

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL.

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

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL,
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SATURDAY DECEMBER 15, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

THERE were no flying banners emblazoned with offensive, irrelevant and delusive words, no delegation to Vancouver to welcome the distinguished young man, no decorations of market place, yet the impression left upon the minds of those who listened to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, at the Victoria Theatre on last Monday night shall be as imperishable and indestructible as the monuments in stone which the early Egyptian Kings left to commemorate their valor and glory. Hon. Wilfred Laurier was a disappointment. His tale was half the truth, which is the greater untruth. He invited his hearers to sit with him at the banquet table and partake of a meal prepared from indigestible chaff, and for this reason his guests departed dissatisfied, disheartened and disappointed.

Of how different a character was the entertainment provided by Sir Charles Tupper for his guests last

Monday night. In words plain and easy of comprehension he unfolded the policy of his government, and in his hands the alleged policy of his opponents was literally torn to shreds. Sir Charles admitted that there had been mistakes made in the administration of his department, and also in several of the other departments, but he expressed his own desire and that of his colleagues to correct those mistakes just so soon as they were drawn to the attention of the Government.

Incidental to the speech of the evening, there was an entertaining discussion between the speaker on the platform and Mr. Archer Martin, at the back of the theatre. Archer certainly was not in sweet accord with Sir Hibbert, and attempted to establish some connection between the ordinary long-tailed rodent and the policy of protection, for he undertook to punctuate the utterances of the speaker with the witty and original remark "Rats." As there were several ladies in the theatre the impression forced itself on the minds of many that Mr. Martin's playful allusion to the much despised rodent was not intended so much to mark his disapproval of the policy of the Conservative party as it was to have a little fun with the weaker sex. In any event, it was observed that the ladies present shifted uneasily in their seats, and if they gathered their wearing apparel a little closer around their nether limbs, of course it was an affair which only concerned themselves. If, on the other hand, Mr. Martin hoped to confuse the speaker, he need only consult his friends, and I hope I

am one of them, to learn how far he succeeded. But there were other interruptions which could not be passed over lightly, if it were not that respectable Liberals joined with their Conservative friends in condemning those who dared insult an amiable gentleman and a brilliant young Canadian. Even such an old Liberal war-horse as the Hon. A. N. Richards did not feel that he was relinquishing the most insignificant principle of his party, when he turned to a friend and remarked, "That boy is plucky."

The tourist trade, it is safe to say, is practically over for this year of Grace 1894, and ere another season opens it might be well to consider what further inducements might be offered in the matter of improving this lucrative branch of Victoria's business. The last rose of summer has disappeared from the garden, but many hardier members of the family have come out to enjoy a winter's spell. So with the tourist—it is only the hardier species who come to our city on pleasure bent during the month of December. I happened to meet with such a one the other day. Perhaps he should not be described as a tourist proper, seeing that he was but re-visiting friends in Victoria after an absence of many years. I took great pleasure in showing him around, especially in those sections of the city which to his memory, were covered with brush. The visitor was a gentleman of a very practical turn of mind, and "but half shall never be told," of what he had to say in condemnation of the

abominable condition of the streets. He saw them, no doubt, to disadvantage—during sewerage construction. "Why were these works not undertaken in fine weather?" I tried to bolster up an apology for the lack of business ability on the part of our city fathers, but I had to blush for them. "What we were thinking of in allowing the public thoroughfares to be disfigured by a forest of ill-shaped sticks." Again I tried to become apologetic, explaining that there were four systems of electricity to be provided for, and that the poles were private property, used to carry the wires of the quartette of enterprises. My friend became profane, and sarcastically suggested that a few dozen competent Indians be employed, who would transform the unsightly poles into totem poles, so that Victoria might be known as Totem-town. There is something in the suggestion. Personally, however, I would prefer to see the wires run underground, as they are in well-regulated cities.

It seems as if a tidal wave of opposition to gambling is spreading through the Anglo-Saxon world, a wave of opposition which finds vent in using laws to restrict healthy sport, which were intended to repress flagrant vice. No better example of this can be recited than the action of the Anti-Gambling League in Great Britain, which, in its attempts to suppress speculation on racing events, is really trying to stop racing altogether. That the action of the League is based on the most hypocritical and Pecksniffian motives has been amply proved by several of the most influential journals in the Metropolis, and the reaction which is springing up in public opinion will have a most disastrous issue to the Liberal party, which has been placed in the unhappy position of foster-mother to the anti-racing movement. In the ethics of Eastern world morality every

form of gambling is regarded as a modified form of commercial speculation. What a farce then it must seem to our Chinese subjects, when some Pecksniffian meddler suddenly discovers that the Chinese are so wicked as to actually gamble among themselves. The following extract from a speech of Sir J. B. Maple, M. P. for St. Pancras, is so apt as to be worth reproduction:—

"There is, however, one race next year that I am particularly interested in, though, considering the recent doings of the Anti-Gambling League, perhaps I ought not to tell you. (Oh, oh!) Rconteur is a brother to Childwick, Kirconell is a son of my own horse, Royal Hampton, and Speedwell is another descendant of a horse from my own stable. Under these circumstances I should like to see all of them winning, but there is one horse belonging to a prominent member of the Government that I am particularly interested in. I refer to the one owned by Lord Rosebery, who has recently asked me if I would allow John Watts, upon whom I have first claim for next season, to ride his horse in the Derby of 1895. Although, gentlemen, I am politicaly opposed to the Prime Minister, I shall only be too delighted to give my jockey's services. (Loud cheers.) I am, of course, pleased at the success of Childwick. Englishmen have always been fond of sport, and I think it will be a sad day for England if the sport which for centuries past has kept us in the front amongst the whole nations of the world is in any way interferred with. With certain kinds of sport speculation was, of course, inseparable; but my advice to everybody has been, 'Do not bet beyond your means.' The evil was that men did so. I see no harm in a person putting a shilling on instead of buying a cigar; that is, of course, if he can afford to do so. (Hear, hear.) Otherwise let him keep off it. There is no more harm in Turf

speculations than in Stock Exchange transactions. (Loud cheers.) Life throughout was but a speculation. I would say to those who are at present trying to rule us with their grandmotherly legislation, 'We want to be free Englishmen; trust to our own sense of honor; we are able to look after ourselves, so please do not bother about us.'" (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Pauper immigrants are an element from which every citizen of British Columbia has good reason to fervently exclaim "good Lord deliver us!" The Provincial authorities are not the responsible parties in this particular, but the representatives of the steamship companies are those by whom their importation and distribution through Canada has been promoted. Canada has received them from the United States, from Europe and the world over, and it was high time that British Columbia should be doing something to protect herself. This she is now attempting to do and with that object a resolution has been adopted by the Provincial Parliament praying the be. A law suit is on the tapis, the result of which will have some bearing on the work of Spiritualism.

"There is something in it," said a once thorough sceptic on Spiritualism to me the other day. "The co-incident theory is not always a satisfactory explanation." and he proceeded to give me details of a case at present under investigation. His story, briefly told, is that some considerable property had been lost to his family through the dishonesty of some person or persons unknown. A distinguished San Francisco medium was consulted, who referred the enquirer to another medium in Seattle. The latter was duly interviewed, and as a result of this interview there is a gentleman in Victoria at the present moment in search of two men.

Up to date he has located one of them, whom he met at a place and under circumstances described by the medium. Number 2 has not yet been spotted, but he is to Dominion Government to enact such legislation as will prevent the coming into this country of such people.

Christmas comes but once a year.
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

When this old s.w. was originally called into requisition, it is safe to assume that the battle of life was not so real, not so earnest, as it unfortunately, is at present. "Christmas comes but once a year," it is true, but the approach of the time-honored old visitor just now will, I fear, not bring good cheer, to many hundreds of families in this city, unless, indeed, those who can afford to be liberal will indulge in liberality. I notice that a public appeal is being made on behalf of the funds of the British Columbia Benevolent Society, and I am assured by its worthy secretary that there is a great deal of distress in Victoria. I would suggest that there is no time to be lost if Christmas is to be made a happy season for the poor who are always with us.

The report of the Lands and Works Department of the Province details the work done during the year and demonstrates that really good service was rendered in the opening up of communications and in other ways promoting the development of the Province. The timber cut during the season of 1894 amounted to 67,498,227 feet, from which \$17,969 royalty was received. From this, however, \$6,672 rebates for exported lumber was deducted, leaving the nett royalty at \$11,297. Timber leases and other licenses brought the revenue from lumber up to \$59,506.

It is pleasing to observe in connection with the enforcement

of the regulations of the Board of Horticulture that the picking over and repacking of infected packages will not be allowed. If this be not the invariable course pursued, the work of inspection can be of little avail as the taint or infection is sure to exist among the packages in which disease has been found. The diseases of fruit may be said to be highly infectious or contagious, and can be spread in no more effective manner than by the distribution of products in which they have been known to exist. It is only by ceaseless vigilance that immunity from disease can be secured.

As previously noted, the halibut fishery, by Victoria as well as Vancouver, interests are already assuming considerable proportions. Quite recently the steamer Thistle, chartered by a company in this city, returned with a big cargo taken near the mouth of the Skeena River, of which four carloads have been shipped to Chicago and Boston over the Canadian Pacific. The Thistle has returned North for another cargo, which it is expected will be all ready to load by the time she reaches her Northern destination, and towards the end of this week she may be expected back in port. The eastern markets already opened for this product of our salt water are large and most promising.

Earl Jersey clearly carried away from the Colonial Conference a vivid impression of the value to Britain of her colonial empire. His report advises the Home Government in effect to lend its hearty assistance to the various plans proposed at that time for the binding of the empire together. All existing limitations of the colonial power to establish preferential trade relations under the flag, he would at once sweep away; and he looks with favor upon the various

schemes for harnessing modern science to the task of drawing this modern empire into closer bonds. Very accurately, indeed, has he read the spirit of our people. "It is within the power of Great Britain," his report says, "to settle the direction of their (the colonies) trade and the current of their sentiments for many generations. Such an opportunity may not soon occur as the sands of time run down quickly. There is impatience for action, which would be tried by delay and most sadly disappointed by indifference to the proposals now brought forward." The broader patriotism which feels a hopeful loyalty to the Greater Britain is the typical spirit of our time and our nationality. Every where men of strong sight and authoritative judgment are seeing its capabilities and recommending them to the people.

The report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into matters connected with the management of the New Westminster Asylum, has revealed a most deplorable state of affairs. That patients have been treated with undue severity and brutality there is no room for doubt. It is an unfortunate thing for a man to lose his reason, but how much more so is it if this man is forced to submit to ill-usages which would demand the attention of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals if they were perpetrated on the brute creation. It might be an injustice to say just at this juncture who was responsible, but it will be a matter for congratulation if the prime mover is punished with the severity which his inhumanity so richly merits.

Windsor Castle—the home of Kings and Queens since the days of the Conqueror—has been the scene of a tragedy which concerns and touches the heart of every Canadian in this great Dominion.

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GEORGE G. MELDRAM, PROPRIETOR.

By the death of Sir John Thompson, Canada loses one of her greatest—if not her greatest—sons. He filled a place peculiarly his own in the hearts of his countrymen, and few realized the extent of their devotion for their statesman until the Grim Reaper claimed the penalty of existence. His was a life well rounded out, opportunities met and used, and trials borne with dignity. The Canadian people sympathize with Lady Thompson and her family in this their hour of affliction.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

An American traveller recently received this letter from his chief:
Mr. Enstein,
Colombo, Ohio.

Dear Sir—We haf received your letter von de 18th mit extense agount and roadlist. Vat ve vont is orders. Ve haf blenty maps in New York von vich to make our roadlist, also big families to make expenses. Mr. Enstein ve find in your exbense agount 2.50 for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards for us. Vat ve vant is orders. Also ve do see 7.50 for a horse and buggy. Vere is de horse, unt vat did you do mit de

buggy? Derest von you agount is mix, also schleebers. Vy is it you don't ride more by daytime?

Ve sent you by frade to-day two boxes Zegars, one costed us 1.40 de oder 90 cts. You can schmoke de dollar forty box, gif de oder to your gustomers.

Ve sended you also samples of a negtie vot costed us 7.00 a gross, sell dese for 7.25 dozen. If you can't get 7.25 dak 2.25. Dey is a novelty, as we haf dem for two years unt aint sold none. Vat ve vont is orders.

My Brudder Louie says you should stop in Hamilton, Ohio. His gousin Max Blunn lifs dere. Louie says vat you should sell Blunn is a good bill; dry him on dese 7.25 negties, sell him mostly for cash. Dell him ve vont orders; also Louie says vat you can leave Colombo at 11.40 in de night and get by Hamilton at 3.25 in the morning. Louie says do dis, unt you vont need a Schleeber; you schpent too much for Schleebers. Vat ve vont is orders.

Don't date any more bills ahead as de day is longer in summer as in winter.

Louie says don't show Max Blunn his gousin any of the good sellers, unt remember Mr. Enstein vit us,

PATENTS

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The selection of books at Sampson's Book Exchange is continually being increased and constantly changing. The patrons of Sampson's are also increasing, for they find the choice current literature at half regular prices.

Mr. S. A. Phillips, the lessee of Walters' Mineral Spring, St. Helena, Napa County, California, will shortly visit this city, and introduce that table water in this market. Phillips Bros. will be local agents.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Major-General Herbert is in the city.

There is a possibility of the Diocesan Society of Victoria being dissolved.

"The Music of Shelly's Poetry" was the subject of Mrs. Watt's last lecture.

Mr. Archer M. Johnson, of Nelson, will spend the holidays in this city.

Acme Lodge, I. O. O. F., gave a social dance in Oliver Hall, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Alexander Sharp, and Miss Sharp, of Wellington, are guests at the New England.

The members of Prof. Oliver's dancing class will hold a social dance on the evening of December 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Koche gave a masquerade party to their friends Thursday evening. The guests danced to the music of the Bantly orchestra.

B. C. Circle, No. 118, Companions of the Forest, will give an entertainment in the Institute Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 20. Finn's orchestra will provide the music.

The Daughters of Rebekka celebrated the seventh anniversary of the inauguration of their order by giving a social and dance in their hall last Tuesday evening. The music was supplied by the Bantly family.

The holiday season is at hand, and our advice to all desiring a tasty and useful gift for a friend, is to get one of those beautiful canisters filled with the choicest of teas, at the Victoria Tea House.

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LOST.

"TAKE care of yourself, Dolly, and don't go astray at Dartmoor."

"My dear aunt, when once Tiger goes off, he never loses sight of the hounds, so unless the whole pack goes astray I shall be all right."

Dolly Lacy was a fascinating little woman, full of pluck and daring, of love and gentleness. Men adored her as a woman and delighted in her as a good comrade, who never fettered them in the field or fussed at them if they smoked in her drawing room. One man did more than adore and delight in her, and that was Arthur Talbot, a captain in the regiment of which Dolly's husband was the colonel.

He betrayed himself to her one day, and after that there was nothing for it but for him to exchange. He had now been in India for five years, and Dolly had been a widow four years and had never heard again from Capt. Talbot.

She was staying now with her uncle and aunt, an old admiral and his wife, and the reason she had volunteered to visit them just now was this: She had seen that four companies of the Red Rangers, under the command of Major Talbot, were to arrive in Plymouth in a trooper that was due in about a week, so she had come down with her hunter, Tiger, and the trooper had arrived, and still she had neither seen nor heard anything of Major Talbot.

There were dozens of men from the different regiments in the garrison, and once or twice she thought she saw him. Once she could have sworn to the turn of his head. Once again she caught a fleeting vision of a man who might have been Arthur's father, the likeness was so strong. Oddly enough, this elderly likeness of her life was interested in her.

"Who's that woman on the

brown bay?" he asked of another man.

"The woman on the brown bay?" repeated the local informant. "She is the daughter or the niece or something of the old admiral."

"Who's the old admiral?" the elderly likeness of Talbot persisted, while a lady with a high polished forehead who was riding with him interposed.

"My dear, what can it matter to you who either the woman or her uncle is? What a time they are finding the fox! I think I have had enough of this kind of sport. I shall go home. You won't mind coming, will you, dear?"

"I think not. I've not had a run with the Dartmoor hounds for many a long day. You can take Jenkins with you. I shall follow."

They soon went away at a racing speed. Dolly, in the excitement of being well up to to hounds in a strange country, forgot the elderly likeness to her lover, forgot everything, in fact, save that Tiger was carrying her rippingly. A bit of bright emerald green flashed into view. Tiger rose to it as if it had been a hurdle, jumped short and sank to his hind quarters in one of Dartmoor's most paralyzing bogs.

Dolly slipped from her saddle into a whirlpool of mud that presently touched her to her waist. Tiger clambered out and was galloping wildly backward and forward, flinging his head up and whinnying with all his might to call attention to the dire distress of the rider.

"See that horse galloping by us?" the local informant asked presently of the elderly likeness of Arthur Talbot. "He's riderless, by jove! The woman you were asking me about must be bogged."

He caught at Tiger's rein as the latter swooped by, and the little horse, after a kick and plunge or

two, lagged and hung back in the opposite direction.

"Let the horse lead us," said the man who looked like Arthur Talbot, but older. "For heaven's sake, make haste, man, or we may be too late."

"Probably we are," the other man said coolly. "Mrs. Lacy is a well-plucked one. She'd hold on to the last. When she slipped from Tiger, she was probably near the finish."

"Mrs. Lacy!"

"Yes, old Burroughs' niece. Didn't I tell you she was a pretty widow, rich and free as air and as sweet as the freshest air that blows?"

Tiger, released, galloped back to where he had left his mistress. She was up to her shoulders now, half dead with terror. But in a moment Arthur Talbot recognized the sweet, panic stricken face and the tiny hands that were beating the air in such a futile, frantic fashion.

"Dolly!" he cried. He was off his horse, holding out his arms to her. She felt herself drawn out from the embrace of the grasping mud. Saturated with mud as she was, she flung her arms around his neck as her feet reached firm ground, and with a little whimper of intense happiness she sobbed out:

"My own darling Arthur, I'm so cramped. Do hold me tight. I thought you were by me just now when you came to the meet, but I was puzzled by the ugly woman with the bony forehead who called you 'dear.' I'll tell you, I'd willingly be bogged again to-morrow to be saved by you," she said gayly. "You must come home with me now and be introduced to my uncle, Admiral Burroughs, and my aunt."

"We have always been the best friends, and my esteem for you"—

"Best friends—esteem!" she interrupted.

"I care not feel or express any stronger feeling. There is a barrier"—

"A barrier? No! My husband died four years ago. There is no dishonor now in your loving me. Nothing can come between us"—

"Excepting Mrs. Arthur Talbot," he cut in confusedly. "Dolly, I was mad with love for you, frightfully hard up, and she and her dollars came in the way"—

"She is the woman with the forehead I spoke of as bony."

"She is."

"I am sorry you pulled me out of the bog, Major Talbot."

Then she waved her hand to him and rode away, leaving him with the pleasing reflection that he had spoiled the life of a woman who had been weak enough to love and be faithful to him through five long, mistaken years.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY says that the reason that the average woman can't make herself heard upon the platform is simply because she doesn't know how to hold herself. "If I snuggled my chin well into my neck and bent my shoulders forward and talked way down in my throat like the average woman does, I couldn't make myself heard either," she declared in a recent interview. "No; the way to let your voice be heard is to throw your shoulders back, or 'raise your chest,' as the Delsarte disciples call it, keep your head erect and talk as though you had something in particular to say to the people on the last row of benches. There isn't a woman living who, if she saw her small boy in mischief upon the other side of the street, would drop her head and timidly observe, 'Johnny, come here.' Indeed she wouldn't! She would let the welkin ring with clear, up-headed tones of, 'You, John, come here!' And John would come, too, instanter, and that's the way that any woman should speak upon any subject that she wants folks to hear about."

Felt woven like straw is one of the novelties in millinery.

Large revers, collars, and bretelle trimmings are still popular.

Periwinkle blue is one of the trying new shades.

Pansies, violets, and chrysanthemums are the fashionable flowers of the hour.

Tailors' canvas is used to stiffen skirts at the bottom, while a light-weight mohair is used to line the back.

Laced boots fit more neatly than do buttoned ones, and side-laced boots are coming into use.

Bluet continues to be a fashionable color, and it is seen in the new felt hats and also in hat trimmings.

Caenille is coming in favor as a millinery material, and braids of this are made up into hats for evening and dressy occasions.

The Figaro and Eton jackets have not yet gone out of fashion, and many of the imported frocks have these jaunty little jackets.

The round waist does not diminish in popularity, although long redingotes have been announced for the winter and are seen among the latest importations.

Wide felt hats will be worn, by little girls, this winter, trimmed with ribbons and ostrich feathers, but the brims are not caught up and, indeed, very little bent.

Bertha trimmings seem to have disappeared, and in their place there is no end of huge flat collets or tiny capes, extending from the throat a short distance over the top of the sleeve.

Short, very full puffed sleeves, reaching to the elbow, and met

there by long gloves, are the sleeves chosen for handsome toilets for receptions or full dress occasions.

Skirts in most of the new evening gowns are made flaring to five or six yards at the bottom, and just long enough to touch the floor, while the trains are rare, and when seen at all are of medium length.

A special fancy of fashion at present is to give the bodices a bouffant effect in front. For slender waists the fullness is made to drop just a little below the upper edge of the belt, and for those who are over-plump it should fall below the waist line, giving the effect of slenderness.

As feathers are to be worn this season, it may be handy to know how to curl an old one so that it will do service on a new hat. When the water boils in the teakettle, hold the feather in the steam until every fiber is moist and will bend without breaking. Then take a knife that is not very sharp and draw each little fiber across the blade, which will curl it. When all have been curled, lay the feather in the sun, when it will become as good as new.

Rose pink, pearly gray, and opalescent shades are among the most fashionable colors. Pink spotted chiffon makes a lovely gown, and when chiffon or gauze is used for the skirt, it is gathered full at the waist and hangs loose from the silk skirt underneath. Moires, both shot and plain, are to be worn, while white moire, with the watered edge traced with silver sequins, as seen in an imported gown which is made with a plain demi-train skirt, a very low corsage, with thickly sequined belt, and hands over the shoulders.

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Is now prepared to receive pupils for the study of music.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SOME idea of the love a musician has for his art may be gleaned from the fact, that a young musician in this city practises at least five hours a day on his favorite instrument. As most of his time is taken up giving lessons, it will be seen that he has hardly a spare moment to himself, and yet he looks forward to the time when he will be able to devote nine hours a day to his instrument.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—It was with very great interest that I read your article in last week's issue of THE HOME JOURNAL, which treated of the difficulties and embarrassments that the leader of a volunteer choir has to contend with, and while I admit there was a great deal of truth in it, yet I was forcibly struck with the one-sidedness of the writer's remarks. Perhaps the writer is not acquainted with the fact that even in some of the choirs in Victoria it is not the one that can sing to the best advantage, or that has the sweetest voice, that is given the solos to sing, but the one that is a pupil of the choirmaster. They may have the voice of a braying ass or a fog-horn, with no tune or time whatever, but that makes no difference. The choirmaster declares they have the sweetest and best voice in the whole choir, and won't be convinced any different as long as he can make a dollar out of them. It reminds me of what one of our boasted vocal teachers was heard

to say the other day when someone made a little comment on a pupil's voice, "Oh, I don't care about the voice, the dollars are all I want." Now, sir, would not the true artist be seeking to establish a name and reputation worthy of his or her vocation, rather than seek a few paltry dollars, ruin the pupil's voice, and lose their reputation in the bargain. I think it is time that our vocal teachers were seeking to advance the art as well as making dollars. Coming back to the former subject, I think it would be much better if our choirmasters gave some of the solos at least to old and experienced choir hands who are quite capable of rendering them, instead of giving all the solos to young and inexperienced hands who have not learnt the rudiments of music, much less voice culture; but because the choirmaster is making a little out of them they sing all the solos, to the utter indignation of the congregation and more experienced members of the choir.

Hoping I am not taking up too much space in your valuable paper,

I am, yours truly,

A VOLUNTEER CHORISTER.

Victoria, Dec. 12th, 1894.

It appears that someone has gone to the trouble to identify certain members of a choir in this city with individuals referred to in article on church choirs which appeared in our issue of last week. There was no intention to refer to any one in particular. The application was meant to be general.

There is nothing new in dramatic circles.

Standard Wood Yard,

15 MONTREAL STREET, JAMES BAY
VICTORIA, B. C.

Cash Prices:

1 cord 4 ft wood, cut any length.....\$4 00
1 cord 4 ft wood, cut any length..... 2 25
1 cord 4 ft wood, cut and split any length. 4 50
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(Orders to be paid for on delivery.)
All cut and split wood put in shed at above prices. 128 ft in every cord.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in
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Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
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Diseases of all Domestic Animals treated
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Telephone 182. Residence and Infirmary: Clo-
verdale, Saanich Road. Telephone 417.

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Our Sheffield table Cutlery,
Pocket knives, Razors and
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A 1 Shaving sets, and Ladies'
Companions, etc.
At FOX'S, 78 Government st.
The largest variety in the
Province.

R. KENNY - -

Make your home cheerful at
Christmas by procuring one of
R. KENNY & CO'S. Circular
wick American hanging lamps,
ranging in prices from \$3.50
upwards, Also a large stock of
Tinware, Cutlery, Stove pipe
and silverware polish on hand at
No. 74 Yates street.

J. W. G. GAWLEY,

Coal Merchant.

Best Wellington Coal

\$7.00 per ton.

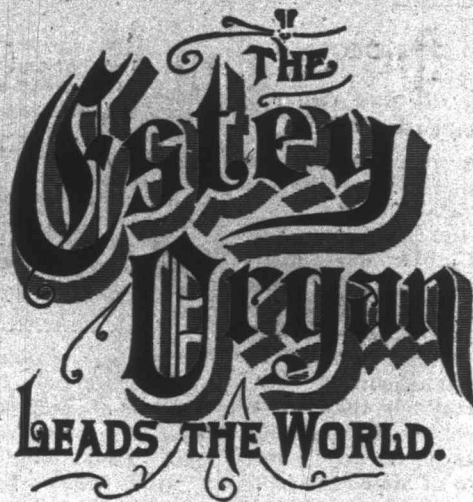
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Fish, Fruit, and Game in Season.

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For every \$1.00 that you spend at our store until the New Year.
Our stock of Musical Instruments, Music and Books, is most
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able. Pants from \$5, Suits from \$18, Overcoats from \$25.

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lish Briar and Amber Goods. All coast papers on sale.

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Reggie (A.K.C.S.B. 34,383.) Tinker (A.K.C.S.B. 34,672.) Fee, \$15.

Fee to accompany bitches. Foal guaranteed. For further particulars, apply to

WANDERING KENNEL, 242 Johnson Street, H. H. WRIGHT, Manager

MAKING A TRAMP LOOK DECENT.

It Only Cost \$15, but the New Order of Things Didn't Last.

A group of business men chatting on upper Broadway late one warm night was approached by a beggar, who whiningly begged for a nickel, says the New York Sun. He was a most abject-looking object. His hair was long and matted, his beard grizzly, and in general he looked as if he might be the original of Walter Jones' make-up as a tramp. One of the men whom he addressed asked:

"Boys, how much would it take to get that into a semblance of respectability?"

"Can't be done, George, at any price," was the opinion of two of his companions, while the third suggested that about \$40 and a week's training would reform the tramp into a fairly good imitation of a man.

"That's your idea, is it?" observed George contemptuously. "Now, I'll bet you fellows anything you like that for—well, say \$15—I'll rig that chap out complete from top to toe, and make him as respectable a citizen as you want to see. Now, here's a bet. You fellows put in \$10 each against my \$30, and I'm so sure I'll win that I'll pay for the outfit myself and let you chaps be the judges. Is it a go?"

It was a go. The beggar, who had been standing in open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder, was told to meet his prospective benefactor on a down-town corner at 9 o'clock the next morning, and the whole party were to meet at the place where the bet was made in the evening at 8 o'clock.

At the set time the other three parties to the bet met on the corner appointed for the deciding of the wager. At 8 o'clock sharp the proposer of the wager appeared alone.

"Where's your \$15 beggar, George?" inquired the others.

"I've left him in charge of my valet," returned George. "He'll be here soon now."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes the party waited, George showing increasing signs of nervousness. The others had begun to banter him, when a young man rushed around the corner and, running up to George, cried:

"Mr. —, that fellow you left with me gave me the slip after getting his dinner, and I can't get any trace of him."

"Well, that's a nice thing," returned the gentleman. Then turning to his companions he continued: "Boys, how are we going to settle this? Here's my man tells me that our beggar, after having got all he could out of me, has flitted airily hence."

"Joke's on you, old man." "You lose." "You're bound to produce the man; that was part of the bet." "Come, pay up like a little man, George."

"Oh, I don't know," retorted George, pointing to the man who had brought the news. "Gentlemen, let me introduce to you my rehabilitated beggar, fitted out at an entire expense of less than \$15. Do I win?"

The other three looked in surprise and amazement at the supposed valet, and could hardly believe that the neatly, almost spruce, attired individual now grinning cheerfully at them was the tramp of the night before. He wore a jaunty straw hat, a comfortable looking loose gray sack suit, a colored negligé shirt, a well-tied bow-necktie, a pair of tan shoes, and a prevailing air of entire respectability.

"You win," said the three in a breath, "if you did it within the price."

Producing a slip of paper, he handed it to his companions. The account was as follows:

Shave, hair cut and shampoo.....	\$	35
Room for dressing and bath.....		25
Suit of underclothing.....		68
Pair of socks.....		18
Negligé shirt, collar and cuffs attached..		50
Necktie.....		12
Pair of strong tan leather shoes.....	3.00	
Straw hat.....		90
Suit of clothes.....	7.00	
Pair of cuff buttons.....		2
Pair of suspenders.....		25

Total.....\$14.08

"There, boys," said he, "you see I had enough left over to buy him a luncheon for 20 cents and a dinner for 30 cents and give him some change. And I think he looks good enough to pass in any crowd."

"But what are you going to do with him?" asked the others.

"Oh, I'll get him a job somewhere. And I fancy that besides winning that bet I'll make a respectable man out of that chap."

Ten days later the same four business men met by chance on the same Yonge street corner, and while talking there they saw the same ragged, unkempt object of misery shuffling toward them. Before he could escape they surrounded him. His hair and beard were a trifle more respectable than on the previous occasion, but otherwise he was as complete a Weary Raggles as before. A volley of questions saluted him.

The object, seeing no chance of escape, whimpered feebly and said:

"I got fired from the job fer oversleepin' myself. I had ter come back ter this, an' I sold the togs."

"Sold the togs? What the devil did you do that for?"

"How could a feller make any money panhandlin' with good clo'es like them on?" he enquired plaintively.

Terrifying Dream of Wes Hearn's Crow.

Wes Hearn has a crow, and he is the gawkiest, oddest, ugliest, but withal the smartest bird one ever saw. He has learned the accomplishments of men so well that he now dreams—actually has nightmares. The crow during the odd hours of his willing and luxurious captivity has dug a hole in the wall, in which he deposits dainty morsels for the future when his appetite is not satiated. Yesterday in his hole in the wall he carefully placed two pieces of cheese and three bits of meat. This done he ruffled his feathers, drew his neck down into them, and, standing on one foot, went fast asleep. Perhaps the immense quantity of cheese which he had gorged himself with a half hour before gave him the indigestion, for he had a nightmare right on the spot. Suddenly he woke up, and the air was rent with "squawk! squawk! squawk!" in quick succession. He danced over in a flurry of excitement to his hole in the wall and jammed his bill in three times. Everything was there. Nothing had been stolen. He sidled over to his perch, scratched his bill with his foot in a meditative way, as much as to say, "Well, I'll be —," and, ruffling his feathers into a muff, drew himself into them, supported the whole on one leg, and was soon again in the land of nod.—Florida Times-Union.

His Vocabulary.

"Do you understand pigeon English?" asked the young woman.

"A little," replied the man who never confesses ignorance.

"Oh, do let me hear you say something in it."

"Why—er—I only know one word."

"What is that?"

"Squab."

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

A remarkable invention is the Crozier disappearing carriage and gun. Captain Crozier is stationed at Sandy Hook. His latest—a 10-inch gun—is now being tested there. The underlying principle of the mechanism is founded upon the geometric theories that, if a right line move so that two of its points remain upon two other lines, making an angle with each other, the extremity of any other point of the moving line will describe an ellipse. The trunnions of the gun are mounted at the ends of two levers, which in turn are mounted at their centres on two hydraulic buffing cylinders, which are placed one on each side of the top of the carriage. The other ends of these levers carry the counterweight, a mass of metal weighing 37,000 pounds, placed in the centre of the carriage, carrying with them the trunnions of the supporting levers and raising the counterweight, which is held in its elevated position by a system of pawls and ratchets. When the counterweight is released it throws the rear ends of the gun-bearing levers forward and upward. The buffing cylinders are drawn forward over their stationary pistons to the front end of the carriage. At the same time the breech end of the gun is carried up by steel arms, whose upper ends are pivoted to the gun, and whose lower ends are pivoted to sliding blocks which move in circular grooves, and which may be raised or lowered to give the desired elevation.

When the discharge occurs the force of recoil throws back the upper ends of the levers, which in turn force the cylinders to the rear end of the carriage and raise the counterweight to its original position, where it is caught and held by the pawls and ratchets. Neither the gun nor any part of the carriage is exposed above the protecting parapet except for the instant of firing. The extreme elevation is 15 degrees; the depression, 9 degrees. It is calculated that two-thirds of the force of the recoil comes up in the hydraulic cylinders, the other third being used in raising the counterweight. Ten rounds were fired from it in fourteen minutes and nineteen seconds, the most rapid firing of any gun known. The shell is 575 pounds. A non-commissioned officer and eight men can handle the gun. A reporter saw it tested the other day. When the bar released the ratchet the gun rose in the air with an ease and grace that was astonishing. The explosion was deafening, and the instant after down it came to its original position with the same gentle and graceful motion, as if it were a mere toy being handled by a girl.

It is neither by his intelligence nor his talents, says Max O'Rell in the Revue de Paris, that John Bull has created the immense British empire; it is by force of character. To maintain an empire of more than 400,000,000 people scattered over the earth, to widen it every day, without functionaries, with a handful of soldiers, and more often with volunteers, is wonderful. It must be acknowledged. And, at present, I can affirm that not a single colony causes John Bull & Co. the least apprehension. A magistrate and a dozen policemen administer and hold in respect districts larger than five or six French departments. Justice is meted out to the natives as impartially as to the colonists. All these young nationalities enjoy the most complete liberty, political and social.

If I have not succeeded in proving, in spite of their thousand and one whims, the Anglo-Saxons are the only people in the world who are perfectly free I have wasted my time and yours, dear

readers. There are many people in Britain who imagine that the future reserves for the British empire a con- federated having its centre in London. It during all my travels among the Anglo- Saxons of the whole world. I have ac- quired a deep conviction it is that the colonies will never accept the realization of this dream. Each would want to pre- serve its individuality and nationality. Moreover, none of them have the least desire to be comprised in the quarrels Britain might have with any European nation. They will remain branch estab- lishments of the firm of John Bull & Co., or they will be independent.

Of the Dutch settlers in Africa M. Blouet says: "The Boers are farmers and hunters, and nothing else. Ignorant, bigoted, backward, they do not change their ideas any more than they change their linen. They are hospitable, dirty, brave and lazy. They have much religion and very few scruples; they are satisfied to live like their ancestors and ready to die the day their independence is menaced. Johannes- burg will absorb the Transvaal; the apathy of the Boers will have to give way before the ever-increasing activity of the British. The Transvaal is destined to become an Anglo-Saxon republic, which will one day form part of the free United States of South Africa."

TREES, FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

An orchardist in Pomona, Cal., has in his nursery sixty varieties of olive trees.

Some of the great trees in Humboldt, Cal., are said by scientists to be nearly three thousand years old.

The thistle, shamrock and rose are the emblems of Scotland, Ireland and Eng- land, probably because of the prevalence of those plants in those countries.

About one-third of a crop depends upon the soil, one-third upon the seed, one-third upon care and cultivation, but each one of these must be at its best to get full ad- vantage of the others. If either falls short more than its own proportion the crop is likely to fall short.

PROGRESS OF THE DAY.

Umbrellas made of varnished paper are coming into favor in France.

Durable artificial silk, which is both neat and dressy, is made of waste wool or cot- ton, by the aid of chemicals.

A pneumatic horse collar finds favor with many horsemen, and the animals themselves seem to appreciate it, as it adjusts itself to every motion of the neck.

Paper indestructible by fire has been in- vented by M. Meyer, of Paris. A speci- men of it was subjected to a severe test— one hundred and forty-eight hours in a potter's furnace—and came out with its glaze almost perfect.

SOME YANKEE CITIES.

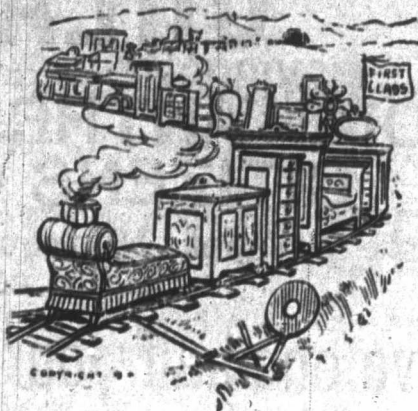
Philadelphia has 2,000 miles of regularly laid out streets, and 100 miles of street car lines. It produces every year \$500,000,000 of goods.

Durham, N. C., is one of the greatest tobacco manufacturing points in the south. One firm there makes 800,000,000 cigarettes every year.

Buffalo has a city hall that cost \$1,350,- 000. Over 90,000,000 bushels of grain have passed through Buffalo going east in a single season.

The latest census report shows that there are more marriages in Brooklyn, in pro- portion to its population, than any other city of the union.

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**Oak and Ash Bedroom Suites, Dining Tables, Hal
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BLACK VENETIAN SUITS FROM \$25 UP. SCOTCH TWEED SUITS FROM \$18 UP. PANTS FROM \$4 UP.

Satisfaction guaranteed or the money refunded. Note the address— 6 Yates Street.

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Consulting Electrical Engineer and Purchasing Agent
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Estimates for complete electrical installations, either light or power. House wiring plan and superintendence a specialty. All wiring under my superintendence guaranteed.

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You can save one-half your Coal Bills by burning this Coal.

You can mix it with soft coal and save money. The price puts it within the reach of everyone. Some stoves burn it better than others, but all stoves will burn it. You can run a slow fire or a flash one with this coal.

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Furnace Coal For Furnaces.
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Nut Coal for small stoves and self-feeders and Base Burners.

It does not snap or throw off any sparks in the room, and a fire once well under way needs no attention for hours. The comfort, cleanliness and the longer time a fire will last without attention, should recommend it to everyone.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

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" HALF TON.....	5.25	" HALF TON.....	6.00	" HALF TON.....	6.00
" QUARTER TON.....	2.75	" QUARTER TON.....	3.25	" QUARTER TON.....	3.25

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ESTAB. 1867
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new faces, who will receive every
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fancy goods, notions, and
Japanese silk.

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Of Childrens, Misses' and Ladies' Coats, and Capes, all of the latest
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ranging from 90cts. to \$1.50. Fancy Tweed Felt, and moreen Skirts
and Skirting. Newest fancies in Spot, Spot, Japanese Silks. Silk
handkerchiefs in immense assortment at from 15cts. each. Hosiery
"The Challenge," try our 50ct. Merino wool black, good as the regular
75ct. Hose. Blankets in several fine makes and at very close prices.
Eiderdown Quilts, finest goods from \$6.00 to \$25.00.

ALSO,

From the manufacturer, a consignment of Fancy Soaps in nice
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rates. Old Brown Windsor, one cent per square, other makes
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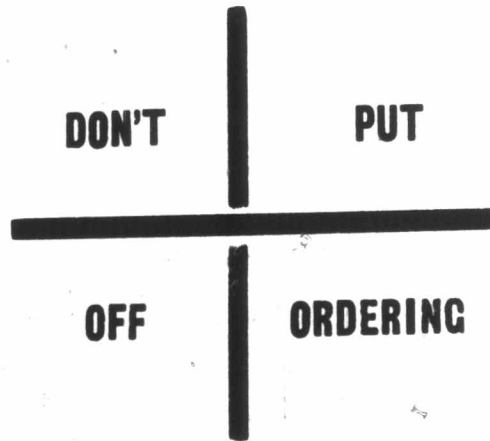
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