

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

ANDREW CARNEGIE is very much like G. M. Pullman and Sir Adolphe Caron. He believes in keeping down the workingmen, and, by the allowance of starvation wages, forcing them into subjection to his exactions and impositions. In the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Carnegie, who has crossed the Atlantic to spend among strangers the money which he has wrung from the sweat and the life blood of the workingman on this continent, says that a workingman can live for less in America, if he chooses, than in Great Britain, provided that he will live as frugally. In consequence, he thinks the argument that wages must be higher in America is fallacious. A pound judiciously expended in America on the necessaries of life would, he says, afford the workingman's family more comforts than would the same amount spent in England. "If he will live as frugally," says Mr. Carnegie, "why should he?" say I.

The emigrants from the old land come across the Atlantic to benefit their conditions; but many of them have found such plutocrats as Messrs. Carnegie and Pullman, and snobocrats like Sir Adolphe Caron far more tyrannical and oppressive than the old world aristocrats, against whom many, who have no knowledge on the subject, cry out. What does Carnegie know about a pound judiciously expended? He may have known at one

time, but at present he would appear to have forgotten all about it. Even were he disposed to live as frugally as in the Old Country, no man could do it here. The money will not go as far, no matter how it is fixed.

The action of the Dominion Postmaster-General in cutting off the provisional allowance of the Victoria letter-carriers, thereby reducing the salary of each man to \$29.10, per month is being condemned by the citizens of all shades of politics. Everyone knows that it is impossible for a married man to maintain himself respectably on this sum. The *Commercial Journal*, in its last issue, thus takes Sir Adolph Caron to task:

"We cannot see how it would be possible to reprobate too strongly the course of the Dominion Postoffice authorities in still further cutting down the salaries of the letter carriers. With the provisional allowance of \$10 per month their stipend has been only \$40 per month—itsself insufficient to support a wife and family honestly and respectably. Nevertheless, Sir Adolphe Caron and his deputies and assistants have deemed it wise and in the interests of the public to knock off the \$10 and bring down the men's salaries to \$30 or rather \$29.10 per month, deducting the sum of 90 cents as contribution to the superannuation fund. Does the Minister think that this is the proper way to secure and retain an honest and efficient service? In a word, does he think \$29.10 per month sufficient to remove a man from the temptation of taking what is not his own in order to supply the natural wants of those who are near and dear to and dependent upon him? Besides the letter-carriers, there are two messengers and fourteen clerks who have had their provisional allowance taken away—a grand encouragement to efficient service. Sir Adolphe, perhaps, wants to introduce something like a Chinese service or to have sent out here from the East men who have been accustomed to work cheaply, because the low cost of living has enabled them to do so. Sir Adolphe, we know, belongs to a race that is accustomed to live cheaply and to have but few ambitions, and it is possibly his desire to have some of them exported here, the mills of New England being practically closed to them for the present, at least. But as the old saying had it, we want employment for the people we have already here. We have no desire that they should be driven away to make room for Sir Adolphe Caron's proteges or, probably worse, for Chinamen, who, as a rule, earn more money than the sleek and well-fed Department at Ottawa allows to its half starved carriers here. Less than a dollar a day for a white man whose honesty, intelligence and courteousness

must be his leading characteristics! God, help us all from the Government at Ottawa, if this be a sample of its enlightenment, not to say humanity. We wonder what Mr. Laurier will have to say on the subject when he comes here. He does not put on half as many frills and tucks as the gentleman who heads the post office service, but we venture to think that in this connection he will not hesitate to denounce the action for which his compatriot is responsible. This reduction is a contemptible, picayune piece of business that would only be authorized by men who are utterly ignorant of the requirements and conditions of the Province, or whose souls are no bigger than that of the most filthy parasite that frequents the most disgusting and uncleanly of men."

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, and party will arrive in this city to-night. On Monday night Victorians for the first time will be given an opportunity of listening to this great Canadian gem of intellectual power. Mr. Laurier is perhaps the nearest approach to a great orator we have in Canada. It is remarked by the *Manitoba Free Press* that immediately in the House of Commons when he rises to speak, silence is the watchword and strict attention is, from the commencement to the end, given to his remarks, and these remarks, seldom, if ever, are misplaced or offensive. Always with grace, with gentlemanly bearing, with the appearance of a leader, with dignity he addresses and replies to his opponents, and never fails to acquit himself as is becoming the most refined, the most talented. Having for years displayed extraordinary talents as a speaker, a debater, a parliamentarian, inside and outside of the house, he was, on the retirement of Hon. Edward Blake from the leadership of the Liberal party in 1887, appointed to that position which he still holds to the entire satisfaction of his followers, and with respect and consideration of those who occupy seats on the Government side of the house. So highly is Mr. Laurier esteemed for his justice and rectitude of opinion that on disputed questions of privilege and conduct of business an appeal from the leader of the Opposition seldom fails to meet with support from the ministerial benches and general speaking acquiescence from the Government. The personality of the man is striking and attractive. His figure is tall, slight and graceful. His face is noble and full of feeling. His gestu-

lation when addressing the house is a lesson in that art. To say that the Liberals of the eastern provinces respect him would be too weak a word. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that feeling is more akin to idolatry. He is without doubt the most popular man the Liberal party in Canada has ever had.

Among those who will accompany Mr. Laurier is Mr. Charles Hyman, ex-M. P. for London, Ont. During a recent visit to Eastern Canada, I had the pleasure of a couple of hours conversation with him. I can only say what has been remarked a dozen of times already—he is a perfect gentleman and a thorough Canadian. Mr. Hyman has the distinction of being the first Liberal ever returned to the House of Commons from London, Ont., having defeated Hon. John Carling at the general election of 1891. Mr. Hyman was unseated, and at the subsequent by-election claims to have again received a majority of the bona fide votes; but was deprived of the position, and Hon. John Carling took his place. During the one session Mr. Hyman sat in parliament he acquitted himself creditably.

Victorians, irrespective of party politics, would do well to extend to the distinguished visitors a hearty welcome. THE HOME JOURNAL leans in the direction of the Conservative party; but it will on this occasion drop party long enough to say to Mr. Laurier and the gentlemen who accompany him "caed mille failthe."

Truly this has been an age of manifestations and wonderful discoveries. Ignatius Donnelly has called Bacon forth from his resting place and proclaimed him the author of what have these many years been accepted as the works of Shakespeare; some one else has proved conclusively that Philip Francis was the author of the Junius letters, and the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the French people. While here in Victoria we have not done anything which should be placed in the above category, we have at least added a little to the list. The mystery surrounding the identity of "the editor" of this province has at last been solved. He is one A. H. Scaife, a resident of this province some two years. At the meeting in the City Hall, Mr. Scaife, with that modesty characteristic of the insurance agent, came forward and acknowledged that he was the man. He declined, however, to state whether or not he was the author of that wonderfully expressive ballad, "One of his legs was longer than it really ought to be."

And now a word about the meeting. Mr. Scaife has been accused of endeavoring to boom a publication. I do not care

a cent whether the object of Mr. Scaife was to bring the paper in which he was interested prominently before the public, or to draw attention to the bad condition of the water supply; but I am free to confess that he has rendered an invaluable service to the public in giving his aid to the agitation for better water. Mr. Scaife has been accused of what is by some considered a crime—not being a ratepayer. It never occurred to me before until the meeting, Wednesday night, that as regards water, a ratepayer should be endowed with special prerogatives and privileges.

The Council, I am pleased to note, have already moved in the matter of obtaining an improved supply of water. Although they have not been trumpeting their actions from the house tops, it appears they have had the question under consideration for some time, and, to-night, at a meeting in the City Hall will give the public the benefit of their investigations. The opinions of experts have been received, and they will ask the ratepayers to endorse the course they have adopted so far. It is also hinted that there will be a few revelations made with regard to the relative merits of the water from Elk Lake and other places. THE HOME JOURNAL trusts that whatever is done it will be in the direction of securing good water and plenty of it for all purposes.

Just now when there is so much discussion on the subject of water, it might be interesting to learn that in London, the largest city in the world, the water is furnished by companies and is charged for by the quantity. No one has a free faucet or can afford to waste the water. Every family bargains for as many gallons per diem as it needs, and this amount is placed in tanks. Then the water is shut off. If the family uses it by noon, it gets no more until the next day unless it can borrow of its neighbor. There is no waste. The water is all-measured and paid for. With four times the population; London does not use one-third as much water as Chicago does, simply because the water is not wasted. In Chicago the city furnishes the water, and every one is free to do with it what he pleases, and the result is anarchy in water. The man on the third story has no rights the man on the second is bound to respect, and the man on the first floor cheats both of them by running water *via* the sewers into the river and lake. So long as there is disregard of human rights by human hogs this waste will continue, and those on the upper stories will suffer because those on lower stories are running water all day to cool their rooms or to flood their lawns—in other words, are letting millions of gallons run into the sewers without being used at all.

The Toronto *Empire* is evidently convinced that professional men in British Columbia are fast becoming millionaires. It says: "Professional men at the Pacific coast are represented as having a pretty good time of it, particularly doctors, lawyers and dentists. The dentists get \$10 for filling a tooth, while doctors likewise flourish. Here is evidently an opening for the Ontario Medical Council and its critics, who might go out to British Columbia in a body, bury the hatchet and think well of each other forever after."

A few years ago a young lady who desired to earn her own living found it rather a difficult task, as the field was a limited one. But at the present time they have made serious inroads in the business world, and have done it successfully, too. The great difficulty which a bright, smart girl who has to earn her own living has to contend against at the present time is the abundance of her fellow creatures who want "just a little spending money," and are willing to accept any position for any amount of wages they are offered. This works a hardship on those who have spent time and money in fitting themselves for business pursuits, and their hardest competitors are their sisters whose only ambition is to have a little spending money or else to get rid of the drudgery of household work. To master short hand or typewriting requires not only time but hard work, and after this is accomplished it is rather hard to find a hundred applicants for each and every position.

A loudly-trumpeted enterprise was that of several capitalists who engaged in the manufacture of banana flour in Central America several years ago, and who, according to some of the trade papers, were going to establish an industry of great magnitude. Of late, however, nothing has been heard about the results of the experiment, but it now appears that a similar experiment is being tried in Dutch Guiana, and the British Consul at Paramaribo says that machinery to the value of \$10,000 has been imported and set at work grinding the bananas, and that a portion of the product of the mill has been sent to Holland. The company anticipate that a considerable demand for the meal for bread-making purposes will spring up. An analysis of the meal follows: Moisture, 11.4; ether extract, 0.39; alcohol extract (per cent.) 5.94 (of which, reducing sugar 1.18 per cent., sacrose 0.08); cold water extract, 5.33; fiber and other undetermined carbohydrates, 8.15; total 100.00. From this it will be seen that the food value of the meal is minute and should be compared rather to the

potato than to the cereal. In the face of this analysis it is difficult to believe, says the consul, that the banana meal enterprise will prove remunerative.

Every week the papers chronicle two or three deaths from "heart failure." If they would speak correctly every death that has ever occurred has been due to "heart failure." Until the heart does fail life remains in the body. When the heart fails to act, no matter from what cause, life is extinct. All deaths are due to "heart failure." The only difference is in the cause of such failure. "Heart failure" has been a favorite cause to assign for deaths from obscure and undetected causes, and in the past few years this reason has been given with too great frequency. No coroner's jury verdict giving "heart failure" as the cause of a sudden and unexplained death should ever be accepted. When the brain is pierced by a bullet, the heart fails; when the electric current shatters the nervous system, the heart fails; when the neck is broken and the spinal cord severed, the heart fails; when from a severed vein or artery the lifeblood escapes, the heart fails; when a deadly gas or vapor is inhaled or a poison introduced into the system, the heart fails; when disease has exhausted the vital forces beyond repair, the heart fails. Then, and never until then, does death ensue. To ascribe a death to "heart failure" without giving the cause inducing such failure is about as logical as declaring that death was caused by "lack of breath." "Heart failure" always causes death.

The business men of a community have a greater power than they are aware of, and a majority of the intelligent people look to them for a true statement of the condition of affairs, from a financial standpoint. To constantly cry hard times with a forlorn expression on the face does not help matters in the least, but on the contrary only excites the timid who are continually seeing the dark side of the situation. It is just as easy to take things as they are, as to fret and worry over future imaginations. Business has been quiet throughout the entire world, and the west has been no exception. When business revives in one section of the country, sooner or later it affects other sections. The wholesale merchants of Toronto say that there have not been such a number of outside buyers in that city for a number of years. A boom has started on the coast, but on a small scale; it will increase, and before long the cloud that has obscured the business sky will have lifted and everybody will be happy.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE ADMIRAL'S REVENGE.

Quoth Admiral Ting: "It's a very strange thing
How these confounded Japanese fight;
They sank Chih and Chen, and, sad to say,
then
Ching Yuen was knocked clean out of sight.
"Hence it won't do for me to venture to sea,
So I'll not take the blame of that sin;
But a challenge I'll send by the hand of some friend
For a game which I think I can win.
"Theirs now is the praise, and much racket
they raise,
But 'twill prove quite a different thing
When the blokes from Japan sit down at fan-tan
And play Admiral Ting."

Tenderly she stroked his throbbing brow.

"Tell me, my husband," she urged,
"what is the matter."

He turned his pleading eyes toward her.

"The hired girl," he faltered, "has broken my heart."

Rising abruptly she paced the room with quick, nervous tread.

"That dreadful creature," she muttered,
"evidently doesn't propose to leave any whole bric-a-brac in the house."

THEY'RE ALL OFF.

Mong Kow shouldered his old fusoc,
Sam Sing drew his blade,
Chu Chung fell in behind Lam Kee
As they formed on dress parade:
Tai Soong strutted behind Hop Wo,
As they bared their snickersnees,
And they only waited to strike a blow
At the sallow Japanese.

Ye Yick greeted the brave Fook Long,
Lim Sam chinned Fou Choo
Ah Wing shouted to see Ding Dong
In his flowered coat of blue.
Hong Lee quarreled with Chin Ling Chang,
Kwong Lung twitted Chong Kee
Hong Wo shouted till his accents rang
Far over the Chinese sea.

Duck Lung shouted to Yip Yo Yap.
As his pigtail switched the air:
"Me belly d— sure me killee Jap!"
And he looked it then and there.
Wing Chong Lung and On Pook Long,
Tal Fung with his honored scar,
Hop Wo Deep and King Tye Wong—
All China was off to the war.

Macallister McIlhenny looked at the clock. He had been talking so intently to the girl that he had forgotten all about the clock. The clock returned his gaze with a hurt look out of its honest face. The girl's eyes were heavy. Macallister McIlhenny started suddenly as if to warn the girl that the hour of his departure was at hand, and if she wanted to clinch the bargain he had proposed to her, now was her golden opportunity. This was not the first time he had stayed late to persuade her into making his life happy.

"Don't you think I had better be going?" he asked with a hope that she would perhaps tell him to stay a little longer.

"Why, Mr. McIlhenny," she exclaimed, brightening in a way that encouraged him mightily, "of course I don't think

so. I gave up all such thoughts as that an hour ago."

And Macallister McIlhenny went forth into the shadows of the cold, gray night, a sadder and a wiser man.

An old, bed-ridden fisherman at a fashionable watering place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which fasten behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oh, ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said:

"Weel, there is just ane thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Weel, sir, it's like this," said the old man, eagerly, "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that waest-cat."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a late issue of *Youth's Companion* has the following, entitled

THE KETTLE.

There's many a house of grandeur
With turret, tower and dome,
That knows not peace or comfort,
And does not prove a home.
I do not ask for splendor
To crown my daily lot:
But this I ask: A kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

If things are not all shipshape,
I do not fume or fret,
A little clean disorder
Does not my nerves upset.
But one thing is essential,
Or seems so to my thought,
An that's a tidy kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

In my Aunt Hattie's household,
Though skies outside are drear,
Though times are dark and troubled,
You'll always find good cheer,
And in her quaint old kitchen,
The very homiest spot,
The kettle's always singing,
The water's always hot,

And if you have a headache,
What'er the hour may be,
There is no tedious waiting
To get your cup of tea,
I don't know how she does it,
Some magic she has caught,
For the kitchen's cool in summer,
Yet the water's always hot.

Oh, there's nought else so dreary
In any household found,
As a cold and sullen kettle
That does not make a sound.
And I think that love is lacking
In the hearts in such a spot,
Or the kettle would be singing,
And the water would be hot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.]

SISTER MARY WANTS TO KNOW.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—How is it that the papers of this city have remained quiet concerning the betrayal of a young woman, her subsequent lunacy and incarceration in a lunatic asylum? The women of this Province have learned to regard THE HOME JOURNAL as their champion, therefore, I repeat, why have you neglected your duty?

SISTER MARY.

[In reply to the above, THE HOME JOURNAL is investigating the matter thoroughly, and hopes, before long, to publish the details of the great wrong referred to.—ED.]

THE CITY HALL MEETING.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—I attended the meeting called by a person designated "the editor of the Province," on Wednesday evening last. I think the gentleman has mistaken his vocation, for although he had a pretty fair audience, he would have had a much larger one, if he had appeared at the Delmonico in "London Assurance" or "Cool as a Cucumber." He first informed us he did not own any shares in either "watah" company in "Victori-ah," but came forward simply as a champion of a befooled and ignorant people. After shewing us he was pretty well up "in the ways that are dark," he pulled a lot of bottles out of his pocket filled with some villainous stuff that savored very much of the Province, and then read over a long rigmarole of which the word "whereas" was the chief factor. He was followed by a descendant of Robert Bruce, who informed the meeting the "stooft was nae fut till gie to a hog," in fact, he seemed to be suffering from the effects of it himself. Then the redoubtable Ald. Wilson scored the conveners most unmercifully. The mayor followed in a sarcastic vein, and pronounced "the editor of the Province" as most verdantly green. The Bishop then passed over to him and offered some consolation. Canon Beaulands championed our hero, and said Scaife had just as much right to get all he could for his dollar a month as the men who would be called upon to pay the interest and sinking fund on the \$150,000 that was asked for. Then roars went up for Ald. Bragg, who informed us he was reserving his strength for the citizens' meeting on Saturday night, and then our hero came forward again, and, in a rich falsetto, amounting almost to a shriek, he told his audience, although he paid no rates, nor owned an "akaw" in "Bwitiash Columbiaw," he was the most independent man in it, and with a spasmodic shriek he intimated to his audience he did not care

a continental for anybody. There he was "bobbing up serenely," though he had got a most unmerciful dressing down. He was still "Editaw of a Papaw called the Pwovince, of which His Washupthe Ma-ah had forgotten the name." Now, Mr. Editor, in conclusion, allow me to add. Scaife is not nearly as big a fool as he looks. He got a first-class ad. for his paper, and I can imagine seeing him laughing in his sleeve at the gullibility of ourselves in going to his show. It is a cheap way of gaining notoriety, for the people of this city will go to almost anything when there is nothing to pay, and I advise you to call a meeting next week re annexation to the United States, or something equally startling, for if the Editaw of the Pwovince, why not the Editaw of THE HOME JOURNAL? WOTAH.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

THE Granville Hotel, Vancouver, was the scene of a quiet wedding, Wednesday, the contracting parties being Mr. G. H. Woods of Nelson, and Miss Nellie G. Ramsdell, sister of Mr. J. H. Ramsdell, manager of the Moodyville mill. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Coverdale Watson, in the presence of a few intimate friends. Mr. T. J. Roberts officiated as best man, while Miss A. Daniels attended the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Woods left for Victoria on their honeymoon tour, after which they will reside at Nelson.

Messrs. H. E. A. Robertson, D. R. Ker, B. Wilson, J. A. Aikman, W. E. Dowlen and A. J. Dallain, are a committee to arrange for a ball in connection with the forthcoming exhibition of the British Columbia Agricultural Association, to be held on the evening of October 5.

The Sir William Wallace Society, of Victoria, have completed arrangements for a course of Friday evening lectures throughout the fall and winter season, September to March inclusive. The members of the Society look forward to many pleasant evenings.

Rev. S. S. Ousterhout, Naas River, was married Tuesday evening, to Miss Amy Humber. The officiating clergyman was Rev. A. B. Ousterhout, brother of the groom. Miss Stewart was bridesmaid and Dr. A. A. Humber was groomsmen.

Rev. A. B. Winchester leaves by the Empress of China on her return trip for China, where he expects to remain for some time.

Mr. W. F. Cameron and Mrs. Clara

Dewdney, both of Vernon, were married at Gleichen, N. W. T., last week.

Mr. W. T. Macpherson of the Police Office Inspector's office, Winnipeg, spending his holidays in Victoria.

Mr. A. C. Martin has so far recovered from his recent illness to be able to leave the Jubilee hospital.

Mr. Geo. Burnett is at the Jubilee hospital, suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. E. G. Anderson has gone down to California on a business and pleasure trip combined.

Miss M. Frank has left for California to resume her studies at Stanford University.

Mrs. Geo. E. Willington and party of Portland, Ore., are registered at the Driard.

Miss Bertha Frank has returned from a pleasant visit to Portland.

Mr. W. H. Whittaker, barrister, of Kamloops, is in the city.

Mrs. Macnaughton is recovering at St. Joseph's hospital.

Mr. F. W. and Miss Mayo, of Macpherson, are in the city.

Mrs. and Miss Lovell have returned from the Sound.

Dr. I. W. Powell has gone to Harrison Hot Springs.

Mr. D. M. Eberts is at Harrison Hot Springs.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

LACROSSE.

THE match last Monday between the James Bays and the Stars, was admitted by all to be an excellent game of lacrosse. The match was won by the James Bays, but the Stars played pluckily all through. It was quite evident from the beginning that the former team would win, their team playing being far superior to that of their opponents. The Smith brothers, Norman brothers, Greenfield, Marshall, Schnoter, Clark, Snider, the Campbell brothers, Bland brothers, Finlaison brothers, Miller, Netherby, Rooklidge and Murray all played well. The game was protested on the ground that Greenfield was not a member for twenty-one days, the time required by the rules. The Bays lost the

protest and will therefore have to play the match over again next Saturday. The Stars in the meantime have strengthened their team, and will undoubtedly put up their best game.

The match to-day between the Victoria seniors and the Westminster seniors at the latter place will be an important one in the league championship. There will not be much change in the teams, and whichever one is in best trim will, in all probability, win.

Vancouver and Victoria play next Saturday at the former place.

The firemen play the boiler-makers next Saturday.

TUG-OF-WAR.

Secretary Boggs, of the exhibition committee says that he has secured Chinese and Japanese teams for a tug-of-war contest. There are also two Scottish teams in training, and the Cowichan Indians are anxious to pull an aggregation from the Songish reserve.

BASE BALL.

Manager Kelly of the Seattle Athletic Club was in the city on Tuesday, and promised S. D. Schultz, of the Amities, that the Seattle club would play on American Day at the coming local exhibition. It is proposed to honor the visiting ball players with a banquet on the evening of the game, and to give the ball tossers from the hilly city a good, all-round time. The home team must get into line, and put in good practice. Lenesty is away, but is expected back to do the twirling. Geo. and Gus Gowen, W. Duck, and T. Burnes intend getting into condition for the contest.

THE KENNEL.

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

As this paper is an authority on kennel matters, we wish to correct an item which appeared in last week's issue. By this item, which, we understand, was handed in by a subscriber, we were made to say that the setter, Ireland Yet, when he arrives back east, "will doubtless hold his own against all comers," an opinion to which the gentleman is perfectly entitled, but which is certainly not ours. We have seen and handled Madcap II. of this city, and the Seattle cracks, Chief Jr., and Nat Glencho, and Duke of Kildare, and Beeswax of Portland, and we might suggest that Ireland Yet should "hold his own" against these, to say nothing of the California dogs, before going East to lower the colors of Ch. Tim, Pride of Patay, etc.

Mr. P. I. Packard has just returned from a trip to Saanich, where his English setter, Belle of Victoria, is in the hands of Rev. F. G. Christmas, a gentleman of great experience in the handling and training of setters. As a result of several months hard work and careful training, Belle is now in the pink of condition. She is a lively worker, using excellent bird sense, shows a good nose, and is as staunch as a rock. She will be worked on grouse this month, to give her the finishing lessons on retrieving. Among the dogs at Mr. Christmas' kennels are two English setters, a collie, an Irish water spaniel, all belonging to Victoria gentlemen, and an Irish setter belonging to a lady living near Esquimalt.

Dr. A. C. West is the happy possessor of three cute little puppies from his N.D.S. pug bitch, one of the best trick dogs on the coast. They were sired by a little black and tan dog belonging to Robt. Irving, of Moss street.

Jack McCurragh reports a litter of five from his young fox terrier, Vic, by F. Green's dog. His old terrier has just been mated to a dog owned by a young English tourist, Mr. John Forbes, who was in town the last month.

Clergyman the world over are generally enthusiastic fanciers, and, as befits their calling, they usually favor the "Holy" breed. Four members of that devoted band whose labors are among the Northern Indians, were in town a week or so ago, and each took back with him a St. Bernard puppy, from the kennels of Mr. R. A. Cunningham.

The English field spaniel, Princess Florence, has just whelped a litter of eight fine pups—two dogs—sired by Frisco Toby.

The daily papers chronicle the death by poison of Mr. Rennie's cocker, Frisco Toby. Toby was a safe playmate for the most delicate child, and it was a low-minded person, indeed, that could wilfully destroy him. We know we are voicing the sentiment of B. C. kenneldom, when we extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Rennie.

The last Gazette contains the last batch of registrations in the C.K.C.S.B., and we are sorry to see only one from B. C., the English setter, Nora V. 3,469, owned by Robt. Jamieson. We know of at least fifty dogs that are eligible, and are sure that the owners would be consulting their own interests by putting them on the list.

St. Bernards seem to do well during July and August, in this country. Mr. Cunningham reports Plinmonarch in grand shape, and the other Victoria cracks, Mr.

Sherbourne's Boses and Mrs. Bouchier's Victor Bruce have wonderfully improved on last winter's form.

A field trial will take place about Oct. 1st between Packard's Belle of Victoria and Adams' Nat Gladstone, and we are promised full particulars as to time and place when arranged. Nat is said to be a clinker, and will do credit to his trainer, Frank Turner. The dogs will be handled by their respective trainers, and three competent sportsmen will judge the trial. The judging will not be done on exactly the standard taken in Eastern trials where the dogs are allowed to range all over the State, but from the standard required here as a satisfactory gentleman's hunting dog, as it is well known that a dog trained and hunted in the East is practically useless here for hunting. We trust this trial will have the desired effect of exciting a livelier interest in this line, and that it may be the first of a number of exhibitions of this kind.

POULTRY.

WM. WALE, the pioneer poultry rancher, was in town Wednesday, and reports fair success in this season's operations. He reared 250 turkeys, 18 geese and several dozen chickens. He generally has cause to remember the opening of the hunting season, but this year his loss was heavier than ever before, nineteen fine turkeys falling victims to the pot hunter's prowess. Mr. Wale is located on the H. B. farm at Colwood, and is now a special officer for the district.

Wm. Prout, of Superior street, is a great advocate of a new breed he calls Cumtux fowls. Last autumn, he bought six pullets and a cock from a Siwash, and after he had eaten the cock, the pullets commenced to lay, and up to the first of this month had laid exactly 1,000 eggs, and Mr. Prout avers there was nothing fishy in their taste.

The boys are having the laugh on a well known rock fancier. He imported a setting, and one chick was white with a pea comb, and he was congratulating himself on having a fine pea comb, white p. r., when, one day, a friend pointed out a fine crop of feathers on the leg, and, sure enough, it was a brahma.

The catalogue of the British Columbia Agricultural Association has been issued, the show to take place Oct. 1 to 6. Poultry are restored to the list, with no money prizes and a few specials, to be competed for mostly by pairs. The specials are offered by different business houses, but the catalogue does not mention if they are worth ten cents or ten dollars.

TOLD AT THE CLUB.

PERHAPS you will say that this is not exactly a club story. But my excuse for giving it to you is that the Old Beau told it to me one night while we sat in the cozy, curtained alcove just behind the buffet. And long before he had finished I called the steward to refill our glasses, for it sent a creepy feeling down my back.

"I have been a member of the club for five and twenty years," said my friend, "and in that time I have come to know intimately the lives of many men. Some curious things have happened within these rooms, but none so strange as this thing in the life of a man who was once the very soul of our inner circle. There! I did not mean to use that word, for before I have finished you may think it was misplaced. But no matter. Other and wiser men than we have had their doubts.

"His name was Eugene Wallace. We used to sit here and talk and drink 'B and S,' just as you and I are doing now. One night we fell to talking about marriage.

"If I wanted to marry any woman," said Eugene, "which, thank heaven, I do not, nothing should stand in the way."

"I can readily believe," I said, for I liked to urge Eugene on, "that you would permit no little matter of conscience or sentiment to stand in your way—or prevent you from accomplishing your desires. Yet I do think, my dear fellow, that it is possible there may be obstacles in this life which even you will find it difficult to surmount."

"Don't be sarcastic," he returned; "I have time enough to twit me with lack of conscience or sentiment when I have set up a claim to the possession of either."

"Truly, Eugene," I said, "if a man could only throw overboard some little things that hamper him from within, he might work to better advantage at times."

"Nothing but the externals are worth considering," he replied, slowly. "In fact nothing is worth considering—much."

"Thinking," he went on presently, and in a manner calculated to give source to his words, "is a heavy task, and it does not make things go any better at the end. If I wanted to marry any woman, I should do it, and let the future bring what it would."

"It was not long after this that Eugene met Bertha Voisdene, I must give you a word about her. Orphaned in childhood, she had been carefully reared within cloistered walls, and at the dawning of womanhood had come out upon the broader stage of the world as unsophisticated as a child. Her youth and innocence charmed him as the attributes of no other woman had ever done. Now, add to this that her father had been my

boyhood's friend, and it will help you to understand what follows.

"I soon saw how things were going between them, and I knew what Eugene's past had been. No worse than yours or mine, perhaps, but he had lived the life of a man of the world. I am not meddling, but I felt I must speak a word of caution to him—and I did so.

"Ah! you are about to turn moralist," he said, lifting his eyebrows at me. "But do you think it worth while to waste your maiden effort on so unlikely a subject?"

"Miss Voisdene," I answered, not heeding this, "has known so few men that any passably decent fellow who would make love to her violently might interest her. There is no doubt you can succeed. But you have been through too many fires. If she should, later, find there was such a thing as real passion in the world the result might prove a little annoying for all concerned."

"Eugene answered this lazily, as if the matter after all did not much interest him.

"I told you once," he said, "that conscience should never stand in my way. The reason was—I think I have no conscience. Nor do I think I have that other attribute which is supposed to be co-ordinate with it—the soul, you know. That little place at the base of the brain where the soul is supposed to reside I verily believe is hollow. If a clever anatomist ever has me on his table I hope he will not neglect to investigate this matter."

"What has all this rigmarole to do with Miss Voisdene?" I demanded, growing impatient with his nonsense.

"I am coming to that," he answered quickly. "By the way, it is curious," putting his hand to the back of his head, "that the saw-bones say the very easiest place to cut off life is just here, right below where the soul—the incarnation of life—should be. Now, it is true," handling a long, thin knife such as surgeons use, "it is true that such a thing as this thrust right in at the base of the skull, would cut off that which we call life, on the very instant."

"Yes, yes, I suppose it would," I answered, annoyed at the way he kept from the question, "it would sever the spinal cord. But let us stop this idle talk. I would like to know what you intend in regard to Bertha Voisdene?"

"Ah, yes," he said, laughing a little; "I had forgotten the important matter in hand. I said I would marry any woman if I wanted to. But I don't want to, thank heaven. I love Bertha Voisdene, and I think she loves me. But you are right in what you have said. I am not a fit mate for that poor child."

"With the last word, so quickly that I

could not interpose, he had driven the knife with which he had been playing directly to the vital spot—and what had once been Eugene Wallace, and my friend—was only a lifeless thing upon the floor.

"An hour later I stood beside his body alone with the surgeon whom I had summoned, and his words came back to me with startling distinctness. I told this to the medical man, and, with the cold passion of an anatomist, he put his implements into play and laid bare the base of the skull and deftly removed the necessary portions of bone.

"Just as he had done this the outer door of the room opened, and I stepped hastily toward it. Bertha stood there quiet, pale, beautiful.

"Where is he?" she asked; "he told me to come to him, here, at this hour. We are to fly, together."

"This was the woman who had killed my friend. I grew hard and cold toward her.

"Your punishment be on your own head," I said; "you would have thrown yourself away on a man who had no soul. Look."

"I flung a book open upon the table before her, and pointed to a passage which the sawbones had just shown me. These were the words:

"The seat of the soul is in the Corpus Callosum, a spongy little body at the base of the brain." Then, motioning her toward the form, I threw back the wrappings and exposed the incision that had just been made.

"Look," I said, "this man never had a soul."

"But poor Bertha Voisdene saw only the face of him whom she had learned to love, and the eyes, now wide and staring that had charmed her heart away. And with a single bound she fell fainting across the body of her lover."

The Old Beau paused, while I hastily swallowed a glass of something warm to still that creepy feeling. Then my friend asked me, as usual:

"Do you want the end of the story?"

I nodded, though half afraid to hear it.

"Well," he said, quietly, "all this might have happened, I suppose, but it did not. I know no happier couple than my dear friends, Eugene and Bertha Wallace. We will go around and see them some night and tell them this story. And remember, young man, you need never look for such grim tragedies among the records of our club."

Afterward I asked the Old Beau why he had done this thing to me.

"To show you fellows, who are so fond of spinning yarns for the public, that some others can spin yarns as well."

Extremely pretty costumes for girls are made with kilt-plaited skirts. The plaits are about four inches wide and pressed flat.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S Centenary story of "A Bachelor Maid" in a vehicle, this month, for some vigorous expression of opinion on what girls read and why they marry. One of her characters indulges in this outburst: "My gorge rises at the books I hear discussed in modern drawing-rooms. I am told even school-girls read these stories, written by women 'with a purpose,' happily sometimes too well veiled to be perceived by their innocent readers. But who knows, if they are to explore all reins of thought, what our girls will not come to knowing or surmising? No, no: the girl of my imagination, like that of every honest and healthy-minded young man, is the old-fashioned Una sitting upon the lion's back, passing unsmirched through the world—the girl who loves and trusts, and accepts with womanly dignity the lot her Creator has set aside for her. As to some of the advisers of young femininity in these days—those who rant and shriek, and ferment society without arriving at any result—may the Lord settle with them according to their deserts for the mischief they are doing." And no less intemperate is this on modern marriages: "Be fair; and own that if all girls weighed as well their chances of married happiness, there would be fewer of the fearful mistakes we see about us. But, no! Most of them go to the altar, their heads dizzy with their own importance, with thoughts of their presents, bridesmaids, jewels, establishment, at the side of a lover who swears they are perfection. How many of these escape the hour of bewildered dismay when they realize the bond that makes them subject for life to a man they can have known only on the surface? I believe if wedding presents could be made into a pile, and the wife of a month could offer herself upon them in suttee, it would be a not uncommon event."

She did not love him, she, the proud daughter of a merchant prince.

Yet her heart was tender and she knew that to be happy was to love.

He had been coming to the house every day for four years and she was always glad to see him, and many, many times she had run joyfully to the door to meet him.

The human heart knoweth its own mystery.

He was the mail carrier and he had a wife and eight children.

Women journalists are forbidden in Japan. But Japanese ladies do not lose much by this prohibition, inasmuch as the most successful Japanese writer of serial stories, who spends his whole day at the desk, just manages to make \$5 a month—

is, in a word, passing rich and famous on \$60 a year.

Yawning is a healthful exercise. Of course it is not polite to yawn in the presence of guests, but anywhere else, except in church, let the children yawn, and do it yourself, too, when you feel an urgent need for the exercise. Yawning is a form of exercise insisted upon by nature occasionally, and more or less frequently, according to the circumstances. Yawning exercises the muscles of respiration, and the lungs, as a matter of course.

Russian newspapers are not permitted to make any reference to the dresses worn by the Empress on State or public occasions. This is only a recent prohibition, and was brought about through the carelessness of the members of the staffs of certain newspapers who incorrectly stated that Her Majesty, on a certain occasion, wore a dress which at the time was out of fashion.

The new hosiery is patterned quite to the top instead of only to the ankle. The fancy style still finds it followers, and are shown in heliotrope, pale pink, scarlet and black, with colored tops. Other colors are also seen, but these prevail, as also a pale green with the feet in black and the top worked with rosebuds, violets or small leaves. The lower part of stockings are often worked in such designs and with large or small polka dots. A star pattern has stars in seven or eight colors, or white ecru, or black.

Cynic—Miss Beauty is now in woman's golden age.

Miss Wantokno—What age is that?

"From twenty-two to twenty-five. In that age, a woman wants to marry for money; before it she wants to marry for love, and after it she will marry for anything."

The first silk stockings in Western Europe were worn by Marguerite of France at her marriage with Emmanuel of Savoy, in 1559. At that time, dresses in front were in fashion, but Marguerite was determined to let her light shine before men, and so ordered her dress made very short in front, in order that her new stockings could be seen.

Here is a recipe for a delicious pudding sauce. Boil together for ten minutes one cupful of water, half a cupful of sugar and the grated rind of two oranges. Add to this preparation the juice of four oranges. Cool and freeze. Boil three tablespoonfuls of sugar with three of water, for two minutes. Beat this into the white of one egg that has been beaten to a stiff, dry froth. Stir this meringue into the frozen

mixture, and the sauce will be ready to serve.

A black poplin skirt is made with a velvet coat, having a lowered waistcoat. Gray continues to be much worn; a gray crepon has a corselet belt of satin outlined with jet; the sleeves are made of crepon for the upper part and gray satin for the lower. New capes are made in glace silk, suitable either for morning or evening wear, and singularly smart. A green shot with yellow, and lined with pink, forms a double cape, the upper one cut in vandykes and both edged with black pleated net of a somewhat coarse texture. This also encircles the throat and ribbons are tied in front.

In Germany the bride is entitled to the morgenabe, morning gift; the custom having formerly been that on the morning after the wedding she was entitled to ask for what she pleased, and her request could not be refused.

Silk is found to be the coolest and most serviceable material for almost all purposes. Nothing is better to travel in than a dark Indian silk, and the silk waists which everybody wears are even cooler than washable shirt waists.

With fancy waists, collars, vests, waistcoats, blouses and neck dressing, one may almost transform an ordinary wardrobe. It takes but little time and less material to fit up some of these pretty things, and the effect in brightening the average costume is eminently pleasing to the eye. The new waistcoat is made with tags, one in the front and one in the back, to button on the skirt band, for the purpose of being kept down and of holding up the skirt. To cover the line of conjunction, there is a sash to match the skirt, or ribbon, if muslin or linen are used. The full vest or front of silk is a boon in hot weather. With a simple blazer suit of duck or serge with one of these soft-draped waists, one may be as cool as modern dress can be arranged.

Large spoons of silver gilt have stems of raised work inclosing plaques of enamel work. These spoons have broken edges of metal and enamel. These, however, only extend half way around the spoon, leaving the working ends sharp and free.

Belt pins are among the novelties. These are enlarged bib pins, intended to effect a better union between the back of the belt and a woman's skirt. They are covered with raised work or occasionally are set with tiny turquoises and semi-precious stones.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSTON, the Indian poetess, will be heard for the first time in this city shortly. Her father, the head chief of the Mohawks, her mother a lady of British blood—Pauline Johnston was born (and still is) under Indian law, on Indian land. Of the Wolf Clan of the Mohawks—the leading tribe in the great Iroquois nation—Miss Johnston's paternal ancestry was one long line of brave and loyal warrior chiefs, eloquent orators and gifted linguists. On the other side, her mother, Emily S.

Howells, a member of an eminent literary family, endows her own daughter with the ability to voice her forest songs in pure and forcible English. Thus does Miss Johnston stand alone as the post-representative of the Redman of this continent.

Madame Minnie Hauk, who was in this city a week or so ago, is considered the best living interpreter of the leading role in the light opera "Carmen."

A Miss Oliph Webb has been appearing recently in London as Hamlet. Miss Marriott is said to be the best known lady Hamlet of modern days, but before her time Charlotte Crampton had a well-deserved reputation throughout the old Western States and California for playing the Prince of Denmark, Richard III and several other of Shakespeare's male characters. Charlotte Cushman was noted Romeo. Miss Gladys Homfray now playing at the London Vaudeville also made her first prominent appearance in the British metropolis as Romeo.

Miss Kate Dalgleish, one of the most popular actresses on the Pacific Coast has just concluded a most successful engagement at the People's Theatre, Oakland.

Miss Margaret Marshall, well-known in Victoria as a clever actress, is in San Francisco.

Prof. H. M. Stoel has opened a fine studio at 129 Cormorant street. Mr. Stoel has succeeded in establishing himself in public favor, and has already obtained a number of pupils. He possesses unquestionable talent and should be encouraged to locate permanently in this city.

Charles Froham proposes to distinguish all his companies hereafter by underlining his given name in the printing.

Henry Guy Carleton's new play, Lem Kettle, will be produced this season with Tim Murphy in the leading role.

Nat Goodwin, stout and sunburned, arrived in New York from Europe, last week. He did not buy an English country seat, as the cable announced, because he could not find a place to suit him.

The choir of the First Presbyterian Church will give a performance of the May Queen, a pastorelle cantata, by Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett, the great English composer. In the hands of this capable choir, a very fine rendering of the above work should be heard on Wednesday evening next, the 12th inst. Just a

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35 DOUGLAS

year ago on that date, they scored a big success in their presentation of Rebecca, and, judging from late rehearsals, the May Queen will be even more successful. The principals on this occasion will be Mrs. McIndless (the May Queen) soprano; Miss Wilson (the Queen) mezzo-soprano; Mr. H. Firth (Lover) tenor; Mr. J. G. Brown (Robin Hood) baritone; Mrs. Hall, pianist; and Mr. Brown, conductor. The cantata will form the first part of the programme, to be followed in the second by a miscellaneous concert. The following ladies and gentlemen will take part: Mrs. McCready, the talented contralto soloist; Miss Brown, contralto, a late addition to the ranks of solo singers in this city; Miss Wilson, soprano; Mr. Mitchell, tenor, a prominent member of the now famous Arion Club; Mr. Collier, the rising baritone, who has lately returned from Nanaimo; and Mr. J. G. Brown, our own popular baritone.

He "Why do you force me to wait for an answer?"

She (who is up on political economy)—"Because I don't want to give you a monopoly until I find out whether there's any competition."

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Thinness and perfect adaptation of the same.
The accuracy of adaptation to that portion of the alveolar ridge with which the rubber or celluloid comes in contact.
A plate when made by this method is much lighter than an all gold plate, hence more pleasing to the patient.
The metallic roof-plate cannot become detached from the rubber, as the peculiar construction renders it impossible.
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The metallic plate can be reswaged in case of absorption or shrinkage of the mouth, thus saving the expense of new metal.
These plates can be fitted to any mouth, however irregular or ill shaped.
Enunciation is much better than when the roof of the mouth is covered by a rubber or celluloid plate.
Perfect conduction of heat and cold, thereby preventing inflammation of the mucous membrane.
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Deserving poor advised free of charge, between the hours of 12 m. and 1 p.m., Tuesdays and Fridays.

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K O D A K S A F E T Y

COLLABORATEURS.

BY S. D. SCHULTZ.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the evening of the 23rd of May, 1885. Steve Fairlie paced restlessly to and fro, every now and again standing stock-still, and having every appearance of being deeply concerned in something of a momentous nature. Steve was one of the best known "men about town." Handsome, *debonnair*, apparently in easy circumstances, he was a favorite among men and women. He entertained lavishly in his sumptuously furnished suite of of batchelor apartments, and his "stag dinners" generally gathered together a coterie of congenial spirits, who extravagantly praised in equal measure the menu and flow of wit characterizing these select symposiums. Steve was one of those versatile specimens, equally at home in art, business or sport. A *dilletanti* in music and painting, he could finger a Chopin waltz with the elastic *leggiero* execution of a Josseffy, and the walls of his rooms were strung with dainty etchings and poems in water colors, which both in conception and treatment supplied evidence of Fairlie's lofty artistic powers. He had been honored at the Spring Exhibition of the Art Association by being appointed one of the committee of connoisseurs to judge the relative excellence of the different "hangings." It was the same way on 'Change. He was up in the latest market quotations, and his pointers on margins were looked upon as perfectly "safe and sound."

Steve Fairlie's steps came to a sudden halt, as a loud rap made the thin door panel vibrate like a tightly-drawn drum head.

"Come in," Steve cried, expectantly.

The door opened, and an undersized darkey, with a cigarette screwed in the corner of his mouth, ambled into the room.

"I'se er come down, as yer told me ter, boss," said the darkey, as he took the seat which Steve motioned him to with a wave of the hand.

Rufus Jackson, the colored jockey, sported the latest cut in trousers, though the color was slightly loud, and the stripes rather obtrusive. A diamond sparkled in his four-in-hand, and a heavy gold chain, carrying a ponderous pendant, encrusted with pearls, amethysts and sapphires, streaked his spruce flower-embroidered waistcoat. The pendant was the gift of a circle of the betting fraternity, who had made a "sweep" on one of his mounts.

"Well, Rufus, how's the nag—in ship-shape condition for to-morrow's canter?"

"I should jes' guess to ejacerlate if she aint a hummer of a flyer, and no foolin' "

about it, nuther," replied Rufus, airily, tipping in turn the toes of his polished French kids, topped with drab spats, with his gold-headed cane. This was also a present, and was engraved with Rufus' monogram, beneath which was inscribed the significant legend, "Queen's Plate, Driving Park, '84."

"Now, Rufus, I want you to tell me honestly, what Osceola's chances are against Dorothy."

"Well, responded the jockey, ceasing a muffled jig he had been drumming with his heels on a bear-skin rug, "I's been making some particularly close calcerlashuns, and I'm no way flitting from der prevus declarashun, if I smile to mutter dat dat mare, Dorothy, may git de start and lead me to der three-quarter, but, sakes alive, jes' you focus yer peepers on de finish, and watch Osceola's tail whisking Dorothy's snout. A ludder thing, dat Canuck mare may bolt. She's high-spirited, and Osceola's as cool as a watermelon. Dat's about der kerrecktest prognostikashun I can give yer."

Whenever Rufus addressed anyone whom he considered somebody, he indulged in the most grandiloquent terms, and Steve could not repress a smile at his polysyllables.

"Did any reporter see you?" enquired Steve.

"Yes, a newspaper man from de *Observer* has been dodgin me for de las' week. At fust, I shied ebry time he wanted ter put de halter around me, but, arter a while, in fac, yesterday arternoon, I pretends to be tame and pulls de wool over his optics. I'm dead sure, Ise guzzled him. He whinnied sort of frisky like as to how Osceola waz. I neighed, and, looking down in der mouff, told him dat Osceola waz a little stiff in de left fore leg, but we would rub it out afore the race. He jotted everything down. He's fixed, shure as Gospel truth."

Steve Fairlie had insidiously circulated the report that his horse, Osceola, was shaky in one of the fore legs, in the hope of the pool-sellers placing her in the field with heavy odds against her.

"The evening paper says that Dorothy was put over the course this morning at top gait. Do you know anything about it?" asked Fairlie.

"I should twitter to ejacerlate, if I don't," answered Rufus. "They gub her a trial, jes' afore sun-up. I sneaked out, and puts der watch on her. She gone dun de half rattlin' strong, but slowed down mightily on der stretch home. I tried Osceola two nights ago, and she finished fresher 'an a daisy."

"Rufus, you had better skip home. You want your nerves for to-morrow," Fairlie advised.

The jockey was mum about a "bottle and a bird" that he had ordered to be

ready at 10 p.m., but said evasively "I'll cross the post fust, or dis nigger's goner, sure."

Steve followed Rufus, and held the door half open, and, with an amused look watched Rufus touch the bell for the elevator, and execute a plantation break down to a whistled accompaniment.

"Say, kid, here's a quarter, and trow away dat trash of a dime novel. G somethink intellectil," the jockey admonished the elevator boy, as the grating slid back on its groove, and the lift began to descend.

Steve Fairlie stretched himself with a yawn on a divan banked with soft pillows. Everything depended on the morrow. "If Osceola were beaten, he would have to skip across the border and make Mexico, or else"—a spasm of terror contracted his features into wan rigidity. "There was that Grant promissory note maturing on the 26th inst. Harold Grant had loaned him a few thousand on worthless collaterals, a couple of months back, when Steve was hard pushed, and he had counted on a lucky spec. to cover all shortages. This race was his last card. He intended putting everything he could find, borrow or steal upon Osceola.

There was something else. His face flushed with shame as he thought of his photograph decking the rogues' gallery. Stephen Fairlie was one of those fair weather weaklings, whose moral fibre could not endure the humiliations of adversity. Rather any risk than poverty and obscurity. At first, his design was void of criminal intention. He counted on making a lucky deal, and, once on his feet, would relapse into a less ostentatious and luxuriant style of existence. He also resolved to dispense with his stylish equipage and sleek, well-groomed pair of showy mottled greys. It would be a come-down, and excite comment, but what of it? The lines of Steve's face softened into tender yearning, as his reflections threaded into a train, with Zela Laird as the starting point. Chic, rosy-cheeked Zela had made an impression on his hitherto unsusceptible heart, and he was thinking of a cozy retreat with Zela, enhanced with the charms of domestic joys, instead of insipidly dawdling away evenings in a vapid atmosphere of the club, where everyone affected the cynic and looked wise and satiated.

"But how am I going to extricate myself from the tangle I've noosed myself in? If I could only undo that forgery." Steve sighed wistfully, and quivered with a chill, as his rash enormity confronted him in all its possible import of discovery, trial and sentence.

Fairlie had committed an ingenious forgery. He had participated in numberless business operations with Harold Grant. Fairlie was a clever penman

One day, in desperation he subscribed Grant's signature to a power of attorney. He knew that Grant possessed heavy shares in "Great Northern." Fairlie found a purchaser, executed a transfer, and the new owner's name was duly inscribed on the register. Before dividend day, he managed to repurchase the same number of shares. Harold Grant's name was again affixed to the company's book, and the usual half-yearly check was sent him. The trick had worked well. So well, that he was emboldened to think he could try it again without detection.

If Osceola only wins to-morrow, I'll lose no time in affixing Grant's name to the register; if she loses, Grant will miss his dividend, an enquiry will be instituted, and my game discovered. I'll be well away before that happens, though. It's too bad to victimize old Grant by going him on those promissory notes, and this forgery, for he's a trifle shaky financially, and can ill afford a loss."

Steve had little sleep that night. He tumbled feverishly, restlessly on the cot, which folded into a mahogany side-board by day. Before sun-rise, he had taken a cold plunge, was dressed, and attempting to brace up on a series of decoctions, mixed with more than the usual quota of intoxicating ingredient.

Ethel shared with the rest of humanity, that universal dissatisfaction with the present—that constant eagerness to exchange what we have within reach for the intangible delights of that evasive phantom—perfect content. Having matriculated, Ethel's next impulse was to graduate. When her father had broached the subject of a university course, Ethel had hailed the idea with a profuse show of joy. College lectures crowned with a degree had only recently been rendered accessible to women. The aggressive leaders of the movement, having in view the extension of equal privileges to the gentler sex, had conducted a vigorous crusade against what they were pleased to term "the unenlightened, conservative and archaic university system." When the doors at length were opened to women, the lady undergrads ran the gauntlet of hostile criticism, especially from their own sex, who were loudest in denunciation of any attempt of women to explore fields of knowledge. It was altogether too manly, they contended. Women should cling to the hearth, and give 'ologies a wide berth. Male students in tattered gowns stood in the vestibule with hands in pocket, and insolently leering at the girls, as they tripped to lecture. They were looked upon as intruders, trespassing within the jealously guarded confines of some venerated, exclusive domain. They were even given the sobriquet of "bold," and it was predicted that their

constant association with the corrupting influences of men would eventually lead them to part with those superlative charms of womanhood—delicacy, refinement and modesty.

The girl students proved that in mental endowment and accomplishment they could at the very least compete upon even terms with the sterner sex, and far from degenerating into the ways, and assimilating the coarser habits of the male students, their influence elevated the entire tone of university life, and was the deathblow to countless traditional customs, revered as importations from the hoary corridors of Oxford and Cambridge, and certainly better relegated to obscurity.

Ethel worked indefatigably during the first three years of her course, and it was, indeed, provoking to get ill just before exams. The idea of relinquishing all hopes of writing caused her keen disappointment. There was a way in which she might have obtained her "parchment," but she spurned the idea at the very first suggestion.

"Why not get a doctor's certificate, and present a petition to the senate. They will certainly grant you an "aegrotat," one of the final year ladies recommended.

"I could take little pleasure, and no pride in a degree given to me by means of a humble prayer, after the fashion of 'Please, sirs, I was sick and couldn't study.' No!" Ethel replied emphatically. "I must go up next year, or take up the supplemental in the fall. But there are no honors at the supplemental, and a plain pass course doesn't chime with my vaulting ambition."

The window of the morning room was open, top and bottom. At least, since Mrs. Grant's death, Ethel and her father took their morning repast in the cozy nook leading from the diningroom through a light portiere, and which did duty both as conservatory and library, with its revolving, well-stocked book-case and shelves of potted plants, fittings snugly into the arched window, having a southern aspect, and looking upon the trimly kept garden.

Ethel Grant stood, gazing at the expanse of lawn with its vivid green tints, her hands intertwined behind her neck, and her regular, deep-drawn respirations, showing keen appreciation of the fresh morning air, faintly redolent with a vague intermingling of the delicate exhalations of early blooms. Drawing herself to her full height, a shade above the average stature of her sex, and expanding her chest, she owned with a delightful thrill of returning exhilaration, that life was worth the living.

Ethel shifted her position from the window, and sank upon a low ottoman. Though convalescent, she was far from well. She glanced at the old-fashioned,

wooden, Swiss clock, and started up.

"Why, it's 9:30, and father isn't down yet. What can possibly be the matter with him," she exclaimed palpitatingly.

(To be continued.)

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SHORT STORIES.

MANY amusing stories are told of Roy Bean, the famous U. S. justice of the peace. He is a unique type of a rough frontiersman, with good hard sense, and there is no red tape about the justice he deals out.

On one occasion he was examining a witness who had a cigarette in his month, and one of the bystanders called the justice's attention to the fact.

"I don't see why he can't lie just as well with a cigarette in his mouth as out of it," replied Judge Bean, as he continued questioning.

He was called once to hold an inquest over a man found dead. Among the effects of the deceased was \$53 and a six-shooter. As funerals were cheap at Langtry in those days and there was more than enough money on the body to bury it, the question of what disposition to make of the funds was soon solved by the justice fining the deceased for carrying concealed weapons the sum remaining after the interment had been paid for.

A Presbyterian minister, residing in a Sydney suburb, says the *Herald*, when in York street met an old acquaintance, who appeared to have just emerged from a wholesale drapery warehouse, outside which stood a horse and buggy. The acquaintance, a draper in a country town, made known his desire to get a cheque cashed, and inquired whether the clergyman could introduce him to some one who would oblige him, the banks having closed. The minister said, "We will go at once, if you'll drive," concluding that the turnout belonged to the visitor. The visitor, fancying that the trap was the clergyman's, said, "All right," seized the reins and drove to a shop in King street where the paper was negotiated. It was only natural that the success achieved should be duly celebrated, so the companions drove on to the Oxford, where both alighted. They were about to enter the hotel when the clergyman asked his friend whether the horse would stand. "Stand?" exclaimed the draper, "isn't it your trap?" "No," responded the minister with emphasis; "isn't it yours?" Another answer in the negative knocked the proposed rejoicings on the head and brought consternation to the speakers. They determined to drive back to York street as speedily as possible and make restitution of the property which they

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had appropriated. Unfortunately for them, the owner, a carrier, had missed his trap, and had already reported the matter to the police. At the corner of Pitt street the carrier espied his vehicle, with the minister and the draper in it. He at once demanded of a constable who was on the scene that they should be locked up. Explanations were attempted, but it was considered that a police station, if not a police court, would be the best place in which to settle the difficulty. The parties accordingly went to the lock-up in Clarence street, followed by a crowd. The affair was then discussed and satisfactorily disposed of, the minister and his friend making their apologies. The clergyman afterwards explained the facts to the crowd, who cheered him when he took his departure.

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CAVIN BROS.

The *Review* remarks that the Eastern States and Canada will benefit from the shorter distance and lower rates of the Nicaragua canal route, but not so materially as the Pacific Coast, whose shippers will be brought into direct competition with their hitherto invulnerable rivals of the old world. In connection with the British Columbia salmon trade we notice that the *Primera* with the last cargo for the season of 1893-4 reached London, August 13, having left Victoria on December 17, whereas by way of Nicaragua it would have been possible for her to make the passage in sixty days without transshipping instead of as was actually the case 239 days, in which, moreover, was involved the dangerous and difficult rounding of Cape Horn. This is a consideration worthy of the greatest attention and in view of the practicability of the enterprise it is to be hoped that quiet will soon be restored in the disordered republic.

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33	15 70	8 16	4 24	17 94	9 33	4 86
34	15 88	8 26	4 30	18 29	9 52	4 95
35	16 04	8 34	4 34	18 65	9 70	5 04
36	16 24	8 44	4 39	19 04	9 90	5 15
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39	16 92	8 80	4 58	20 44	10 63	5 53
40	17 20	8 94	4 65	21 05	10 95	5 70
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43	19 05	9 91	5 15	23 11	12 02	6 25
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The new U. S. Tariff Bill has become law without the President's official sanction. He says it did not go sufficiently far to meet with his approval, still he regarded it as a step in the right direction, and allowed it to go into operation which would be the effect of his not interposing his veto.

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Date.	Vessel and Destination.	Tons.
25.	Holyoke, str., Port Townsend....	43
25.	Tacoma, str., Port Townsend....	35
27.	Holyoke, str., Port Townsend....	21
29.	Gen. Fairchild, bk. San Francisco	2,402
30.	Holyoke, str., Port Townsend ...	23
16.	Crown of Engl'nd, P't Los Angeles	3,540
Total.....		6,064

CHAS. HAYWARD
ESTAB. 1867

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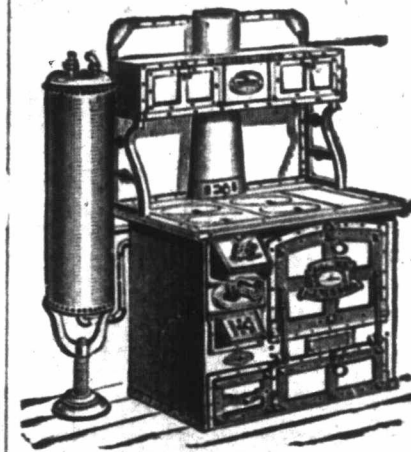
A distinguished Frenchman said of Dr. Holmes that he had taught the Yankees how to laugh properly, and it was a new experience for these children of the Puritans, who had been howling at Artemus Ward and John Phoenix.

Undoubtedly Dr. Holmes is a wit, and his is that kind of wit which brightens the dinner table and puts everybody in the best of humor. In early life, he had a weakness for punning, and reminds one of Tom Hood, but later this is suppressed or modified, and he reminds us in his extemporaneous repartee more of Douglas Jerrold. What can be more American than, when dining with Lord Coleridge, he remarked about lawyers that the poverty of the American lawyer and the wealth of his client was his glory.

When in England, Mrs. Siddons was being discussed. Some one said that the statesman Fox had been smitten by the great actress. Holmes said that from all he had heard of her he could not understand a man falling in love with her. She was too grand—it was like falling in love with the pyramids. Perhaps the Worshipful Company of Clothmakers or Board of Aldermen might have loved her—but one man—never.

It was Holmes who remarked that, though woman tempted man to eat, he had an idea that Eve had nothing to do with his drinking. He took to that on his own account. On another occasion, at a dinner party, he remarked with affected gravity: "I really must not smoke so persistently. I must turn over a new leaf—a tobacco leaf—and have a cigar only after each"—here he paused, as if to say "meal," but he continued—"after each cigar." When the smile ran round the table, he leaned back in his chair and said: "A foreigner is an alien, a foreigner who drinks too much is a bacchanalian, and may not a foreigner who smokes too much be called a tobacco-nation?"

Once, when he had been heavily lionized and mobbed by a deputation of rough men from the far West, and some one asked him if he did not enjoy it, "Enjoy it," he exclaimed. "I felt like the small elephant at the Zoo with a cheap excursion party on its back."



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sion party on its back."

He said Prof. Agassiz was the Liebig's extract of the wisdom of ages. "Whenever he goes off on long voyages to remote islands," said Holmes, "I can't help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have if they boiled down such an extract."

Speaking of a certain extremely thin aesthetic Boston lady, he said she reminded him of a bag of bones, and if shaken she certainly would have rattled. Her scratch-up, touseled hair suggested the idea that the birds had prepared it for a nest, and her strange, rich, hectic-looking gown resembling nothing so much as a faded fresco of the middle ages.—*Ex.*

HOW SOME LARGE FORTUNES ARE MADE.

The largest fortunes of the present day have been acquired by applying an acute and enterprising mind to the improvement of the conditions of life. Some of the largest among them may be traced to the extension of the railroad, telegraph and telephone systems, to the sewing-machine, to the automatic agricultural ma-

chines, to the application of electricity to mechanics, to new applications of chemistry to manufactures. Henry Bessemer who discovered a way to convert carbonized iron into steel was a type. He rendered it possible to gridiron the country with steel rails, and, of course, he becomes a millionaire. Any young man who will devise a method of making an article of general use at less than the present cost, or of making it better in quality at the same cost, will make a fortune as he did. The article need not be an important one, so long as it is generally consumed.

Swiss girls in the time of William Tell were married in bright-colored gowns, plaid apron, red hose, bridal wreath and a stomacher, on which the bride's name and the date of her birth were engraved in large letters.

Bricks said to be from the tower of Babel are plentiful at Birs Nimrod, Babylonia.

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