops barrister, who will see that the  
necessary affidavit is drawn up in proper  
shape.

Mr. H. W. Carroll and bride,  
Seattle, were in the city during the week.

Last Saturday saw two marriages and  
four souls made happy at Vancouver.  
One of these events took place at Christ  
church, when Rev. L. Norman Tucker  
united in the bonds of matrimony  
Wynn, C. P. R. officer, and Miss  
Bullock, a recent arrival from England.  
J. Williams acted as best man, while the  
bride was supported by two sisters of the  
groom. The other marriage was that of  
John McLellan McKinnon, of real estate  
repute, and Miss Jane McGregor Grant,  
daughter of Alexander Grant, Fairview.  
Rev. G. R. Maxwell was the officiating  
clergyman, Misses May and Flora Grant  
fulfilling the position of bridesmaids and  
Dr. Dundas Herald seeing the groom  
through the trying ordeal.



# PASTURE.

— THE —

## Mount Tolmie Home Building Assoc'n, Ld.

has about 125 acres of choice pasturage within 3 miles of the city, well fenced, in four separate fields—each having ample water supply.

An experienced man in attendance. Stock will be sent for and pastured at the following rates PER MONTH :

Horses.....	\$3 00
Horned Stock....	2 00

Bunches of horses, cattle or young stock at reduced prices.

APPLY TO

**J. H. BROWNLEE, Manager,  
44 FORT STREET.**

P. S.—A few choice pieces of acreage at reduced prices.

K O D A



English Ginger Beer. English Ginger Beer

# THORPE & CO.,

(LIMITED.)

Victoria.

Vancouver.

## MINERAL WATER.

TELEPHONE 435.

P. O. BOX 17

### FREE ON APPLICATION

By postal card or personally to 62 King's Road, a pamphlet entitled "The Great Salvation," as delineated in the Scriptures of Truth; helping the honest-hearted to return to the Apostolic faith.

The Victoria Soap Works at the corner of Government and Herald streets, is fitted with the latest approved appliances for the manufacture of laundry and toilet soaps. Mr. F. S. Findlay, the manager, reports a steadily improving demand for the product of the factory. Findlay's Borax Soap is one of their specialties, and wherever it has been introduced it has gained in popularity. A fine sample of improved White Castile soap, besides Glycerine, Old Brown Windsor and other toilet soaps are now shown. The Old Brown Windsor, Mr. Findlay claims, is equal to any on the market. Washing Soda has recently been added to the products of the factory.

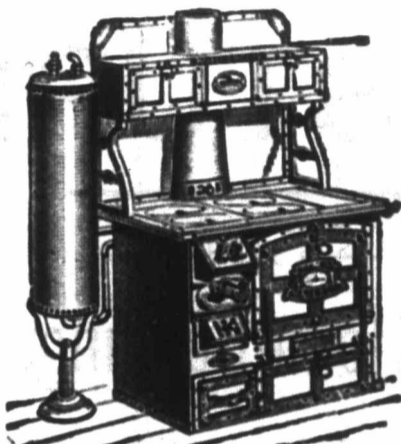
### ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

For the next 30 days, I will sell my stock of spring and summer goods at greatly reduced prices.

Suits, \$20 and up.  
Pants, \$5 and up.

**Campbell, the Tailor**  
88 Government Street.

**COUGHS  
OLDS  
ROUP** } are cured by  
**Atwood's Cough Cure.**  
Numerous testimonials R. J. W. ATWOOD.  
from Victorians. 68 Douglas St



**THE MAJESTIC**  
Steel and Malleable Iron Range is without a peer in the Market. Heating and Cooking stoves, Cutlery, Lamp Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

**McLENNAN & McFEELY,**  
Corner Government and Johnson streets.

## C. MORLEY,

P. O. BOX 366.

— Manufacturer of —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE  
ETC., ETC.

No. 7 Waddington Alley

## ARTHUR HOLMES,

### CLOTHIER.

Suits for Boys and Youths.  
Gents' Furnishings.

Hats. Gloves. Scarfs. Night Shirts. Etc

78 YATES STREET.

# THE HASTINGS ART STUDIO

) FOR FINE PHOTOGRAPHS

Hastings, Manager. 56 Fort Street.

+3+



SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE Salvation Army in a certain provincial district were at one time in the habit of displaying this glaring inter-rogatory: "What shall I do to be saved?"

The vendors of a well-known patent medicine saw in this an opportunity for a more and useful advertisement, and they forthwith had similar sized bills printed underneath as follows: "Try Blank's Noted Pills"

This naturally annoyed the religionists, who at once ceased to be the medium of giving publicity in such a manner to the proprietary article. In time the original boards were washed away, but the advertisements of "Try Blank's Noted Pills" continued to appear.

The chance for revenge had now arrived, and in order to return a Roland for an Oliver, the Salvationists beneath every announcement displayed an attractive poster on which was printed, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Alfred had hopes but Charlie had the girl. This, of course, was unknown to Alfred and he would never have proposed to her.

Naturally the girl said no, because it was not the summer time and two engagements at once would have been bad form, and furthermore Alfred was not her type.

So she responded "No," and was about to say something else when Alfred held up his hands appealingly.

"I beg of you," he pleaded, "not to say you will be a sister to me."

She drew herself up haughtily.

"I had not intended doing so, she said mildly. "Charlie isn't very particular as to what kind of brothers-in-law he has, but we have to draw the line somewhere."

From that moment Alfred was a changed being.

"Must I run these two scandals under one head?" asked the foreman.

"No, indeed," replied the thoughtful editor. "Run one on the sporting page and the other on the woman's page. Then the two heads of the family can divide the paper and keep peace between them."

SHORTHAND.—Pitman's System taught in 25 lessons. \$1 per lesson; Evening classes. Proficiency guaranteed. City references. Apply C. D. S., 62 John street, Rock Bay.

Notice of Removal.

Mr. A. BARKER, THE PEOPLE'S PLUMBER, has removed from 105 Yates street to more commodious premises at 122 Yates street, where he is to be found at all times.

Orders committed to his care will receive prompt attention.

**DRS. FINDLEY & BAKER,**  
: DENTISTS : -

Graduates of Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE: 86½ GOVERNMENT STREET, ROOMS 1, 2, 3.

DR. H. B. FINDLEY—SPECIALTY: CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.—The new process, which preserves old roots and restores the natural expression of the face, and having the appearance of gold fillings in natural teeth.

DR. A. R. BAKER—SPECIALTY: PAINLESS EXTRACTION.—By the application of a patent local anæsthetic to the gums, which ensures the extraction of teeth absolutely without pain.

**The Victoria Ice Cream Factory,**

38 Vancouver Street, cor. Collinson.

L. ACTON, propr., (successor to R. Lewtas & Son.) All orders of one quart and upwards packed in ice and delivered to any part of the city. Orders may be left at Fell & Co's. Telephone 94. The trade supplied.

**B. C. STEAM DYE WORKS,**

141 YATES ST. opp. Steam Laundry. Telephone 200.

The Largest Dyeing and Cleaning Establishment in the Province. Ladies' and Gents' Garments of all descriptions cleaned or dyed, and pressed equal to new. Gents' clothing neatly repaired. Dry cleaning a specialty.

HEARNS, McCANN & RENFREW, - Proprietors.

**Imperial Vinegar & Extracts Manufact'ry**

Lemon, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry and Pineapple.  
Pure Malt and Whitewine Vinegars, Tomato Catsup and Sauce.

C. A. PHILLIPS, No. 8 Yates Street, Victoria, B. C.

**Frank Campbell**

\* P. O. BOX 108.

Can be found at the old reliable Pritchard House Corner. Special brands of Tobaccos and Cigars, and Meerschaum, English Briar and Amber Goods. All coast papers on sale.

**Globe Restaurant,** 42 YATES STREET.

Hot and Cold Lunch 25cts. 21 Meal Tickets \$4.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. MRS. WHITE, Propr.

**VICTORIA ICE COMPANY,**

James Baker, Manager, Telephone 166.

65 PEMBROKE STREET.

**HASTIE & BANNERMAN,** LONDON BLOCK, JOHNSON STREET.

Hay, Grain, Flour and Feed Merchants.

SCOTCH FIFE AND PEERLESS FLOURS.

Our Breakfast Delicacy is the best in the market.



—USE—

# FINDLAY'S

For Flannels. **BORAX SOAP**

VICTORIA SOAP WORKS, Cor. Government and Herald Sts.

## KINNAIRD, THE CASH TAILOR

See our \$20 Suits and \$5 Pantings.

46 JOHNSON ST.

## THOMAS ROARKE, General Job Printer

—AND—

Rubber Stamp Manufacturer,

ROOMS 1 AND 2,

Williams Block, BROAD ST.

## THE VICTORIA TRANSFER COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company have the Largest and Finest Stock of Horses,  
Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons in the City

Strangers and visitors will find it to their advantage to employ our Hacks the rates being uniform and reasonable.

First class double and single Buggies and Phaetons can be procured at our Stables at Moderate Prices.

**BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO AND FROM STEAMERS.**

HENDERSON, Supt.

F. S. BARNARD, Presd't.

ALEX. MOUAT, Secy

## Le Vatte's Cider.

Sparkling Champagne Cider—in bottles, quarts and pints.  
Orange Cider—in 5-gallon kegs and bottled.

## LE VATTE'S CIDER & SAUCE WORKS,

Manufacturers of Ciders, Sauces, Vinegars and Pickles  
Goods delivered to any part of the city. or at boats, free.

Fred. W. Le Vatte, Propr., 110 View St., Victoria,

## DELMONICO HOTEL

107 & 109 Government St.

WELL VENTILATED THROUGHOUT  
ROOMS TO RENT AT REASONABLE RATES  
CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS AT THE BAR

## PETRIE & JACKSON

PROPRIETORS.

## WONDERFUL

**\$!** SHOES FOR MEN AND BOYS, FOR WOMEN GIRLS, **!**

—AT—

## RUSSELL & McDONALD

Opposite the Iron Church, Douglas St.

## S. F. McINTOSH

ROCK BAY

## Coal and Wood Yard

Telephones 470 and 512.

## Just Arrived!

Our new line of Vicunas, Westeds, Scotch Tweeds, Trouserings, etc., direct from Glasgow. Prices are right. Call and inspect the new arrivals.

## T. W. WALKER & CO.

22 Trounce Avenue.

Gents' clothes cleaned and repaired in first class style.

## Bargains!

1,000 pairs of Sample Shoes COST at 94 YATES STREET

## CAVIN BROS.

Victoria

## Steam Laundry

Laundry Work of all descriptions executed in the most possible style.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Flannels, Silks, Curtains, Blankets of all kinds

152 YATES STREET

Telephone

Goods called for and delivered free.