

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA  
**HOME JOURNAL.**

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

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**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.

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SATURDAY OCTOBER 20, 1894.

**ALL THE WORLD OVER.**

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

**I**T was only to have been expected that the members of his staff would not allow Hon. F. G. Vernon to retire from the Lands and Works Department without manifesting in some way the opinions they entertained regarding him. The demonstration was, however, purely spontaneous, as, since the Government has to go on uninterruptedly, it is a case of "the king is dead; long live the king!" The staff, however, did well to mark the esteem in which they held their former chief, and this they did in a timely, well worded address, supplemented by a simple souvenir in the shape of a silver cigar case. His many friends hope Mr. Vernon, though at present out of politics, will have a long, happy and prosperous future. He deserves the general well wishes, as an admirable chief of department and as a politician who, while a hard fighter, consistently behaved as a gentleman.

In Winnipeg, in certain circles, considerable agitation has been caused by the fact of the *Manitoba Free Press* getting out a two-cent evening edition. This, it is said, will necessitate the introduction of small copper coins, the lowest currency thus far having been five cents. There is much the same kind of talk indulged in as there was here when five and ten-cent

pieces came into competition with the time honored "two bits."

Stories found their way recently into the San Francisco and Sound papers of the formation of a coal combine among the producers of British Columbia coal. The authorities of the Wellington and Union mines, however, deny that there is any such thing under contemplation, while, according to San Francisco authority, British Columbia coal is sold at fifty cents per ton less than before the duty was removed under the Wilson tariff. It is further declared that the competition with Australian coal has been such that large consumers have, of late, saved more than the amount of the duty. It has been calculated that on its coal consumption during September alone, San Francisco saved \$42,560, while it increased its consumption of native coal by over 4,000 tons, comparing the month of September, 1894, with that of 1893.

The prospects for the Atlantic shipping trade appear to be far from promising, and it is understood that a number of the ordinary liners will be laid off for some time to come. Of course, during the winter months, there is generally a considerable diminution in business between certain ports, which has a considerable effect upon the gross traffic; but the prospects, generally speaking, are regarded as discouraging.

At the last meeting of the British Columbia Board of Trade the question of advertising the city was again discussed—particularly in the East and in Australia. We want to make ourselves and our resources as well known as possible, and it is to be hoped that the committee who will be trusted with the consideration of the subject will be successful in devising the best scheme that can be made available. A well illustrated pamphlet is possibly the best means that can be utilized; although there is a good deal to be said in favor of a good map or lithograph to be hung up in public places. Both these proposals might be advantageously combined, as the map or lithograph might lead to an inquiry for further information.

In this connection, I am pleased to observe that the Mansion House Relief Committee has been advised by the

Dominion Government that there is no room in Canada for any class of immigrants other than land workers. It appears that the partial failure of the committee's emigrants sent to Montreal in the past season will have a tendency in the direction of practically stopping this purely charitable emigration. It is being urged upon the committee that they should bring back to England the emigrants now without work at Montreal. What Canada requires is immigrants who are not afraid to work, or men with capital who are willing to invest it. We have had too much pauper immigration, and, what is equally as bad, we have too many men—younger sons and persons of doubtful parentage—who are too lazy to work, but not too proud to beg nor too honest to steal.

The *Commercial Journal*, in its last issue, struck the key to the whole situation thus:

"A contemporary sapiently remarks, 'If Canada has got less than half her usual number of immigrants from the British Isles, this year, it may be some consolation to know that they are not going elsewhere in the accustomed numbers.' We wonder what consolation there is in that circumstance, particularly since Canada and the United States, as the nearest available points, have been made for years the dumping place of the most undesirable people who were exported by societies and others under government auspices, in order to get them out of the way. On this far off Pacific coast, we know but little of the consignments of thieves and neer-do-wells who have been brought out, not only from Great Britain, but from the continent of Europe, who have helped to swell the numbers of the unemployed and at the same time have been added to that element, which, having nothing to do, was ready for anything from 'pitch and toss to manslaughter'—and worse.

"By such people as we speak of have the ranks of the American socialists and anarchists been recruited, and the consolation, therefore, is not that they have not arrived in their accustomed numbers, but that we have had few, if any, of them. In testimony whereof, we have to show a more than ordinarily peaceable community. What we require is, as we have previously mentioned, the class which the Provincial authorities are looking after—industrious people possessed of some capital, who are not afraid to invest it and supplement it with their own personal exertions."

It is not so much farmers that British Columbia wants as capital. Farmers are

an absolute necessity, in so far as the Eastern provinces are concerned, but in British Columbia we must have men who have money to invest in developing our vast mineral resources. As Mr. Munroe Miller remarked at the Board of Trade meeting, "the effort should be to attract people with money by showing what a good return could be had from capital invested here."

From a recent report to the U. S. Department by Consul-General Maratta, of Melbourne, something of government ownership of railways in Australia is learned. He says that the railways of Australia practically represent the assets for the national debts of each colony, and to-day would probably realize, if they were to be disposed of, the full amount of the national indebtedness. It is, however, improbable that the people concerned will ever allow these great possessions to pass into private hands, believing that they should be retained to open up and develop the resources of the colonies and aid in the material progress of Australia.

It is agreed, however, that, to a certain extent, the railway administration should be separated from politics. The construction and direction of new lines may well be left to parliament to determine, but the management of the lines and control of the railways' daily working, it is held, are matters for skilled and capable railway managers, untrammelled by the exigencies that political considerations would often cause to influence the political mind.

The statutes of the colonies placing the railways under the existing commissioners—Victoria in 1883, South Australia in 1887, New South Wales in 1888, and Queensland in 1888—have, to a large extent, provided for the management of the railways on commercial, as separate from political, lines. Each railway system is under the control of three commissioners, who have had large powers to administer, free from political interference; and those best able to judge are of the opinion that the system has worked well. The parliament of Victoria, however, has recently thought it well to amend the act passed in 1883 by limiting the power of the railway commissioners and giving to the railway minister of the day greater power to interfere in the management of the lines. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to demonstrate whether the change is a wise one, but fears are expressed that the change will not work well. Experience in railway management can only be acquired by years of study and practical work, and the political manager, however anxious to do good, may at any time, through lack of experience and railway knowledge, do

much harm. In the other colonies the result of the railway working under the capable commissioners that have been appointed has been most satisfactory, and the people are content to leave the conditions generally as they were at present.

Turning to the existing railways, it will be seen that they assume good proportions on the face of Australia. Unfortunately, the interior is without reliable river courses; the rivers that do exist are too shallow and uncertain to allow of perfect dependence being placed on them at all times, and the railways must come in to give a continuous and reliable means of communication between the inland plains and the seacoast. This explains the continual demand for new lines of railway as the only reliable means of internal development; and, though it would be distinctly unwise to attempt to diminish any of the safeguards that have been adopted for the prevention of expenditure upon commercially hopeless lines, a too close scrutiny of the immediate ability of new routes to be made remunerative—bearing in mind that the railways are not only the main arteries of industrial communication, but real pioneers of settlement, developing the immense resources of inland Australia wherever they trend—should not be allowed to weigh too heavily against their construction. A reliable, ready, and not too expensive means of communication with the seaboard is as necessary to the settler and producer as even the land itself.

The general public very naturally is beginning to wonder when the North Ward school building will be furnished to the satisfaction of the school trustees and according to the plans and specifications. At every meeting of the board, since the scheme was opened, some member has had a complaint to make. It seems difficult to place the blame where it belongs; but, certainly, somebody is to blame. The faults, so far, have all been business ones; but, if they continue to pile up in the future as they have in the past, it will not take long to make the building cost twice the amount originally voted. Trustee Lewis, recently elected, found out before the last meeting that the only water taps in the building are located on the ground floor. A child needing a drink of water has to climb down and up several flights of stairs, and, as Trustee Lewis puts it, "losing much valuable time and shortening their precious little lives." The greatest trouble, however, appears to be with the play grounds, which, according to contract, were to be in order several months ago. The contractor is still puddling away at the job, while the children are getting their feet wet in rainy weather, and contracting

colds and all kinds of maladies. The water, instead of running off as it should do, stands ankle-deep in the play grounds, and fills the basement—on one occasion making it almost impossible to keep the fire in the furnace burning.

Certain organizations in the United States have been very much worked up of late over a rumor that a committee of Englishmen had been formed to endeavor to put a stop to lynching. These organizations have contended that the States can cope with the lynching evil without outside interference, and one gentleman has advised the committee to turn their attention to the "arbitrary" administration of laws in England, citing as an example Mrs. Mabrick's case. No doubt a committee would find lots to do in England, as Labouchere's "pillory" shows that magistrates have been very biased in dealing with criminal cases, but the question is not whether England's laws are properly administered, but whether our American neighbors can or are trying to stop lynching and Whitecap evils. It seems to me that both these evils are not dealt sincerely enough with, for how seldom do we hear of the perpetrators being punished for their lawless acts.

It is only a few days ago that the press dispatches told us of a case in which a seventy-year-old man and his sixteen-year-old daughter were dragged from their beds, taken to the woods and whipped, by a gang of men, simply because they were suspected—simply suspected of being infamous. When the aged mother came to the relief of her child, she was similarly dealt with. This was in Georgia, a State where lynchings are not unknown, and no doubt some, if not all, of these Whitecaps have at one time or another taken a hand in lynching negroes, who may or may not have committed worse crimes than they committed when they half-killed that aged couple and their innocent child.

But the question is what steps were taken by the guardians of the peace? Undoubtedly they made a show of trying to apprehend the Whitecaps; but, if they did, the unfortunate victims got little comfort, as we are told by the dispatches that they had to abandon their home and all their belongings, as they were threatened with death if they returned. How often would such a thing happen in England, or even in the backwoods of Canada, where criminals have a better opportunity to escape than they do in the thickly populated States?

I do not wish any one to think that I would protect the fiend who assaults innocent women and children, and who is the most frequent victim of lynch law; but even for them the most effective punishment seems to be that meted out by

England and her colonies, for it is very seldom that we hear of such crimes in countries where the officers of the law wear Her Majesty's uniform.

Those who are well informed on the subject tell me that the present theatrical season gives promise of great financial success. Already thirty-six companies have left New York City, and, in nearly every case, satisfactory results are reported. Of those who are gradually winning fame, I am pleased to notice that a Victoria favorite is coming to the front. I refer to Miss Kate Dalgleish, who has just returned to San Francisco from Honolulu, where she played a most successful engagement. Canadians, and more particularly Scotch-Canadians, will always manifest a pardonable pride in the histrionic triumphs of Miss Dalgleish, for the reason that the first years of her life were spent in Scotland and Canada. She was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, and while yet a little girl came to Canada with her parents. She was a pupil at the Elizabeth street school, Toronto, after which she graduated with honors from the Rincon Hill Seminary, San Francisco.

Miss Dalgleish is very fortunate in having won for herself an honorable and enviable position in the dramatic profession within a short space of time. In her case it has been genius combined with unremitting exertion to excel, and where these two elements are indissolubly wedded, the offspring must be brilliant success. To-day she stands in the foremost rank of those who, on this continent, have won fame on the stage. Step by step she has pushed forward, never loitering on the lower slopes, but persistent in the toilsome ascent to "where Fame's proud temple shines afar." Miss Dalgleish's efforts to win fresh laurels in a field in which she has already won artistic triumphs will be watched with much interest by her friends in Victoria.

There appears to be a lie out somewhere between the two dispatches telegraphed the *Colonist* and *Times*, in respect of the election by acclamation of the new Commissioner of Lands and Works. The *Times* correspondent at Kamloops says that Mr. Martin pledged himself to oppose any further assistance to the proposed British Pacific Railway, and was thus permitted to secure his seat by acclamation. But this was not all, the dispatch goes on to say that Premier Davie gave a similar promise. Now, comes the *Colonist* correspondent at Kamloops, boldly asserting that the "statement is an impudent falsification, the British Pacific occupying no different position from what it did at the time of the general election last July, when Mr. Martin was returned by a triumphant majority to support the Davie Gov-

ernment, with whose policy and assurances, without question the electors were thoroughly satisfied." I have no doubt, as the correspondent says further on in his dispatch, that, "so far from a formal pledge being now extracted from Mr. Martin, the reverse is the case, the fact being that the Opposition a few days ago approached Mr. Martin with an offer that if he would give a written pledge against the British Pacific no opposition would be offered him." This overture, the *Colonist* correspondent says, Mr. Martin promptly rejected, telling them that the electors had expressed their satisfaction with his position on this question at the general election and that he did not propose at the dictation of the minority to give a pledge which the majority never required of him.

So far so good. The Davie party were returned to power on the distinct understanding that they would entertain any reasonable proposition placed before them for the construction of the British Pacific Railway. Of course, in certain districts on the Mainland there was a great cry against the Davie Government's railway policy, but in more than one district it was endorsed. The people of this Province, if they would consult their own interests, should leave no stone unturned to secure the British Pacific Railway. There is no portion of British Columbia that would not benefit more or less, directly or indirectly, by a competing line.

But there are several rumors flying about, and owing to recent developments, one of them at least is entitled to a certain amount of credence. I refer to the report that the C. P. R. is likely to build a spur line from some point on the Mainland to Point Roberts, there connecting with Sidney by a fast boat, and utilizing the present line of railway from Sidney, to reach Victoria. There may be something in this, but I greatly mistake the temper of our people if they rest easy until they secure an outlet independent of the C. P. R. Of course a half loaf is better than no bread, and in the meantime it might be well for us to be thankful for even such a small favor as connection with the Mainland by that triumph of engineering ingenuity—the Victoria and Sidney Railway.

I notice a dispatch in an eastern paper to the effect that cancer in the stomach is epidemic in British Columbia, a number of deaths having occurred from this cause lately. The dispatch goes on to say that members of the medical profession have had several discussions over the matter, if possible to decide whether the disease is actually epidemic, or whether the large number of deaths from this cause is merely a coincidence. The most popular theory is that, on

account of the emasculating tendency of the climate, British Columbians are prone to indulge themselves too much in strong stimulating food and drink, thus giving the stomach too much work to do and producing acute dyspepsia, also very common in the province, and cancer of the stomach. There are also other theories which it would be well to investigate.

An item in a local paper reads: "It's a useful fact to know that wet shoes may be dried without losing their stiffness by filling them with oats." Now, how many people in cities keep oats handy? The wearing of diamonds is said to be a cure for certain complaints, but this does not make it a "useful fact to know," without the means to get the diamonds.

The Liberal-Conservatives have completed their organization, having, at the meeting last Wednesday evening, elected officers and otherwise perfected the arrangements necessary for a permanent organization. The new club starts out under the most favorable auspices, and will be prepared no doubt at the general election to meet their Grit foes with a grand army of Conservative ballots.

"Aimee's" letter, last week, created considerable discussion, and it may be that further particulars will be given next week. In the meantime, it is considered prudent to refrain from entering into further details.

Upon one occasion Daniel Webster sang in public. It was when Jenny Lind was in the U. S. and was singing at the old National Theatre in Washington. Webster and some of his friends were present in one of the boxes next to the stage. They had just come from a dinner where the wine had flowed freely, and Webster was under the inspiration. The sweet songstress was rapturously encored, and by no one more heartily or conspicuously than by Mr. Webster. She recognized his applause, and in response to one of the encores and out of compliment to him she sang "The Star Spangled Banner." This was more than Webster's inspired soul could listen to and keep silent, and in the midst of the song his bass voice was heard rising in concert with the glorious soprano of the prima donna. The audience instantly burst into furious applause, the fair songstress courtesied to Mr. Webster, and Webster, rising in his box, bowed to the cantatrice. The applause and exchange of obeisances continued for several minutes. It was like a contest of courtesies between Olympian Jove and the Muse of Song. The scene was one never to be forgotten.

## OUT FOR SPORT.

GIVEN two weeks' holidays, a chart and a compass, a Peterboro' canoe and innumerable blankets, a tent, a shot gun and a dog, with enough ammunition for all possible emergencies and "prog" for a fortnight's outing—and what more would anyone want to enable office cares and work to be thrown aside whilst health and vigor were being regained preparatory to another long winter's study and grind. Ho for an hour amongst the islands! Ho for the wild, wild woods and the wilder, wilder grouse and the still wilder ducks, which, even when you do get them, are at this season just a trifle too fishy to be really good eating!

A camping trip affords a curious contrast to city life. It is not, as some who have never tried it may imagine, one long wild burst of pleasure. Like all other things, it has its drawbacks and its shortcomings. From the moment you rustle out with an axe to bring in the daily supply of firewood, or cut the tent poles and prepare to drive stakes, until at night softly reclining on a bed of cedar boughs watching the dying embers of the camp-fire, thinking of home and wondering how much of you remains your fond relatives would find if one of those big swaying trees through which the wind now whistles would fall upon the little tent, all is change and excitement and work, new and strange and interesting. The relief after the routine of office work is intense; the change elevates the temperature and raises the spirits, until after the fortnight has passed, camp is broken for the last time and home we come unkempt and unshaken, browned and burned, ragged and grimy, but happy and healthy. And after all, what was it we went out for?

This is something like the kind of a camp I enjoyed only "more so." To avoid the long paddle around the point, the train was taken to Sidney, our canoes being safely carried on the train through the kindness of Mr. T. W. Patterson of the Victoria & Sidney railway. A six-mile paddle brought us to Shoal harbor, where the first stop was made at a place now historically known as Camp Robertson, about three-quarters of a mile below the old Brackman & Ker oatmeal mill. Here was an ideal site for pitching a tent, save and except the great exception—fresh water, which we had to bring from the mill. However, all pleasure must have some alloy, and other advantages compensating, the Council of War summoned to deliberate upon the question, decided that here we stay. That night we ate tinned meat, but it was savored by visions of the great sport of the morrow, when countless birds were to fall before our much-to-be dreaded guns. Tired and sleepy we turned in, and at 4 next morning were out and away after the grand grouse

hunting of the islands, for rumor even in that remote place had it that one had only to bring along a sufficient supply of ammunition to carry off all the game the commodious canoe would comfortably hold. Well, at noon we headed back for camp in face of a rising wind and a heavy sea. The net result of our morning's work was two guns—one bird, and yet the stew was good beyond all praise, for we were hungry and tired and it was the first of the season. Next day more of the adjoining islands were explored, particularly Pier Island, where we were solemnly assured the grouse were like the fallen leaves in Valambrosia. They may have been, but if so it was our day off. That night we paddled up to mine host Wright's, at North Saanich, to say good-bye to one of our party, and when we heard that Dr. J. C. Davie, of Victoria, had just passed through from Salt Spring Island with twenty brace (and that there were still more left) it needed little argument to convince the party that there was but one place on this side of heaven to which we all wanted to go, and that place was Salt Spring. By the way, let me suggest that in hunting circles the man who has bagged twenty brace for two days' shooting is one to whom the average "shootist" respectfully doffs his hat.

Our immediate destination was about twenty miles distant. There were two ways of going, by canoe or by steamer, and heeding the warnings of kind friends at home (not to go near the water) the steamer route was decided upon, whereupon camp was broken and on Tuesday, the 4th day of September A.D. 1894, at 12 o'clock noon by astronomical time, we had reached Ganges Harbor, and were now at the sportman's delight—Salt Spring Island. To be candid, it was rather a disappointment to find that there were no birds down on the wharf to meet us, but no trifle like that dampened the burning ardor for the absence of the grouse might be due to the pouring rain and to their native modesty which forbids them congregating in public places.

Have you ever had the delightful experience of pitching camp in a rain storm with a wet tent, wet blankets, wet firewood and a damp ground? No? Well, let me assure you a portion only of life's lesson has been learned. There's a great joy waiting for the uninitiated, a joy akin to that experienced when your canoe goes gracefully bottom up on a dark night in ten fathoms of the "briny." The practical result in both cases is the same—you get wet, and nothing but a big fire of drift wood, a cup of hot tea and a good pipe will bring you back to a normal condition, at peace with all men. This was our introduction to Camp Stewart, a lovely spot above a shelving beach, almost hidden beneath the spreading branches of a big cedar and right alongside a tiny

stream of limpid mountain water which, tumbling over the rocks in its downward journey to the ocean, sang us to sleep with nature's most joyous lullaby. For ten days Camp Stewart was to be our home, and a happy home it was, too. There was a dense forest all above and the sea beneath. The nearest ranch was between a quarter and a half a mile distant and when at night after cleaning guns and getting ready for the early start next morning, we lay around the camp-fire and sang the rollicking songs of college days, no one was disturbed except perhaps the numerous deer that made their home in the almost impregnable thicket on the hillside. About two miles and a half away was Cushion Lake, famed for its fine trout, and two miles further on, Roberts Lake, another delightful resort for the angler, for whatever may be the opinion of the grouse shooting on Salt Spring Island, there is no gainsaying the fact that the pretty little lakes in the mountains fairly teem with speckled beauties; hungry for fly and bait. At the other end of the Island there is also Big Lake, where there are trout from 4 to 10 pounds, but they are capricious and hard to take. In fact, it has puzzled the sportsmen to know what to use at Big Lake. One day, an ordinary brown fly will do, and again nothing but an earthworm or a piece of bacon. Mr. Hedley Chapman, of Victoria, who was stopping for a couple of weeks at Mr. Henry Stevens' ranch, made sundry and divers experiments, but with poor success, and he has perhaps the most complete fishing outfit in the Province. Mr. Chapman was, however, very successful at Cushion Lake, taking one day as many as he could carry home, some of the fish being of fair size.

No portion of the Province that it has ever been my pleasure to visit, opens up such a surprise as Salt Spring Island. It is a model community and the ranchers, of whom there are a large number, are an industrious, contented, hospitable, people. All over the Island there are good roads, and it is the proud boast of the settlers that not a dollar of the Government appropriation is wasted. The energetic member, Mr. J. P. Booth, is one of the people. "His wants are ours," said one of the residents, "and what benefits him, also benefits us." How much Mr. Booth is appreciated by the electors, may be seen by the last election returns when in spite of a most strenuous opposition from a certain quarter he was re-elected by a handsome majority. Salt Spring Islanders elect their own road boss and find, that the plan works well, and one hears no complaints of extravagance or wrongful expenditure of money on that most im-

portant thing in a country district—roads. Mr. Booth has a fine ranch at the north end of the Island and he very kindly took me round and showed me where and how the name of the Island came, the little springs of clear salt water that bubble out on the hillsides here and there. These are certainly curious springs for in places they show right alongside fresh water springs. The water tastes exactly like sea water and has the same appearance, and also the same effect on vegetation, for where the salt springs are, even the hardy bracken and fern cannot live.

The "Corners" of Salt Spring Island are Ganges Harbor, Burgoyne Bay, Vesuvius Bay and North End, at each of which places there is a weekly mail service—the Joan going up one week on one side and coming down on the other and vice versa, the following week. There are a number of fine ranches, and the fact which perhaps strikes the visitor most forcibly is the immense amount of clearing being done. Acres upon acres which were two or three years ago but forest, are now under cultivation, and the products of the Island are increasing in proportion. The number of young orchards being set out is surprising, and even now the fruit shipments are considerable, while dairying and poultry raising are great sources of income. Some parts of the Island are particularly suited for sheep raising, but the ranchers are much discouraged by the frequent losses. Only two weeks ago Mr. Booth had a band of seven killed, no one knows how, and though they are various suspicions, no evidence can be produced to fasten the guilt on anyone. The government is doing all it can, but there is a long stretch of coast line to watch, and when a lookout is being kept the sheep stealers are not to be found. The settlers are determined however, to put a stop to the depredations, for otherwise one of their best paying industries will have to be abandoned.

There is a good opening on the Island for a young physician. The right man could make a very fair living in addition to the government grant of \$300, for although the people are a healthy lot, there is always some one requiring medical assistance, and at present the nearest doctor is at Duncan, and has to be brought over by boat—a great expense and much inconvenience. Another man who could make a good living at Salt Spring, would be a shoemaker. The rocks and stones of the Island are hard on soles, and in repairing alone there would be a good occupation for one industrious man. The residents are patriotic and believe in the motto "patronize home industry."

But how about the sport? Well, grouse

are scarce and hard to get, though deer are very plentiful. A good shot with fair luck will get about three to five brace for a day's work, but the hills are hard to climb, and the ferns, bracken and salal, make the valleys well nigh impassable. If one goes out for game and for game only, Salt Spring is not exactly the place I would recommend, but if you want an outing, a combination of shooting and fishing, tramping and riding, salt and fresh water bathing and pleasant weather, combined with good living and a warm welcome, go there. You cannot spend a fortnight better than making the acquaintance of these people who are now hewing out of the forest a farming country that will be second to none in the Province, and who are developing what will be a substantial part of the backbone of the Province.

Enough! This is my last camp fire of the trip—at sunrise the camp will be broken, and the Joan will bear canoe and tent and grouse and gun and all, to Victoria. Good bye Camp Stewart, good bye Salt Spring and good bye kind people who have made a ten days' visit so pleasant. NIMROD.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A pleasant afternoon tea, from 3 to 6, was given, last Thursday, by Mrs. James Lemon, of 140 Chatham street. It was a most enjoyable affair.

The marriage of Mr. C. A. Coleman, Presbyterian Chinese missionary, to Miss Jennie Gerard, is announced to take place shortly.

Victoria Lodge No. 17 K. of P. will give a social dance in Castle Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 7.

Mr. J. E. Church is spending a week over the Sound.

Mr. C. F. Jones is visiting friends in Tacoma.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

THE lacrosse match to-day between the Vancouver seniors and the New Westminster seniors, at Vancouver, will undoubtedly be a grand exhibition of the Canadian national game. All the old favorites will play with the Victorias and only one change will be made on the Westminster team. Old lacrosse men say that the percentage is slightly in favor of Victoria, but not enough to cut much of a figure in the general result. A large number of people from this city will attend the match.

The Canadians have challenged the Scotchmen to a tug-of-war contest.

The Rugby footballers are practicing

regularly at the Hill. Victoria will pu several good teams in the field this year.

Now that evenings are lengthening, much home pleasure may be derived by giving a call at Sampson's Exchange.

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## THE NEW WOMAN.

THEY had been very, very happy during the few swiftly passing months of their wedded life, and in spite of the memory of business reverses and of a week of continual struggle to meet her payments Mrs. Pinkeye smiled a smile of ineffable contentment as her brougham stopped before the door of the handsome house that had been her mother's marriage gift, and she thought of her dear Horace waiting for her in his boudoir—dear Horace, whose lips in a few short moments would be pressed to hers. Even the frightful possibility of financial ruin, that awful specter that, ever since her return from their honeymoon to find that a trusted employee had proved unfaithful, had haunted her almost ceaselessly day and night, vanished from her presence in the beautiful anticipation of her husband's kiss.

"What is this you tell me, Alexis?" she was saying two minutes later to her husband's valet as she carelessly threw her hat into a chair. "Mr. Pinkeye gone out? And has he left no word for me?"

"He— he went out about 3 o'clock," faltered the man, "and—and he said he would be back by 5. He"—

"Alexis," said the lady in the tone of one accustomed to command, "you are keeping something from me. With whom did my husband go out, and has he bade you conceal aught from me?"

The frightened servant, awed by the sternness of the woman's voice and overcome by the inherent weakness of his sex, at last blurted out that a lady whom he did not know had called for his master soon after luncheon and had taken him away in a hansom. His master had bidden him say nothing to his mistress about the matter and had been careful to conceal his departure from the other servants. He had gone out with the same woman every afternoon for a week, but had always returned in time for dinner before. Upon further questioning Alexis admitted that he had seen the strange lady kiss his master.

Maud Pinkeye staggered slightly, as if she had received a blow, but recovered herself in a moment. "You may go, Alexis," she said quietly. With strange, unnatural calm she lighted a cigar and sat down before her library table. So it had come at last, and so soon! What was there left in life for her if she no longer had faith in man? And if she could not longer trust her Horace—if Horace was unfaithful—great God! She could not allow herself to think of it. The overwhelming desolation of that possibility was more than even she, strong as she was, could bear. And yet she must think of it! Oh, why had fate been so cruel? What a paltry thing

the possible loss of her fortune seemed by comparison with the dread calamity that had overtaken her! She crushed in one hand an enameled brass inkstand that was on the table before her, so that its contents were forced through the pores of the tortured metal.

Five minutes later she found herself, she knew not how, in her husband's boudoir. An opened book lay on the table. It was "The Lives of Eminent Washerwomen," by Dr. Clara Huxley, Ph. D., and it was open at the story of the faith and devotion of a husband who had helped his wife, at a financial crisis with money that he had made crocheting doormats for a livery stable while she had supposed him to be idling at home. Mechanically Maud Pinkeye read a few pages and groaned aloud at the parallel the tale suggested. Then the doorbell rang, and a moment later she heard her husband's voice in the hall inquiring anxiously if she had yet come in. The moment had arrived! She wondered that she was able to control herself thus as she strode down the stairs. Then she knew that her heart was dead—yes, dead!

Horace Pinkeye tripped lightly up to his wife and held up his lush red lips for a kiss.

"Darling," he said, "did you wonder way I was away? And were you lonesome without me? Say you were, darling!"

Maud turned away her head and, folding her arms, drew herself up to her full height. "Traitor!" she hissed. "Traitor! Tell me who is the woman with whom you have been spending your afternoons for the last week!"

To her surprise her husband did not flinch before her gaze. He laughed a nervous laugh, but said without a suspicion of the consciousness of guilt in his voice:

"Has that nasty Alexis been telling you things? If he has, I shall slap him real hard, right on his face too."

"Who was the woman?" Maud demanded sternly.

Her husband burst into tears and threw himself into her arms. She knew then that he was guiltless of any wrong against her, and she held up his head to her bosom while he told the story that made her a happy woman again.

"It—it was my sister Ethel," Horace sobbed. "You know she is the business manager of the Toxicological Medical Supply company, and, dearest, I—I had heard that you were in—in financial trouble, and—and I had been reading about how a husband had once earned some money for his wife, and I—I made Ethel give me some work at the factory. And so for the last week I have spent three hours every afternoon punching

the holes in the porous plasters. I was late to-day because it was pay day, and, darling, here are my earnings, \$1.50, all for you! Will you forgive me, darling, for deceiving you?"

As Maud Pinkeye strained her husband to her throbbing bosom she vowed in her heart of hearts that, come what might, she would never for a moment mistrust him again.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

JEANNESS MILLER writes: "In one of his essays in a book entitled 'Brushwood,' the late James T. Fields wrote: 'If I were a boy again, I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to lame either of them the other would be all ready to write and handle things just as freely as if nothing had occurred.' And undoubtedly a great many of us would learn to use both hands alike if we had our lives to live over again. Of all the young women who came under my instruction while in charge of the School of Domestic Economy of the Iowa Agricultural College, not more than one in twenty-five could sweep properly. The ratio in this respect of those who came under my instruction at Purdue University was about the same. And as far as my observation extends this ratio will hold in regard to women generally. As a rule, women, old and young, do not know how to handle a broom. Their right hand only have been trained. Their left hands have been neglected. When a woman takes hold of a broom it is with the right hand near the top of the handle and the left hand toward the corn, and instead of changing and reversing them as occasion demands she always keeps them in the same position. Whether she sweeps to the right or to the left, the position of her hands remains unchanged. And her body is contorted and her muscles strained in the performance of an operation that would exercise these organs harmoniously, if the hands were so trained that they could be used at will and were changed as demanded by the changes in the position of the sweeper. I refer to women sweeping merely to illustrate my point. The same can be said concerning the training of the hands in numerous other branches of women's work that it is unnecessary to mention, and so far as the use of the left hand is concerned men are in no better condition than women. Men and women are in this respect maimed and handicapped alike. Why should such a state of things exist? Why, in this age of manual training, should we overlook and neglect the education of the left hand and continue to train the right hand at the expense of the left? No physician or

physiologist has ever given a sensible reason for so doing, and we seem to adhere to the custom merely because it has been carried down to us by our ancestors."

Marriages very seldom take place on the island of Iona. Only six have taken place during the last 10 years, and none were celebrated in the place from August, 1883, until March, 1890, writes Malcolm Ferguson, in a Scotch periodical. A marriage, as a general rule, takes place on a Thursday, and on the evening of the preceding Monday the invitations are given in person by the bride and her bridesmaid. After dusk they set off together and commence at one end of the island—i. e., at the extreme end of the houses—calling at every dwelling, inviting both old and young to the wedding, until they reach the other end. The bridegroom and his best man begin at the opposite end and go through the same routine as the bride and her maid has done, so that there is none of the inhabitants left without a double invitation to the wedding.

On the Tuesday after the invitations all the housewives proceed to the bride's house loaded with nice plump 9 month-old chickens, big kebbucks of sweet milk cheese, mutton, ham and innumerable other dainties for the marriage feast. On the wedding day the friends and relatives of the bride assemble at her father's house, and the bridegroom's friends and relatives assemble at his house. In the respective houses the company sit down and partake of a substantial lunch, usually consisting of bread and biscuits, butter and cheese, etc., and a dram—"may be twa; wha kens?" After lunch the separate parties start from their respective dwellings in procession, preceded by a piper in full highland costume, the gaudy ribbons of his braw piop waying hither and thither in the breeze, to meet the other party, as previously arranged, at the church. After the solemn marriage ceremony is over there is usually a hurry skurry, all the men trying who will be the first to kiss the blooming, bashful bride and shake hands with the happy bridegroom. On leaving the church the two parties join.

The whole company then return in procession, headed by the two pipers, to the place previously prepared, usually a barn, to have a dance, which is continued until the company are summoned, about 10 o'clock, to the bride's house, where they all sit down to a sumptuous supper, the tables groaning with the good things of this life.

The tables are always set in a barn for the occasion, there being no room large enough in any of the dwellings to accom-

modate all the guests. After a good while spent at the wedding feast, with toasts and favorite Gaelic songs, the company again return to the dance, which is kept up with spirit and joyous glee until break of day, when the company separate and return to their respective homes.

Englishwomen, like Englishmen, possess a talent for enjoying the advantages and comforts of a club, says the New York *Sun*, that their American sisters know nothing about. An Englishwoman's club is first of all a convenience, a soothing luxury, an oasis in domesticity, a quiet, independent nook, where the last book or magazine, a cup of good tea, and a half hour's idle talk are all to be enjoyed. Secondly and only occasionally does she use it for mental improvement. She is not over fond of having herself warned, threatened, coaxed, or derided in her club's sacred precincts by a series of members who cherish opinions. Neither does she wish to go to school in her club, since she asks of it relaxation, not cultivation. Now and again she requests some person of recognized ability to come and talk to her in her club-rooms on some special topic of current interest. She likes a vigorous debate or a clever recitation at intervals, a little good music, and an annual dinner. There are a half dozen clubs of this sort for women in London, and another in Newcastle has been opened recently for a mission similar to that fulfilled by the London clubs. There is but one such organization in all New York and but one in San Francisco where women still have an idea that the word club is synonymous with self-improvement and not small personal comforts.

Late hours bring early age.

There are three times as many widows as widowers.

Among the new fads are the exquisite porcelain spoons, which accompany the new cafenoir sets.

A long silver bread tray, with fluted sides, in the centre of which are engraved the words, "Our Daily Bread," is among the late fancies.

Don't, dear sisters, don't imagine that a blouse or shirt, coat and sailor hat are suitable for women of every age and figure, on every occasion.

Don't emulate the ostrich—the new flower in your hat does not divert attention from the ragged condition of your skirt lining.

Don't wear feathers in your hat and patches on your boots.

Distrust the love of him who is able to describe the dress worn yesterday by her he loves.

One of the fastest stenographers in the U. S. is Miss R. Maude Wolfe, of Boston. She writes fluently in three languages, and her notes are so plainly written that they are readily deciphered by her assistants. Miss Wolfe is also remarkably pretty and highly educated.

Tan color and blue will be one of the popular combinations.

Silk muslin dresses, worn over silk slips, are popular for little girls at children's parties.

Capes are growing longer, and as the cool days come on they will increase in length and be of heavier material.

Fur lined circulars are among the coming probabilities. They are of course the legitimate outcome of the present fashion for capes.

Children's suits are made of two colors, with hose to match. A dress of blue and gray has the yoke, sleeves, belt and stockings of blue, the rest of the costume being of gray.

Gloves of black undressed kid are fashionable. They are not always comfortable to wear and should be avoided by ladies whose hands have the slightest inclination to perspire.

Very long ostrich plumes—the longer the better—are coming into favor. Some of the new ones wind around the crown of the hat and fall over at one side. An extreme style shows the plume sweeping the shoulder.

Pearls are again in the height of fashion, and by one of the caprices of La Mode are said to be appropriate to wear in the daytime. This is one of the oddities of fashion and one, by the way, which it is just as well not to follow.

Dresses with narrow skirts may be made fashionable by ripping the breadths half the distance up the skirt and setting in these openings A shaped sections of any suitable material. A stylish dress of this sort is a thick *peau de soie*, with the added sections of velvet draped with lace.

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## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SINGING AT THE EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—Your paper has ever been ready champion the cause of any who have been wronged or imposed upon in any manner whether the wrong doers are enthroned in high positions or not. The following are the facts concerning the singing by the school children during the late Exhibition in this city: Mr. Falconer, the chairman of the sports and games committee, waited on Mr. D. Graham, (the gentleman who conducted the singing at the closing exercises of the public schools, last summer, in the new south ward schools, and who so successfully taught the tonic sol fa notation music to the pupils of the central schools, two years ago) and requested him to undertake the work of teaching 500 children a few songs for Children's Day at the Exhibition. This, Mr. Graham agreed to do, if the school trustees would allow him the use of one of the large rooms in the Central School for the purpose of rehearsals. This, they willingly did, and also arranged to visit with Mr. Graham the various principals of the schools, and get their co-operation, which was very heartily given in each case. The terms upon which Mr. Graham was to do all this work, were agreed upon, some \$20. He entered upon his duties, receiving such a hearty response to his call for volunteers from among the children, that some had to be refused. Two or three rehearsals were held and very satisfactory progress was made, when on going to the Central School, on the day appointed for next lesson, Mr. Graham, to his astonishment, found Mr. E. H. Russell one of the teaching staff of the South Ward school doing his work. Mr. Graham was asked to step into the waiting room, and Miss Williams, the principal of the Girl's School, sent for. On her appearance, she expressed surprise to see Mr. Graham, and asked if he had not been informed that Mr. Russell had been engaged and that his services would not be required. No reason being assigned for his dismissal, no notice having been sent him of any kind, nor has any been sent up to this date. No language can describe such treatment of any man, and it is all the worse, seeing that a body of our most intelligent and respectable business men are responsible for it. These events took place some three weeks before the exhibition. The following has been learned since: At a meeting of the Teacher's Institute in this city, it was decided that it was not proper that anyone who was not a teacher in the public schools should come in and teach the children to sing, and especially so when that individual was unfortunate enough to earn his living by painting, our aristocratic lady principals being especially bit-



ter against a common painter. Representations were made to the committee in charge of the affair, and the statement made that Mr. Graham could not keep order among the children, and that he knew when he undertook the work that he could not teach the children. The committee, or by order of its sub-committee or chairman, then deposed Mr. Graham in the manner already described, and appointed Mr. Russell in his place, agreeing to pay him \$50 for his services. Mr. Graham had had copies of the songs the children were to sing printed, but of course these proved unsuitable for Mr. Russell and new songs had to be printed, although only about half of them were sung at the exhibition. With regard to the charge that Mr. Graham could not keep order a complete denial is given, and as to his ability to train the children his work in that line, both here and Toronto, is ample testimony to offer. An agreement was entered into by Mr. Falconer with Mr. Graham on behalf of the Exhibition committee. Mr. Graham entered upon his work; was both able and willing to fulfill his part, he was prevented from so doing by the action of the committee in appointing Mr. Russell, and they are in duty bound to pay him what they agreed to do. This the committee refuse to do, and legal proceedings are threatened. It is to be hoped that the committee will not allow themselves to be involved in legal proceedings by continuing to refuse payment. A few questions have been asked regarding Mr. Russell's appointment—what became of his class while he was attending to the training of the singers? Were they added to the other classes in the South Ward, or was another teacher appointed by the Government and paid by the City while Mr. Russell was also being paid by the City and Exhibition committee? Was the training of these children done during regulation school hours or after school hours? This is a matter that requires serious investigation and will require explanation, both from school teachers, Mr. Russell, Mr. Falconer and the Exhibition committee.

Victoria, Oct. 17, 1894.

The St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society are making every effort to have their Hallow'een concert one to be remembered. Mr. Clement Rowlands will sing "The Battle of Stirling," a song full of patriotism, tragic at times and admirably suited to his splendid voice. Madame Laird will sing that beautiful ballad "The Flowers o' the Forest," one of the most pathetic social ballads ever written. Mrs. Rowlands, Mr. Wolf and Mr. J. G. Brown have not yet made their selections, but no doubt both Mrs. Rowlands and Mr. Wolf's selections will be on a par with those already made. Mr. Brown is

undoubtedly the singer of Scotch songs on this coast, and the selections which he makes will be worth going some distance to hear. The date has been settled for Hallow'een night, the 31st October, but we are led to believe that is subject to change.

Why is it that women laugh so immoderately when secrets of the boudoir are revealed upon the stage? What is there so irresistibly funny in a comedian's imitation of a woman letting down or putting up her back hair, lacing her corset, frizzing her bangs, or pulling up her stockings that a member of the gentler sex will roll all over herself in expressing her delight with the representation. There is only one man on the variety stage, or perhaps he is now in one of the musical comedies, whose entire reputation rested upon mimicking a young lady going through all the ritual of her toilet.

"Charley's Aunt" has a scene or two that simply carries the women folks away. This farce comedy is the funniest that has been written in ten years and it draws like a circus and keeps people laughing for nearly three whole hours. Women declare that the funniest part of the play is where Charley's aunt, not the beautiful millionairess herself, but the bogus aunt, the comical old lady from Brazil, "where the nuts come from," first appears with his gray trousers, showing beneath the dignified black dress, and again in that other part where the old lady gets mad because she can't have a drink or a nice smoke, and rips her clothes off regardless of the thousands of of which she is the joy giving cynosure.

One woman in New York rolled and rocked and jumped up and down so in a box, as she laughed at "Charley's Aunt" getting out of her box, or rather his toggings, that she fell out of the enclosure onto the bass fiddler in the orchestra. She absolutely lost control of herself, and her friends in the box were so much taken up with the hilarious demonstration, that they were not conscious of her danger, and did not realize it until she tumbled over on the fiddle.

There is no use of talking of etiquette and good form and all that sort of thing which requires a laugh to be noiseless and easy running. That scene in "Charley's Aunt" where the old lady flings decorum aside and makes the hooks and buttons fly, would burst up the best book on manners and "How to behave in Society" that ever was written.

A movement among professional musicians has been on foot for some time, to refrain from singing or playing at concerts and entertainments of all kinds free of charge. Churches and societies have been in the habit of asking gratuitous services from ladies and gentlemen who make their living by teaching and singing, and amongst the fraternity it has been agreed that the time has come when such a state of affairs should be altered. Of course, at all purely charitable entertainments, such as a concert in aid of Jubilee

Hospital, I am informed, no charge will be made; but, to all others, if their services are required, a fee will be demanded. Among those who will be in the habit of seeking remuneration for their services in the future will be Madame Laird, Miss Sharp, Mrs. Rowlands, Messrs. W. E. Buck, J. G. Brown, Rowlands, Wolf and others whose names could not be secured.

We are pleased to chronicle the return from Toronto Musical College of Miss Selina F. Smith with distinguished honor, she having become a certificated pupil of the above college, the only one so distinguished in the Province of B. C. The necessary requirements for obtaining such certificates must be to pass theoretical examination, which embraces a complete theoretical course for a period of three years and embodies the study of harmony, counterpoint, canon and fuge, instrumentation, musical history and musical form and analysis.

Prof. Pferdner is making arrangements for the production of the grand opera "Martha" (Flotow.) The cast which comprises seven characters, has not yet been selected. The grand chorus will contain fully forty voices.

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## COLLABORATEURS.

BY S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER V (Continued).

THERE had been the usual ante-parliament talk of "big steals" in the Public Works Department, and fishy contracts were to be ventilated, embracing the stereotyped elements of unfair discrimination among tenderers, boodling and appropriation of bribes for the wholesale debauching of constituencies. Men high in the councils of the nation were to be daubed with the brush of infamy.

It is interesting to note the attitude of papers on questions of political moment.

Newspapers are ever on the alert for sensations, and with the pretence of having their delicate moral perception shocked by any semblance of obliquity, launch forth unsparing diatribes against anything pernicious in the body politic. Newspapers are always independent. A servile organ would be an anomaly. They all profess a conscientious regard for truth and probity, yet their moral vision is so perverted that each to the other appears false and a red-hot evil hailing from very purgatory. Who ever heard of a paper that advocated anything but the highest goals, the loftiest aims. The editor, beheld in person, is usually unassertive. He receives the opinions of others with an air of half contempt, half good-natured indulgence. There is a silently-conveyed intimation that one is as wrong as can be, and that if said editor were only interested enough to summon up sufficient energy, he could soon dissipate the fumes of ignorance clouding one's brain, with a few truths from his closely-guarded storehouse of knowledge.

In ordinary converse, one's sayings fall on unreceptive ears. The same sayings, repeated in a "leader," clothed in all the mystery of anonymity, impress with the potency of inspiration. One forgets that an editorial is merely the expression of a finite being with the same delinquencies as other mortals—the same prejudices, spites and hates and jealousies, with quibbling, cavilling, reviling and sycophancy. One never thinks of gainsaying an editorial statement. Perhaps to our inherent love of mystery can be ascribed the gullibility, by which we accept without question anything emanating from an unknown pen. The close reader soon discovers that a paper's opinions veer to all points of the compass. It is never inconsistency—it is merely policy, and a very elastic policy at that. To-day, the independent paper with righteous indignation institutes a crusade against contentions, which, a week hence, it defends in a frenzied state of resentment. And so it is in the discussion of politics. A paper, if it adhere to strict party lines, usually perpetrates glaring incongruities. The Conservative sheet seldom finds anything reprehensible in Tory practices, and Grit contemporaries steadfastly pursue similar tactics, by condemning every move in the ranks of opponents, and covering all rents in their own camp-tents. The Grit papers fulminate against alleged Tory corruption, and the latter retaliate with equal vindictiveness. Between these extremes, where Tory strenuously denies what Grit religiously avows, conscientious electors are left in confusion and doubt, whilst enthusiastic partizan voters swallow with avidity whatever is

dished up by their respective organs, and then repeat their eagerly conned lessons with parrot-like ignorance as to purport or truth. The press is ever pluming itself upon the benefits it has conferred on humanity. It certainly has been a foremost factor in the spread of enlightenment. Still, it is not an unmixed good, and, like other mundane institutions, when left to work out an unhampered career, its liberty often degenerates into baneful licence. Party politics is the curse of journalism, and a biased press is responsible for the sowing of seed, bringing forth a harvest of noxious weeds, that choke and sap and stunt the healthful growths, which otherwise might blossom into a glorious possibility of high ideal government. The influence of the press would be increased a thousand-fold, if there were an universal condemnation of wrong, irrespective of any interest. It has been shorn of its giant might and power for good by blind adherence to party lines. Whilst men may resort to the political sheet for argument, they may not always do so for truth.

And thus it was with the so-called boodling contracts. Grit papers animadverted on shocking Tory depravity, and frothed in a very frenzy of outraged piety. They called upon the people to oust the powers that were, and substitute Liberal rectitude; forgetting that the Grit record, in proportion to limited opportunities, exhibited as much venality as ever their successors were guilty of, with this difference, that Grit greed was allayed by the reflection that the Cartwright money-box presented little spoil for the pilferer. Then, on the other hand, the Tory organs, intent only on defiant controversy, and without any care as to whether the Grit assertions were founded on truth or not, repudiated every accusation of knavery, and challenged the Opposition to show one blot in the unspotted integrity of the entire Conservative past.

The Opposition also hinted that they had a store of ammunition in reserve, which would be fired off with appropriate pyrotechnic effects.

The session wore on, and the threatened disclosures did not divulge the depravity and enormity catalogued in advance.

After a lengthy enquiry by a special committee, the judge, against whom it was claimed such scathing evidence had been unearthed, was exonerated from all suspicion of taint. It transpired that a deliberate conspiracy had been hatched merely for the purpose of discrediting the judge, who, in the trial of certain election protests, had unseated some Liberal members for bribery and corruption.

The charges against the Public Works Department were not so easily disposed of. The enquiry revealed that a "job" had been fixed between a member of the House and a favored applicant for choice timber limits. The member had the misfortune to be discovered, and was expelled in disgrace. There were other contracts, though, abundantly proving that the affairs of government were not conducted by the servants of the people with that economy and scrupulous vigilance to be expected from officials acting in a fiduciary capacity.

The tariff debate was looked upon as a pitched battle. The feeling ran so high, that eloquent speakers lost their dignity

by degenerating into personality and abusive recrimination.

The Opposition descanted on the merits of a nostrum called by various designations, among which Commercial Union and Unrestricted Reciprocity were the more conspicuous. Hardly two Grit leaders could definitely outline the nature of the policy, which was held forth as a panacea for all ills. They were unanimous, however, in condemning the National Policy as an unmitigated evil.

Archer was happy in representing the *Gazette*. The *Gazette* was not a party paper, and he had unbridled scope to criticize both sides. His comments on the deliberations of the House were, therefore, uncompromising. He could give full play to caustic satire, cogent invective, playful raillery or tart quip, according as the situation might strike his fancy. He was not hampered like the other reporters, by being compelled to cling to the line of cleavage.

The Opposition had harassed the Government upon the shallowest of captious disputation, and both parties were exhausted. An interval of inactivity ensued. Now was the time for the British Columbia members to obtain a hearing and air their grievances.

A bare quorum was present, and a Pacific coast representative was endeavoring to excite the somnolent speaker's attention to a state of dissatisfaction out West, which, he urged, would disintegrate confederation, if not promptly placated. The estimates appropriated to the Occidental province were, he continued, altogether inadequate when British Columbia's contribution to the Federal exchequer was taken into consideration. Further, the Government had neglected its duty in not anticipating infection from disease-spreading Oriental centres, by proper sanitary safeguards, and the representative from the shores of the setting sun wound up an eloquent address by threatening that the B. C. contingent would abandon its servile support, if these grievances were not remedied. The Pacific coast coterie had been lately likened to a machine for the automatic registration of Government votes, and they were naturally incensed.

Steve Fairlie was a recent addition to the "pencil-pushers" in the gallery. He had eagerly grasped the chance of doing the session for a metropolitan paper.

"Just the thing I want," he had delightfully thought. "It will help me break with my set. Their pace is a little too swift for my empty purse, and I'm not the fellow to travel in company, if I can't hold up my end with the others. I've had my experience of high-rolling, and now I'm going to get down to a nice, quiet, Sunday-go-to-meeting gait, and expound Bible texts and sing psalms, and be pointed to by all my former chums as a shameless hypocrite." All joking aside, though, Fairlie had set out with bran-new plans. Some of them were slightly shadowy, as yet, but were gradually gaining outline and color, and filling up into a conception of a future, in which success would be the resultant of determined effort. Fairlie received something every morning in the shape of a daintily perfumed missive from Zela, which did much to assist his good humor and make his face wear a satisfied smile for the rest of the day.

However, Fairlie's countenance carried

a shade of annoyance, as he slapped Archer's shoulder with a force signifying that most respectful attention was demanded.

"Archer, I've promised that old jay from the backwoods hamlet in ———, that I would take a *verbatim* report of his speech, so that he can get it printed, and send it to all his wondering henchmen, as a sample of his glowing eloquence and masterful influence in the House. I suppose I'll have to do it—confound it. His constituency is very shaky, and his waning support needs bolstering. If I refuse to do the business, he will complain to my paper, and I'll be given my *conge*, for no traitorous symptoms are allowed."

It was true that the Government majority was narrowing down to the danger line, but the Ministry were equal to every emergency. Their foresight could be depended on to obviate defection. Bridges, canals, post offices and other fat expenditures were time-honored expedients for recovering lost ground.

Archer had listened in silence to Fairlie's remarks, but his fingers clutched spasmodically at the desk on which he was writing, and his heart seemed to stand still at his friend's next utterances.

"This woman movement is spreading, Archer. I don't see why the fair sex shouldn't have an equal show with us. Just the same, no one likes a mannish woman, and we all allow that a woman's sphere is at home, but if they want to take up the professions and go into politics, they should be given every show. It's their funeral—not ours. There's a case in point, though, that makes a fellow look at the question from a different standpoint. I've just heard from Toronto, that a young lady friend of mine has accepted a position in the gallery, and I'm so glad, because she needs it. Perhaps you know her. Her name is Ethel Grant."

"Yes, I've met her," ventured Archer in a husky tone, and, with one hand, he shaded his agitated countenance. He had closed his eyes, bitten his lips and turned his face away in an attempt to conceal all signs of emotion.

"If you don't mind listening, I'll tell you all about it, Archer," Fairlie rattled on. "In fact, I want you to listen. I'm not speaking for the mere sake of gossip, but have a different motive entirely. In short, Archer, I want you to be her friend. This life will be entirely new to her, and the more kindly consideration she receives from us, why, the smoother her path. Besides, you know, the gallery must not be wanting in gallantry, and I venture to predict that you will find her interesting enough, and that you won't look upon any favors you may render in the light of tasks. It's quite a long story, though, and if you want to hear it all, you must settle yourself and prepare to take it in without the slightest interruption. Perhaps you know everything," and Fairlie hesitated with a questioning look.

Archer's curiosity had been spurred, and while he was a prey to all manner of conflicting thoughts, he struggled to appear calm and unmoved.

"Yes, Fairlie, I'll feel honored with your confidences, and assure you in advance that you can count on me making myself as nice as possible to Miss Grant. I envy your protegee." Archer had spoken with an affected air of flippancy.

(To be continued.)

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The "Dry Goods Review" is the only journal in Canada published in the interests of the Dry Goods trade. It is full of hints on Buying and Selling, Window Dressing, Store Management, etc., etc.

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of the latest styles in

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**ENGLISH FARMERS.**

The London *Daily Telegraph* in a recent article on the subject of Thanksgiving Day, appears to question the idea that the British farmer has anything to be thankful for, as at present prices he grows his wheat at a dead loss of £1 per acre, while the British workingman gets his loaf of bread no cheaper because the farmer is underpaid. It is charged that the British Parliament and the Government have frittered away the national time over the demands of Home Rulers, who would not care if all England starved to-morrow. It may be added that the loudest cries of "oppressions in Ireland" have not come from the "sorely afflicted people" themselves, but from agitators in the United States, who for their offences against the laws of the land have found it convenient to absent themselves as they claim that the landlords have done. We are assured by the *Telegraph* that the land grievance in England is ten times greater than any real grievance in Ireland and has been borne with a thousandfold more patience. Regret is expressed that there is no remedy ready to meet the case, as instead of providing it the Government and Parliament have been rather laying burdens upon the land than trying to lighten its load.

Now, what is the moral of all this? That the British farmer would do well to emigrate and come to a land where he can grow his products upon land which he can purchase out and out on advantageous terms, for which he will have no rent to pay, where he can, if so disposed, live practically within himself, and while not incurring a dead loss of £1 on every acre of wheat he cultivates, can, if he does not handle a very large amount of money every year, either lay by so much cash or make his property more valuable as time progresses. We can find homes, happiness and a fair measure of prosperity in British Columbia, for many of these farmers, who under present conditions, are like the crab, only progressing backwards. It is all very well for the politicians to talk free trade and protection to the suffering British farmers. What they want is immediate relief, and this they can get by changing the conditions under which they live.

W. McNeill has reopened the Colwood Hotel, Sooke road.

The Lieut.-Governor will entertain Lord and Lady Aberdeen by giving a grand ball.

**SCOTCH BAKERY.**

**Bread, Cakes, Etc., Etc**

Shortbread always on hand.

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

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

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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.

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**INSURANCE.**

The *Weekly Statement* contains the following:

"Life insurance is a science. When a comparatively ignorant set of men arise and tell you that they can sell life insurance at half price and set at naught the experience of the old and stable companies, their failure is only a question of time. People must die. The claims must be paid and the cardinal principle of these organizations is to get in a lot of new people to pay the claims. For a few years they all live in a fool's paradise. They who die promptly win, they who live have to bear the burden of the increasing assessments until Old Mortality bears upon them all so heavily that a receiver comes to their aid and kindly buries the organization."

This paragraph, it may be said, is written in the interest of the old line insurance companies. Admitting all this, there is a great deal of truth in what is thus written. Actuaries of the highest professional and social standing and government inspectors also tell us that insurance—whether fire or life—cannot be successfully conducted under certain rates and then there must be a substantial reserve to provide for anything unforeseen and unprovided for which might happen. People must die; fires will occur, and the claims of insurers must be paid. Under the assessment plan, however long the period may be, there must be a day of final reckoning, when those who remain the longest will have to make up for much that has been unprovided for through the default of others to pay their proportions or the institution must go to smash, and then where do the existing policy holders come in? The number of gravestones along the way shows what has been the fate of the majority of the assessment companies, and it is easy to understand the moral of their epitaphs.

The total value of exports from Chatham, Ont., for the three months ending June 30th, 1894, was \$184,815, an increase over the same quarter in 1893 of \$67,025. Of this sum beans amounted to \$100,000 and staves to over \$50,000.

Lake and rail rates were advanced on October 6th, the new basis being 60 cents per 100 pounds as against 30 cents, the previous rate. Rates on iron advanced 90 per cent., or to the same rate as at the commencement of the season. An advance in transcontinental rates will also be made.

**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.  
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**B. C. CUSTOMS RETURNS.**

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

**IMPORTS.**

	VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
Dutiable Goods.....	\$167,964 00	\$ 64,482 00	\$ 40,063 00	\$ 14,302 00	\$286,811 00
Free Goods.....	61,703 00	18,841 00	4,989 00	390 00	85,893 00
<b>Total Imports.....</b>	<b>\$229,667 00</b>	<b>\$ 83,323 00</b>	<b>\$ 45,052 00</b>	<b>\$ 14,692 00</b>	<b>\$372,704 00</b>

**REVENUE.**

Duty Collected.....	\$ 57,680 42	\$ 21,267 03	\$ 10,891 00	\$ 4,272 20	\$ 94,110 65
Other Revenue.....	5,238 73	4,395 66	338 17	440 34	10,412 90
<b>Total Collections.....</b>	<b>\$ 62,919 15</b>	<b>\$ 25,662 69</b>	<b>\$ 11,229 17</b>	<b>\$ 4,712 54</b>	<b>\$104,523 55</b>

**EXPORTS.**

The Mine.....	\$ 30,545 00		\$ 22,421 00	\$227,290 00	\$280,256 00
The Fisheries.....	666,996 00	\$ 55,447 00	36,979 00		809,422 00
The Forest.....		9,819 00	18 00		9,837 00
Animals and their produce.....	59,202 00	1,790 00	201 00		61,253 00
Agricultural.....	90 00	265 00	10 00		365 00
Manufactures.....	4,535 00	7,856 00	2,256 00	10 00	14,657 00
Miscellaneous.....	3,159 00				3,159 00
<b>Total Exports.....</b>	<b>\$764,587 00</b>	<b>\$ 74,677 00</b>	<b>\$111,885 00</b>	<b>\$227,300 00</b>	<b>1,178,449 00</b>
\$2,910 Bullion.					

# The Signal of Busy Times

**IS IN SIGHT.**

Assistants in our Mantle Department are always busy. All garments go out perfect in finish, design and make-up. Quite a rush has taken place. The early buyer catches the best, and that's what our customers are looking for. No dry goods house can make money nowadays, if it don't have the correct goods at the right price. We claim to have them. Now suppose you put us to the proof of what we here write.

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You will find that we have over five hundred (all different designs) Mantles, Capes, Jackets, Waterproofs, etc., and to open on Wednesday (by favor of N. P. Ry) TWO CASES OF GOLF CAPES. These garments were in the piece 60 days ago, and consequently will be the newest, and as they will be marked on our new ratio of CASH, rates will be the cheapest going, and you cannot fail to appreciate the fact.

Two cases of Black and Navy Diagonal and Estamene Serges, guaranteed to stand soda or sea water. Prices right.

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Did you ever stop to consider the fact that in all probability the centre of the earth is a globe of gold, iridium and platinum? These metals are, of course, in a liquid state, the iridium at the exact centre—that is, providing there is not some heavier metal at present unknown to man occupying that place—the platinum next and the globe of gold surrounding the other two.

"But," you say, "what proof have we that your proposition is a tenable hypothesis?" In answer I would say, two proofs at least, and perhaps more: First, the three metals mentioned are the heaviest known substances compared bulk for bulk. This being the case, they would be naturally attracted to the centre of our planet. "In the beginning," as Moses would say, the earth was liquid, if not gaseous. In either case the heavy metals mentioned were held in solution. By gradual condensation the metals settled to the centre. Iridium first (with the proviso above mentioned), platinum next, gold last.

Ages ago, when the crust of the earth was thin—very thin—all the gold now known was vomited out in volcanic eruptions. This last mentioned fact is the second reason for believing that our globe has a golden centre core woven around a nucleus of iridium and platinum. A third reason for believing that there is gold at the centre is this: The earth as a whole weighs five times as much as a globe of water of the same bulk, while the rocks forming the same outer crust are less than three times as heavy as water.—*Ex.*

It is estimated that shipments of stock from Manitoba to the Old Country during the past three months have netted about \$340,000.

At the annual meeting of the Victoria Board of Fire Underwriters, held at the office of Messrs. Robert Ward & Co., Limited, the report presented showed that the year had been an unprofitable one. The executive committee was elected as follows: H. F. Heisterman, J. C. Maclure, Richard Hall, J. St. Clair Blackett and R. S. Day.

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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

**H**ALF A LOAF is better than no bread, these hard times. So we have put our prices very low, with a guarantee that your underwear will not be soiled with our process of dyeing.  
Cleaning Gents' Clothes a Specialty.

T. W. PIERRE,

Jewell Block, 74 Douglas Street.

TOPICS OF INTEREST.

(From the Commercial Journal.)

Tupper, jr., in his letter to Col. Prior, claims that for the last seven years he has spent his vacation, both day and night, in endless diplomatic correspondence and other work in connection with the Behring Sea trouble. Moreover, he says, that the reason he has not been able to go to British Columbia—excepting for the sickness which in 1894 has held him at Ottawa—was simply because of British Columbia affairs. This, British Columbians will do well to bear in mind; but it may be asked, what of it? There has been added to the list another Canadian K.C.M.G., and the "villain still pursues" Sir Charles. The conclusion of the matter as regards the sealers, as the Minister puts it, is that "every means was taken to bring the subject to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion." To judge by the remainder of his letter, which very much resembles the one published a few weeks since, Sir Charles has little if any use for the British Columbia salmon canners. "The more," he says, "I have striven to meet their views, the more savage have been their attacks upon my department and myself;" and "while there has been a considerable display of temper, I have discovered very little material which could be of assistance to me."

Perhaps, in default of coming out himself, if he had sent here some representative other than Mr. Wilmot, whose parable was all prepared before he came here, Sir Charles would have arrived at very different conclusions. It is all very well for him to speak of the immense growth of the salmon canning industry of this Province, particularly during his occupancy of the Fisheries' Department; but he has utterly failed to show how he has benefitted the industry or done other than stand in the way of a great and important interest to develop and preserve which it was in his province to do a great deal. On account, however, of his lack of personal attention, and his reliance upon what a number of departmental grannies told him, he has allowed it to be most seriously prejudiced. Before closing, we should like to congratulate him—if it be possible—on having done something in connection with that Point Roberts matter. It is said he has not, in the multitude of distractions, neglected it, and we are glad to hear it.

The Dominion Government organ is highly pleased with the fact that a prominent U.S. official recently stated that the members of the American Public Health Association, who had gone to the Grosse Isle quarantine station to criticize, had found nothing to find fault with. The paper further states that it has no doubt that, in time, the Pacific quarantine station will, in all

its appointments, be as perfect as the one at Grosse Isle. But if it is not now as perfect, we may perhaps be permitted to ask, "why not?" The ports of Victoria and Vancouver are constantly visited by vessels from the Orient and elsewhere, the majority of whose passengers—not the minority, as is the case at Grosse Isle—come from countries from which the most contagious of diseases are never absent, and to exterminate which the people make few, if any, efforts. From this consideration alone, we think we have the strongest possible claims to have had long ago a station "as perfect as the one at Grosse Isle," and, moreover, one which should have been so administered as to prevent the possibility of a single case of disease being landed to spread the contagion all over the continent. What, let us ask, is the character, and what are the appointments of the present station which, we are semi-officially assured, will be as perfect in all its appointments as the one at Grosse Isle?

The idea of a mining bureau for the collection and public exhibition of samples of the minerals of British Columbia is one which we should be heartily glad to see carried out. We already have a department of mines and surely it would only be a small matter to have a branch of it at which there will be ready to hand all the information necessary for those anxious to be made acquainted with the nature and extent of our mineral resources. The careful preparation of a special report containing the fullest information would be found to be invaluable and would do more to promote the investment of capital and the work of substantial development than all the unauthenticated stories which are continually placed before the public and to a certain extent act as a deterrent, as conservative capitalists seldom fail to conclude that they are certainly too good to be true. As we have repeatedly said, at the present time foreign capital is plentiful and money is cheap, all that is required to induce its investment being thoroughly reliable assurances that it can be safely embarked with the reasonable prospect of a fair return.

In the Province of British Columbia, we have been complaining, and with reason, that upon our public works Chinese and other foreign labor has been employed to the detriment of our own residents. In the Eastern provinces, they allege that the protection Government of the Dominion has been in the habit of obtaining much of its material and machinery from foreign manufacturers when they could be got here, thus benefitting home labor and capital. The latest complaint is that, although most of the cement works of the country are closed

up, which have been accustomed to turn out a product that it would be hard to excel, large orders have been given for cement.

That Cough

May lead to something worse.

TAKE

London Hospital Cough Cure,

And avert the danger.

Cochrane & Munn,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS,

Cor: Yates and Douglas Streets

W. B. POTTINGER  
BUTCHER

STALL 17, CITY MARKET.

We cater for family trade

REMOVAL NOTICE.

F. Carne, jr., has removed to the store on the corner of Yates and Broad streets.

BUSHIE'S

Candy, Fruit & Tobacco

STORE,

88 DOUGLAS ST.,

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# HOME JOURNAL.

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

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**THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL** is published every Saturday morning at 77 Johnson street, Victoria. Subscription, \$1.00, invariably in advance.

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SATURDAY OCTOBER 27, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

THERE are many in this community who are curious to know what is being done in connection with the post-office clerks and letter carriers whose incomes were recently so much reduced by the cutting off of the provisional allowance. Surely since his return from England the Postmaster-General ought to have found time to consider the case of these hardworked and badly-paid public servants and have remedied the grievances from which they suffer. It is not to be expected that the Government can have efficient servants while they are underpaid, or so long as they have reason to believe that they are being improperly treated and that the department is deaf to their complaints.

It is ridiculous, nay outrageous, that the settlement of this matter should have been postponed, it is a matter of departmental routine that could have been disposed of, whether or not the Minister was at the capital. In fact, it is possible that Sir Adolphe Caron knows precious little about the working of his department, a few old stagers, who ought long ago to have been laid on the shelf being entrusted with duties which other men would do far better. The British Columbia post office has now been left until the advent of winter, possibly with the expectation that at this period of the year

the men who are concerned will not throw themselves out of work at so inconvenient a season, but the pursuance of this policy shows not only the incapacity of the authorities, but the heartlessness of the men whom the country employs to direct its concerns. Now, Sir Adolphe, the people want to hear from you without any further delay.

There does not appear to be much money in the exportation of cattle to the Old Country, this year. Mr. James Eakins, of Port Hope and Montreal, who has for the last few years been the heaviest exporter of Canadian cattle to Britain, is reported to be financially embarrassed. A few years ago, Mr. Eakins was worth about half a million dollars, and even when he started to ship at the beginning of the present season his bank account was a fairly big one. During September and part of this month, the British markets have been disastrously weak, and in consequence every exporter lost heavily. In one week lately Mr. Eakins is said to have dropped over \$25,000 on his consignments. Every week's markets told the same story and Mr. Eakins was forced to drain his bank account to meet the losses on the other side. Two weeks ago he stopped shipping, and in the meantime his consignments arriving on the other side were sold on account of the local banks which had advanced money on them. Mr. Eakins has shipped over 16,000 head of cattle and over 6,000 sheep since the opening of navigation from Montreal, representing \$1,000,000. Up to September 1, Mr. Eakins made money, but the sudden drop on the other side brought about his embarrassment. His friends, however, including the banks interested, expect that Mr. Eakins will pull through all right, and by next year be as active an exporter as ever.

I regret deeply the exhibition of ill-feeling between the Canadians and Englishmen of Vancouver. "Chappie," evidently an Englishman, writes to the Vancouver *News-Advertiser*: "I think that the contention of the Lacrosse Club that they did not receive fair play at the hands of the Brockton Point Athletic Association is absurd. If the middle

and lower classes show such vitiated tastes as to patronize lacrosse games, I trust that the committee of the association will see that money so received is spent in encouraging the good old sports of England, many of which entail considerable expense on their patrons. Now, take my case, for instance. I have joined a Golf Club, and just sent home ten shillings to buy a club. I have been informed that every member of the club is expected to provide himself with a caddie. \* \* \* I have never seen a game of lacrosse, but from what I am able to understand, it consists of a lot of people running about a field and poking each other with sticks. It is of Indian origin, and is, I suppose, played by Indians or their descendants. Such people should be taught to know their places, and I trust that you will make them understand that it is the greatest possible presumption for them to try and dictate to the present very efficient management of the Brockton Point grounds."

The above is a little hard on Canadians, and if it appeared in a Victoria paper, I would be inclined to believe that the author was the same person who, introducing one Canadian to another recently, remarked: "Major So-and-So, this is Mr. So-and-So, the only other Canadian gentleman I ever met." Of course the inference is that Canadian gentlemen are a little particular about their associates. But in connection with the trouble at Vancouver, I take the liberty of quoting from another correspondent in the *News-Advertiser*, this one signing himself "Canadian": "The local Lacrosse Club disclaim any responsibility for this, and place the whole blame on the Brockton Point Association, claiming that had the game been played under their auspices—with their knowledge of affairs—matters could have been promptly arranged to the satisfaction of all. And the Vancouver Lacrosse Club is justly indignant at the high-handed manner in which the B. P. A. took the game in hand, without consulting them, although they were notified by one of the contesting clubs, that they placed the whole matter in the hands of the Vancouver club. I am sure, Mr. Editor, I voice the sentiment of the majority of those who pay their money to see lacrosse, when I say we are becoming weary of seeing the