

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, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

MR. FREDERICK S. HUSSEY, Superintendent of Provincial Police, has just presented his fourth annual report to the Legislature. The fact that the report was prepared by Mr. Hussey stamps the statistics contained therein with the seal of reliability, for he is known to be a scrupulously honest and trustworthy officer. Mr. Hussey knows his business and never exceeds the powers conferred on him by the department to which he is responsible for the strict performance of his duty—something which could not be said of a former superintendent. As a consequence one has no hesitation in contemplating and digesting the lessons to be learned from the really interesting data furnished by Mr. Hussey. THE HOME JOURNAL does not often pay compliments, but when it does, as in the case of the above officer, it feels that the recipient thereof should be distinguished by special recognition of merit.

The public will be pleased to learn from the report that the Provincial prisons are all in a well kept state and that the sanitary condition of each has recently received the most careful attention, consequently the general health of the prisoners is excellent. A modern jail is now in course of construction at Nanaimo, and will be completed and ready for occupation about the end of February, instant. Better jail accommodation is, Mr. Hussey says, badly needed at Kamloops, the present building being far too small for the number of prisoners confined therein. To avoid overcrowding of prisoners in this jail it has been necessary on several occasions during the past year to remove convicts to New Westminster prison to complete their terms of imprisonment.

After reporting upon the condition and requirements of the Provincial prison, superintendent Hussey prints numerous statistical statements, which may be

summarized as follows: The total number of prisoners dealt with during the year ending October 31, 1893, at the four provincial jails, in Victoria, New Westminster, Nanaimo and Kamloops, was 1,105. Nanaimo had 479, Victoria 273, New Westminster 210, and Kamloops 143. The most serious offences charged are thus enumerated: Murder 11, attempted murder 1, arson 1, abduction and rape 4, burglary 8, embezzlement 2, forgery 6, horse and cattle stealing 5, housebreaking 10, larceny 140, perjury 1, robbery 6, highway robbery 2, threatening and seditious language 10. The statistical report of the Victoria jail, for the prison year, shows a total of 273 prisoners received, an increase of 5 over the previous year.

From the above facts, it will be observed that crime, with the exception of murder, has not increased in the Province in proportion to the pressure of the hard times on the people, from which it may be inferred that honest poverty has but little to do with crime. For my part, I am inclined to believe that more crime results from laziness—and not want of work—than all other causes combined. The young man who is inherently lazy will steal rather than work. The man who prefers to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow will manage to live and get along in some honest way when he is out of employment. He will do odd jobs to sustain life, if nothing suitable to his peculiar capabilities offers. It is only when the distress and suffering of a small family drives the honest man to his wits' end that he will break the law, and then he will do some wild thing which shows his mental condition and also his own natural honesty when in his normal state.

In this Province, there are hundreds of men who will do neither mental nor manual work, but rather prefer to get their living by preying upon the community in some form or other. It is laziness—inherent laziness. Criminals are born bad—not made to any great extent. Of course, bad environment in youth has much to do in strengthening the disposition to evil or lessening the disposition toward good. It is too much to expect that the children of a criminal will be naturally good; but if by some freak of nature they did possess some germ of good, it would be deadened and utterly obliterated by the evil influence exerted upon them from their childhood up, and they are almost certain to become as bad as their progenitors, and, if they get a little education to sharpen their wits, become even worse. To this class, I imagine, Stroebel, the recently executed murderer belonged. Once let a boy get contaminated with the poison of crime, have his original propensities fully developed, and he will live and die, if condi-

tions are favorable, a law-breaker. This is why the offspring of criminals, or indolent, dissipated parents, even though misguided philanthropists of the Dr. Barnado type ship them to Canada and find homes for them in respectable families, invariably turn out bad.

Moreover, reformatories do not reform. No one ever heard tell of a boy in a reformatory who would not resort to anything in order to escape. This has been demonstrated in this city during the last week. Police magistrates can tell at a glance the children who were brought up in reformatories—their manners are deceitful, and they have a hang-dog, crouching expression of countenance. The truth is, instances of reform on the part of hereditary criminals are rare. An old police officer informs me that he never met with a genuine case during an experience of twenty years. Quite a long time may elapse between terms in the penitentiary or provincial gaol, but they are sure to return there for some new offence sooner or later, more hardened than ever. Once in a great while a generally well disposed man may fall through drink, desperation or evil associations, but he will make an honest effort to do better when he comes out. Such a man should be encouraged. As bearing on this point, I will relate an incident which came to me some years ago, from a police magistrate, and which will remind many of the labyrinth of difficulties which surrounded Hugo's wonderful creation, Jean Valjean, in *Les Miserables*: "One day, while presiding in the police court, an officer brought before me a man who wore a blouse and had an adze in his hand. I asked the officer what charge he had against the man. The policeman replied that he was an escaped convict from the penitentiary. He had been sentenced to three years, had served two, and owed another year to the country. I asked the officer where he found the man. He replied in a cooper shop, where he was working making barrels. Was he dressed as he is now, I asked. Yes, said the policeman. Well, I replied, if he escaped from prison, it was the fault of the officials. He served two years for his offence. When you arrested him, he was not in the act of committing any crime, but trying to earn an honest living by his trade and be a better man. It may be technically wrong for me to discharge him, but I think the public will sustain me when I say to him you are discharged, go back to your shop and work at your trade and do not break the laws again." This, however, was an exceptional case. Burglars will be burglars, pick-pockets cannot be reformed and confidence men would rather get a half dollar by indulging in their beguiling methods than earn ten dollars honestly in the same length of time.

Crime is a distinct element and exists in about the same proportion everywhere. It is no more prevalent in British Columbia than in any other Province of the Dominion, the credit for which is in a measure due to the strict administration of justice as dispensed by His Lordship the Chief Justice, and an efficient police force under the superintendence of Mr. Hussey. I have lived in every large city in Canada, the United States, and many of the large cities of Europe and Africa. I have in each devoted considerable attention to criminal statistics, and I am convinced that this Province is as free from crime, considering its peculiar location, as any place in the world.

Before leaving this subject there is another criminal element in the community to which I would direct attention and to which no reference is made in the superintendent of police's report, and that is fallen women. Every now and again it is stated that through the efforts of some good Christian woman, a brand has been plucked from the burning. I have no desire to throw cold water on the well-intentioned works of any person; but I do say, and the assertion is backed up with the experience of the greatest workers in the cause of reform to-day, that scarcely one in 5,000 immoral women can be induced to lead a moral life. If they try it, the old, ever-haunting memory of their sin and degradation unites with other causes in holding them down. If the money and labor spent alleviating and endeavoring to reform the outcasts were expended in preventing them from falling or helping destitute women and girls, whom necessity and poverty would otherwise force upon the streets, then indeed would there be some compensatory results. But permitting them to fall first, and, after passing through the frightful sewer of vice, to pick them up and try to make them pure and whole, is not only a thankless and barren task but is utterly illogical and against experience.

The greatest and most frequent agency in producing female criminals is that young women are compelled to work for wages often insufficient to keep body and soul together. How can a poor girl, working from daylight to dark for \$2 up to \$4 a week and often made to believe that she is not human, be expected to entertain the same ideas of morality as her more favored sisters, especially when so many inducements are held out to her by fiends whose prey is innocence?

To the members of the W.C.T.U. and like organizations, I would say, get at the sources of the evil. You may top off the branches, beat them down and break them with a policeman's club, but as long as the cause remains, there will be an ever-growing crop. It is like trying to dry up a floor with a cloth, while you allow the bursted water-pipe to continue the deluge. A great work would be the establishment of homes for young women who have no homes of their own and have to work for a living. But let these homes be managed in a liberal spirit, and not turned into

semi-prisons by stringent laws and regulations. Let working young women be accommodated at barely paying rates, or even a little less; and, when girls are sick or out of work, let there be a fund to aid them, and, most important of all, bring every possible influence to bear upon the employers of female labor to pay remunerative wages. Reform in this direction would do far more to make women virtuous than double the amount of prayers—which no doubt, are a good thing, in their way—that nightly ascend on high for the overthrow of vice.

Of all the nuisances in this city, and the most patriotic of us will admit that there are a few, I cannot conceive of one which more deserves special mention than the "Day at Home." Everyone in society, and few who would like to be in society, have set apart a special day to receive their friends, and are not at home any other day of the week, even to their creditors. Once upon a time, when we were all poor, we used to drop into one another's houses without ceremony; now, it is different. A Victoria lady, who has more than once in the past amused and delighted THE HOME JOURNAL readers with her clever pen, shoots an arrow at this custom, which now prevails to such an alarming extent. Under the caption of "A Day at Home," she writes:

As "the history of THE HOME JOURNAL, from its infancy to the present time" * * * is one long series of battles fought in the interests of the people," I trust this gallant champion of the Right will allow a reader to "couch a lance"—this time in the cause of tormented womankind, and against the present crying evil of the "Day at Home." Men seldom pay formal visits to their friends, so that in the ordinary round of visits it is their wives and sisters who have to face the folly, discomfort and tawdry aping of grandeur of the almost universal fashion in Victoria of the "Day at Home."

Let any one look over their visiting list, and what do they find? Some friends with their weekly day at home, others with the first and third Mondays, others with the second and fourth Mondays, and so on through all the days of the week, until, horror of horrors! we find two or three dear friends who are at home every Tuesday—except the first Tuesday in the month! This bewildering and complicated set of dates and days one would think enough to inflict on female brains, but another "turn of the screw" is given, when we find that some of those friends who choose the first and third Mondays, live in the same locality, and sometimes in the same street as those who choose the second and fourth Mondays, so one has to make two weary pilgrimages in order to accomplish what could so easily have been done in one day. Then, again, it is rather too trying, when after perhaps great inconvenience to oneself, one goes on the particularly specified day only to find your friend "not at home." The excuse is afterwards made "Oh! I had to take dear Freddie to the dentist," or "I had to go to dear Maud's wedding," as if the mere statement of these facts at once turned inexcusable rudeness into the truest courtesy. Another point of view from which the gruesome "Day at Home" as-

sumes a lurid light is that if you honestly like the friend you do go to see, it is simply heartbreaking to come away after a ten minutes' visit with the depressed feeling that except for the few smiling words of welcome and a kindly if inane remark about the weather or one's health, you have literally not had a chance to two consecutive sentences with your friend, as she has been utterly swamped with numbers of other callers coming in.

Another drawback to the fixed day is that when it comes it turns out to be either raining or snowing, and you have to put the call off until the next specified day; then you find yourself desperately ill, and cannot possibly go; and, so on it may be for months, and on the off days when you could go, you do not venture to show your face near your friend's house, as you have in fact, been really "warned off the premises," except on the "Day at Home." Then again, it is surely ridiculous for people with a drawing-room, about the size of a pocket handkerchief, to set up a "Day at Home." If your callers arrive at once, the tiny room is overcrowded, and when the fifth appears one or two of the others have to take their leave, even if they have only been in the house three minutes. Surely kindly and friendly feelings are not greatly encouraged by this senseless form of calling! The economy of a fire in the drawing-room, and the tea and cake ready, and only one day in the week, may be a cogent reason in some houses for keeping up this form, but, not in every household; and, I think most people would prefer a pleasant comfortable chat, even without the tea and cake.

I possess one friend whom I always call "Mrs. Rara Avis," as she stoutly declines to have a "Day at Home." She has often told me how her friends have tried to thrust every day in the week down her throat, as her "Day at Home," and has laughingly said, that if suddenly a day were added to the week, that eighth day would be at once ticketed by these friends as "Mrs. Rara Avis's day at home." Victorians, taken all round, are very ordinary people, and have sprung from a just as ordinary people. Few of us, I think, can boast of having very much "blue blood" in our veins; so why should we assume these silly imitations of "high life" customs, in our little plodding lives, when so few of us are descended from ducal houses? Will not some of the fashionable and sensible ladies of Victoria once again re-assume the simple, kindly, hospitable and courteous manners of their fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and be always glad to welcome their friends on any and every day in the week they themselves are at home, and the friends happen to call? Let the "Day at Home" be altogether left to the Government House, where alone such a function is in place.

JAM.

The convention of fruit growers of British Columbia, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, recently held at Spokane, was attended by 2,500 people. The report of the committee on organization recommended that the association formed be known as the Northwest Fruit Growers

Association, the membership to be made up from the territory named above, and the objects to be co-operation in promoting and encouraging proper methods of producing, handling, and marketing horticultural products. This affords conclusive evidence that our people are awakening to the advantages which this Province offers as a fruit producing country. In his report to the Provincial Board of Horticulture, as to the objects of the association, Mr. C. M. Palmer, inspector of fruit pests, says: "The scheme of the association is a gigantic one and in time may possibly control the marketing of the greater part of the fruit grown in the territory embraced, and if carried out, should to a certain extent control and maintain fair prices and obtain the most favorable freight rates from the railway companies, also prevent the over-stocking of any particular market with perishable fruit and the inevitable loss consequent. In regard to legislation it is of the utmost importance that British Columbia fruit growers and nurserymen should be protected from those pests which as yet have not reached us, and also exterminate, or at least keep in check, those which already have a footing in the Province, and I think that no laws, however, stringent, having these objects in view, should be opposed by men having the interests of this Province at heart."

No line of business calls for more loyal devotion, for more thorough study, or for more close attention to detail than horticulture. The penalty for shifflers methods is greater in no other business. Too many horticulturists are determined to ignore the experience of others, and to gain their knowledge by intuition and evolve it from their inner consciousness. Horticulture, as has been remarked, has to contend with no greater enemies. They are the fore-runners, the allies, accessories and co-partners of the codlin moth and the woolly aphid. They are the progenitors of our diseased and neglected orchards. They are a standing reproach, a menace, and a pest beyond the reach of any of our standard remedies in this world.

One man who, through self-conceit or ignorance adopts erroneous methods of pruning or drainage or cultivation may, like the blind leader of the blind drag his neighbor into the ditch. Meantime, while sensitive to the same influences which affect the prosperity of other industrial branches, horticulture offers rewards as little subject probably to the varying winds of fortune, as any other field of human effort. Her development is not of a spasmodic or speculative character. She has enlisted in her service, the highest intelligence and the keenest business intellect.

As to the future prospects of the horticultural industry in this Province, Mr. Walter Taylor, in a lengthy paper read before the Fruit Growers' Association, a year or so ago, remarked: "In the treatment of this point, it is necessary to draw a little on our imagination, but as the development of this Province in fruit growing and of this city as a commercial centre of vast importance is so certain in your

minds, what I say will not, I think, be considered visionary. The day has not come, but it is in the future, when a large portion of the arable lands of this Province will be devoted to the production of fruit; the adaptability of the soil, the suitability of the climate are all that can be desired. Here we have no codlin moths, no black knot, no spring or summer frosts to destroy or even check the propagation of the different kinds of fruit, and vegetables can be grown in abundance suitable for canning purposes. All we want is the proper and judicious development of the country for the purposes it is best intended, and a careful selection of trees and vines so as to ensure the best kinds of fruit. With this done, in five, or at the outside, ten years hence, we should be in a position to not only supply our Provincial markets with all they require, but compete on favorable terms for the Eastern trade as well. In that time, if not sooner, we will have direct communication with Australia, where large quantities of preserved fruit are used, most of which are imported from England. Our geographical position is so favorable that we will be able to compete, not only for this trade, but also for that of China and Japan, as well as that of India. With all these avenues of trade open to us, and the vast prairie land to the east of the Rockies, including Manitoba and the Territories, where fruit cannot be grown to any extent, and destined soon to have a large and thrifty population, is it too much to say that if the whole of the land in this Province was devoted to fruit growing, that a market will be ready for it? And as progress is being made to this end, the fruit canning industry will be found keeping pace with it, and British Columbia will become more and more celebrated as a fruit growing country, and I hope also for the superiority of its canned goods."

British Columbians are becoming thoroughly alive to the future of horticulture in this Province. In the past, the horticulturists have had no publication which would make a special effort in the direction of placing their interests in a proper light before the public. In the hope of meeting this long felt want, THE HOME JOURNAL has opened a new department, devoted exclusively to horticulture, which will be under the supervision of a competent man. In this department, from week to week will be discussed matters affecting horticulture in this Province, and, if sufficient support is forthcoming, the amount of space devoted to the subject will be increased. THE HOME JOURNAL is anxious to receive from all interested contributions on the subject.

Another new feature of THE HOME JOURNAL is a poultry department, which is also in good hands. The raising of poultry is likely to become a profitable industry; but hitherto, like the horticulturists, the poultry men have labored under the disadvantage of having no publication in which to put forth their claims. Realizing this condition of affairs, the publishers of THE HOME JOURNAL will in future reserve a portion of their paper for the discussion of such subjects as may be considered necessary to the encourage-

ment of the industry in this Province. In another issue, I will have something to say on this point.

The Toronto *Empire* finds in the twenty-second annual report of the British Columbia Superintendent of Education reasons to compliment the people of the Pacific Coast Province upon the satisfactory growth of their public schools, which, as the *Empire* puts it, is an indication of double progress, inasmuch as it shows that school legislation keeps pace with increasing population. The following paragraph from the *Empire* should interest Mr. J. N. Muir, the great censor of our public school system: "The schools of British Columbia to-day give employment in all to 267 teachers, who are paid all the way from \$600 per annum to \$1,500, one teacher only receiving the maximum stipend. The public school teachers are expected to impart to the rising generation the modern average school knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, composition, geography, history, anatomy, physiology and hygiene, drawing and the value of physical exercise. So that it will readily be seen they are not behind the age, and, by the way, a more careful examination of the inspectors' report will reveal the fact that they possess the vices and virtues of the times in about the proportions characteristic of Ontario." It is not often that an Eastern paper says anything flattering about British Columbia, but when it does, it is only fair that British Columbians should be made aware of the fact.

Commenting on an item which recently appeared in THE HOME JOURNAL relating to the changes which the Church of England has undergone in recent years, a London, Eng., paper prints a list of clergymen of the Church of England who have recently been received into the Catholic Church in London, and wonders how the Episcopalians of Victoria and Canada generally will receive the tidings. The list is as follows: Rev. Horace Chapman, rector of Dunhead, St. Andrew's, near Salisbury; Rev. Sutherland Maclellan, curate of St. Cuthbert's, Earl's Court; Rev. Richard Someville Wood, chaplain to Her Majesty's forces; Rev. Hugh Briggs, curate of All Saints, Plymouth.

I am not sufficiently in the confidence of the members of the Church of England to venture an opinion as to how they will receive the tidings that four or five clergymen have been honest enough to come forward and act upon the courage of their convictions. If a clergyman or a layman sincerely feels that within the gates of the Catholic Church he is nearer the throne of Grace, I can see no reason why he should be condemned for entering therein. The great objection is that some clergymen, professedly Protestant, preach the doctrines and adopt the practices so long considered the especial property of the Roman Catholic Church, and lack the courage to become Roman Catholics. In acting thus, they not only place themselves in a very bad light, but may be instruments in instilling into the minds of the young a form of worship in direct opposition to what the conscience of the

parents tells them is not according to Holy Writ. The Roman Catholic Church has withstood religious intolerance for centuries, and will continue to do so, and there is no reason in the world why any one who feels so inclined should not come out and openly avow themselves in accord with that church. There can be no objection to a clergyman who conscientiously believes himself on the wrong road to take the right road at the earliest opportunity.

There is a growing demand for cheap reading. In olden times, the prices of books were so high and money so scarce that only the wealthy could enjoy the luxury of reading current literature. Now all this is changed, the poor as well as the rich, at a moderate expense can secure the works of the best authors for a small. Mr. Jamieson, the well-known merchant of Government street, is determined to give the public still cheaper reading, and with this end in view has started what is known as a "book exchange." He proposes to throw his entire stock of paper covered books, the largest in the Province, into the exchange. Every person who purchases a 25-cent book can, after reading it, by paying an additional 10 cents and returning the original book in good condition, secure another 25-cent book. The charge of exchanging a 50-cent book will be 15 cents. By this means every one has an opportunity of reading as many as he likes of the 10,000 books in Mr. Jamieson's book exchange. No doubt many will take advantage of the opportunity thus presented to secure cheap reading at a small expense.

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

It is announced that immediately after the House prorogues Messrs. Brown and Cotton will "star" the Province in the great play which their opponents designate the sublime force of "Balaam and his Ass." It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Cotton will play the ass and Mr. Brown the rider, who will belabor his steed with all his might until he brays loud enough.

John Cunningham Brown, M. P. P., is understood to be training hard in the school of Prof. Twigg, so as to be able to handle Col. the Hon. James Baker, of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, also of Crimean and Cranbrook fame, and, it is said, as the latter has the choice of weapons would be just as ready to knock him down as talk him down.

The postmaster of the city of New Westminster, for it has not yet been announced whether he will resign the position or be removed from office, owing to the incompatibility of the positions of politician and letter sorter, is said to have been so well satisfied with his success in "taking off" the Premier that he might possibly study for the stage. In that event it is not unlikely that he would sing his own version of "Two Little Boys in Blue," the moral of the song being the impossibility of a man being the servant of the authorities at Ottawa, and a rival with the Attorney-General for the bossship of

British Columbia, who is also one of the boys in blue.

It is reported that in addition to the other features of the dramatic show which the Premier will pilot through the Island and Mainland in the course of a few weeks, Mr. Hunter, M. P. P., for Comox, will illustrate how, were he so permitted, he could represent the modern development of the Colossus of Rhodes by stretching himself politically from where he now is over to Alberni, and then overshadowing the islands, Messrs. Fletcher and Booth serving as the weight by which it would be possible for him to balance himself during the thrilling performance.

It is not certain whether or not it will be a case of fistcuffs or cold steel when Messrs. Punch and Sword enter the arena to champion the respective causes of the Government and the Opposition on one of the big events to which Westminster is looking forward. Dr. Watt, who, it would appear, has been wiped out politically will, it is probable, be stationed in the ring to supply the needed medical attentions.

Mr. Thomas Kitchen is, it is authoritatively announced, rehearsing under the careful instruction of a well-known master his own unrivalled composition, "I'm no nearer to the pantry than e'er I was before." The song will be sung in character, with a full orchestral accompaniment of spoons, forks, tumblers, frying pans and dish cloths.

Mr. Speaker—I cannot refrain
From passing a comment harsh again
Upon the conduct—but why dilate,
Why prolong by further debate,
Discussion of Theodoric depravity?
All I can say—I say it with gravity—
Without into detail caring to enter
All the questions before us must centre
Upon this point, and this alone
A fight's not lost until it's won;
As I said, the Redistribution bill
Is simply a compound of malice and ill;
The Budget—but pray excuse a tear—
I did not touch it, what more would you hear?
I point the finger of scorn at those
Who dare to ape in financier's clothes,
Unmindful that but one financier
Has ever been known in Columbia,
Modesty, my most redeeming feature,
Prevents my naming the humble creature.
But, Mr. Speaker—you may rely
That when the Committee on Supply
Shall bring in a Budget in ninety-five,
No unpaid drones will burden the hive,
I therefore move with very good reason,
That Davie & Co. be indicted for treason.
If the motion be lost I will appeal to the Times,
And then they'll be hung—whatever their crimes—
(He whispered to Keith, in very low breath,
"Our only hope is to be in at the death.")

It is rumored in local financial circles that the Duke of Montrose and a party of British capitalists will visit British Columbia during the summer, the object of their trip being, it is said, to thoroughly investigate the advantages which the Kootenay country offers for investment. We trust we shall not be considered too forward in directing the attention of His Grace and friends to the

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NOTES ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

ALLOW me to congratulate the Ator. Beaven general on his excellent speech in the debate on the Budget, as printed in Tuesday morning's *Colonist*. I think he showed up the leader of the Opposition in his true colors and scored a point at every sentence. The "Pooley Scandal," the "Baker Scandal," etc., he handled in a way that every charge made recoiled on Mr. Beaven's head with double force. He also denuded the word "Liberal" in a way that should be in every text book in the public schools thus: Liberal, Radical, Socialist, Anarchist, and as we all know by axiom 1, "things that are equal to the same are equal to one another." It does seem strange to me that one set of men, because they disagree with another set, should resort to such means as to bring discredit on the Province and try to prove it is in a perfect state of bankruptcy, both to our friends at home and abroad; and that any man to gratify his own personal spite should slander the living and vilify the dead. There is no good Government of course without an opposition, but carried on on fair and party grounds each having the welfare of the country at heart, and not descend to personal abuse and insinuations calculated to bring the Province into contempt. The people of Victoria have already in a very signal manner showed Mr. Beaven what they think of him, and I am prepared to lay a small wager that if he stands for the city at the coming election, for the first time in his life giving a gratuity to anybody he will enrich the coffers of his adopted country to the tune of two hundred dollars. But enough of the nasty subject; we will leave his vindication to the *Times*, but if the editor had served his country half as well as he has done Beaven, he would not have been left to pay his own score after the last Dominion election.

The Chinese seems at present to be the only point in which all can agree in abusing. Well, I have heard a great deal on both sides, but the only remedy I have heard of yet is the advice I gave last week. How on earth are you to do away with the curse when nearly every merchant in the place employs them? I will tell you a little anecdote, and, unlike most anecdotes, it is perfectly true. A gentleman in one of our hotels, the other day, had just purchased a new pair of boots and showed them to a friend who enquired the price. "Six dollars and a half," replied the other. "Indeed; I can get a pair here not a block off, the very same for three and a half, and if you doubt it, I will bet you five dollars on it." The stakes were deposited, and the pair went about half a block where they entered a Chinaman's den. "John," said he, "how muchee you makee shoe allee samee?" "Three and a half," replied John; "lem me see, me savee him shoe, take him offee, you can see him markee, me makee allee shoe for that shop." "Oh, thunder!" cried the man who lost his bet, "I have been dealing at that store ever since I have been in Victoria, and simply because he said he employed only white labor, and now these shoes have cost me eleven and a half, now,

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Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Notions

from henceforward, every mortal thing I wear, whether boots or clothes, I'll go direct to the Chinaman for, instead of dealing with humbugs." What would you say if hides were imported into Victoria from Montreal, made here into shoes by Chinese labor, and sent back to Montreal again for sale as the result of white labor? But such is a fact—at least, I am told so on unquestionable authority.

I see John N. Muir has come out of his shell again, and this time in a new character—as a propounder of conundrums and a champion of morality. He asks, is Premier Davie an Anarchist? I will answer this by another question, is John N. Muir a lunatic? He blames Dr. Pope and J. W. Wilson of robbing him of his license to teach the rising generation; if half their evidence is to be relied on John got off cheap, and the rising generation is to be congratulated on his retirement. Give us a rest, John.

The *Times* occasionally has some very interesting reading. I was much impressed by a long rigmarole about "Domestic Servants in India," highly flavored with Hindostanese jargon. Now what on earth do we care about "domestic servants in India"? Why not give us an article on domestic servants in British Columbia? headed with a likeness of the heathen Chinese so "childlike and bland." There was one lady telling another who called on her, the other day, that at last she had got a treasure of a cook, and invited her just to come to the kitchen and catch him unawares. Well, they did: this treasure was washing his feet in a saucepan.

The triangular duel carried on by Messrs. Colman, Bragg and P. Hardie, in the columns of the *Times*, re the Chinese question, is becoming interesting and occupying a good deal of the space heretofore taken up in blackguarding Davie—one step at least in the right direction. Bragg I know as an anti and Colman as a pro Chinese champion, but who is P. Hardie that has been so suddenly sprung upon us as the champion of the working-man? I fancy I can see under his assumed "sane, blasphemy and malignity, as Colman styles it, one of the brilliant contributors to the *Toronto Empire*. If I am wrong I must apologize to "Mr. P. Hardie." Anyway, there is a great deal of sense in what he says. China for the Chinese; convert them there if you like, and, although it would cause us a wrench, I think we could almost bear to part with Mr. Colman, if he would devote the rest of his life to converting them in their own country.

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FOR BAKERS' BREAD use 1/8 to 1/4 less yeast.

HOME-MADE BREAD 1/4 to 1/3 less than formerly. Keep the dough MUCH SOFTER THAN USUAL.

DO NOT MAKE IT STIFF.

Salt is a most important factor in regulating fermentation, and in Bread-making during cold weather 1/4 to 1/3 less salt is necessary than would be during the warmer months. This is due to the difference between artificial and natural heat.

Stalactite Caves in Utah.

Two of the most wonderful stalactite caves of the world are located within the territory of Utah—one five miles south of Tropicville and the other 25 miles west of St. George. Neither is remarkable on account of size, and, according to the St. Louis Republic, the dignifying title of "cavern" has never been bestowed upon either of the two. They simply come within the category of the wonderful because of the immense number of stalactites of various sizes and colors which depend from their roofs. The first, the one near Tropicville, is known as "La Virgin," and the other by the name of the "Black Warrior." The Virgin was discovered a few years ago by the contractor of an irrigating company, who was engaged in driving a tunnel through a mountain called La Virgin Bench for the purpose of tapping the river beyond. When the light was first let into this wonderful underground chamber the effect is said to have been startling, the roof and floor glittering with cubes and points of crystal alum and the roof studded with millions of rain-colored stalactites.

The Black Warrior cave is a counterpart of the Virgin and was discovered by miners at a point where their tunnel was 365 feet beneath the surface.

Disease Among European Pine Trees.

A new disease has attacked the pine forests of a certain locality in Alsace, and from Strasbourg comes the information that the pine forests of Grendelbruch, a village situated at the foot of the famous castle of Guirbaden, have been entirely destroyed. No remedy has so far been discovered to stay the destructive malady. At first it was thought to cut off the diseased branches would stop the ravages, but this has been found insufficient, because it does not show itself until the branches are hopelessly diseased. The forests of Grendelbruch have been visited by a number of prominent scientists from France and Germany, and Professor Senweger, of Ebersfeld, is now examining diseased branches, but so far without results.

Paper Money Statistics.

In 1840 Great Britain had £35,000,000 of paper money, in 1890 £39,000,000; at the former date France had £9,000,000, at the latter £115,000,000; Austria had £70,000,000 and £123,000,000 respectively.

Propelling the Whale.

What is the horse power of a whale? This is the problem which has been solved by a brace of Scottish mathematicians. A whale was stranded on the western coast of Scotland some weeks ago, and the interesting calculation was made that power equal to 145 horses would be required to propel the whale through the water at the rate of 12 miles an hour.

The Shoe Heel.

The German mother says that should she by accident lose the heel of her shoe one of her children will die before the year is out, while should a French lady meet with such an accident to her high-heeled slippers disappointment in love is sure to follow.

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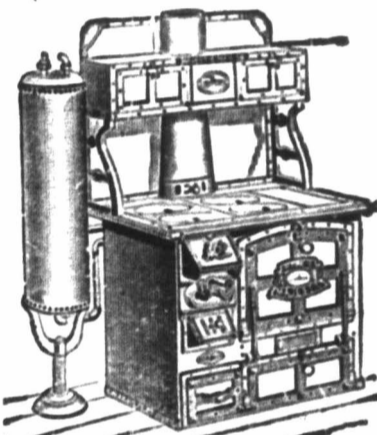
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Painless Extraction of Teeth!

Having purchased from Dr. Kellogg, of Chicago, the sole right to use his local anesthetic in Victoria, I am now prepared to extract teeth

ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN

This medicine is a perfectly safe local anesthetic, having been used on over 30,000 patients without a bad result. By applying it to the gums, the living pulp or nerve can be extirpated without any pain, which is something that has never been accomplished with any other local application. If you have any teeth to extract we will do it without pain, or no money asked.

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exchanged for another 25c novel upon
payment of 10c. A 50c novel may be
exchanged for another 50c novel upon
payment of 15c.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Golden Bottle," by Ignatius Donnelly, is the latest work from the pen of that brilliant American author. It is practically a discussion of the social problems now awaiting solution by our American cousins. A story with a well-defined plot is interwoven into the work. Notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Donnelly that "A Golden Bottle" was written by him while riding on railroad trains during a recent political campaign, many will regard the work as the result of much thought on the subject with which it deals. The following extract from "A Golden Bottle," will give some idea of the opinions held by the author:

"The constitution of the United States declares the 'welfare' of the people to be one of the supreme purposes for which that instrument and our government were formed. It is, indeed, the only purpose that can justify the existence of government and the collection of taxes. It is absurd to think that any intelligent people would submit to the limitations, restraints, and exactions of government, if they did not expect to receive in return an improvement of their material condition. Any other theory implies that the mass of mankind are fools; and if fools, they are incapable of self-government; and if this be so, you have no business here as a representative of a conglomerate array of incapable people. In the old times men carved, out of wood and stone, figures of men, and called them gods, and prostrated themselves before them, and worshipped the work of their own hands. In modern times men create governments for the good of mankind, and then sacrifice mankind for the good of the governments. They cannot see the people behind the tissue of articles and sections and provisions of the Constitution; and yet for the people was the whole thing created. This, as the great poet and thinker says, 'is to make the wor-ship greater than the god.' This is to make the clothes greater than the man; the casket more valuable than the gem; the body more important than the soul; and the universe mightier than its Creator." The work is now on sale at Jamieson's Book Store, next door to post office.

"What to Do," thoughts evoked by the census of Moscow and containing passages excluded by the press censor of Moscow, is the latest work from the pen of Count Leo Tolstoi, author of "Power and Liberty," "The Cossacks," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and other works. "What to Do" is written in Count Tolstoi's attractive style, and one cannot help being benefitted by reading it. The book is now on sale at Jamieson's Bookstore, next door to post-office.

Although Mr. Ross has only been writing stories for a short time, anything new from his pen is now eagerly read by thousands in the United States and Canada. "Miss Giddy," his latest effort, is preferred by many to any book which Mr. Ross has so far produced. This book can now be purchased at Jamieson's Bookstore, next door to postoffice.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Patti Rosa is easily at the head and front of her especial style of stage comedy and possesses rare powers as an entertainer. She is one of the public favorites who have kept themselves in touch with the growth and changes of the theatre going public's tastes and this progressive spirit has been a considerable factor in her growing success and popularity. Her talents are essentially those that belong to comedy work and her training and schooling in this particular line have been of the best. She was born to the stage, as the saying goes. Her father was one of England's foremost pantomimists, while her mother, who is yet a comparatively young woman, was famous a few years ago as Cerita, the transformation dancer. Patti Rosa's first appearance was at the age of four years, in a Christmas pantomime in Cheltenham, England. Her precocity and cleverness brought her to the attention of London managers and she soon became familiar in child parts in London theatres. John Stetson, the Boston manager, induced her mother and herself to make their first trip to America and Patti Rosa was in the first Boston production of Pinafore, afterwards she came west and later went to Australia, where she achieved success. Returning to this country she began her career as a star and with such success that she is recognized as one of the few female stars who have acquired a comfortable fortune in their profession. Her professional trip to England a few years ago was a venture that few American stars have undertaken. She played in England forty-four weeks, and during her nineteen weeks in London it became quite the thing for the heavy swells and society people to "drop in" at the Princess' Theatre and hear "the little American play the banjo." Her liberal donations to the charitable fund of the Order of the Elks have made her a favorite with that organization. Her engagement at the theatre next Monday night in her

latest and best play "Miss Dixie," gives interest to this sketch. She is well known and liked here and is certain to offer refreshing and pleasure giving entertainments to her patrons. Her company has in it excellent material, the comedy element being furnished by Joe Cawthorn, Bert Coote, Maurice Darcy and others.

The New Westminster Amateur Operatic Society is hard at work rehearsing Gilbert & Sullivan's famous comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," under the direction of Mr. F. Victor Austin. Wednesday evening is the soloists' rehearsal; Friday, chorus; and Saturday the orchestra, which is comprised of about 25 performers, some of the wind instrumentalists being veteran guards bandmen in London, England. New Westminster band is recognized as the best band in the Province, and the members are enthusiastic in the work of "Pinafore," in which they are joined by several members of Mr. F. Victor Austin's pupils' orchestra in Vancouver. The principal characters will be, Josephine, Mrs. Moresby; Buttercup, Miss Ogle; Hebe, Miss Clute; Ralph, Mr. E. Owen Mallis; Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. A. Rounsefell; Capt. Corcoran, Mr. Kerry; Boatswain, Dr. De Wolf Smith; Dick Deadeye, Mr. Welch. The opera will be produced directly after Lent and is being looked forward to with much interest, as Mr. F. Victor Austin's reputation as a conductor is well known.

The dates for the Carleton Opera Company are March 29, 30 and 31. The operas to be given will probably be "Dorothy," "Fra Diavolo," "Nanon," and either "Chimes of Normandy" or an entirely new and original opera. The company is the same size as the Calhouns, but contains better leading people, and is a more expensive company all through.

Following Patti Rosa, comes the Irish comedian, John T. Kelly, in "McFee of Dublin," March 14.

Patti Rosa's father gave Lottie Collins of Ta-ra-ra fame her first lessons in dancing.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

An enjoyable dance was given by Mrs. Wilson, 21 Quebec street, last Friday week. The programme comprised twenty-six dances. The music was furnished by Richardson's orchestra. There were twenty-five couples present.

Mr. W. W. Armstrong, a well known commercial traveller of Winnipeg, will be married in this city in May, to a talented Fort street young lady.

Mr. John Collister, jr., and family are visiting friends at San Francisco, and expect to return on March 5.

Mr. Chas. Minor has returned to the city after a lengthy stay in Toronto.

Capt. J. Irving was a guest at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, last week.

Miss Broderick is visiting her brother, Wm. Broderick, Menzies street.

"Work, work, work, Till eyes are heavy and dim." If your eyes feel like that, either from over-work or falling sight, you need glasses, good ones, and at once. If you will call at 63 Government street, Pennock & Lowe will test your sight and supply you with a pair of Lawrence's celebrated glasses at commercial prices.

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SPORTING NOTES.

FOOTBALL.

On Tuesday night, the Victoria Rugby Football Club held a special general meeting at the James Bay Athletic Association rooms to consider whether it would be to its advantage to guarantee its support to the Victoria Athletic Association grounds in accordance with the terms as submitted to the meeting by the said Victoria Athletic Association. The attendance was not large. Capt. H. M. Jones occupied the chair. After the matter was fully discussed—nearly every one present speaking three or four times on the subject—a resolution was adopted pledging support to the scheme.

The Irishmen of this city have organized a Rugby team to play "the world" at Caledonian grounds on St. Patrick's Day. More power, Ireland.

The Westminster match has been postponed, as it was expected the grounds would not be in fit condition to play.

BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Shorthand Practiced by the Romans About 2,000 Years Ago.

Cicero is said to have been the inventor of shorthand writing, and the Freedman, Marcus Tullius Tiro, his friend, the first stenographer, and he undoubtedly did use a method of shorthand writing as early as 60 B.C. The first English treatise was by Timothe Bright, entitled, "An Arte of Shorte Swifte and Secrete Writing by Character," invented by Timothe Bright, Doctor of Physike, Imprinted at London by I. Windet, the assignee of Tim Bright, 1588. Cum privilegio Regiæ Maiestatis. Forbidding all others to print the same." Dr. Bright in this work says: "Cicero did account it worthie his labour, and no less profitable to the Roman common weale (Most Gracious Soueraigne) to inuent a speedie kinde of wryting by character, as Plutarch reporteth in the life of Cato the younger. This invention was increased afterward by Seneca that the number of characters grew to 7,000. Whether through inure of time, or that the men gaue it over for tediousness of learning, nothing remaineth extant of Cicero's inuention at this day."

The stenographer who recalls the efforts required to properly master the few characters used in the art to-day will wonder that of Cicero's system, with its 7,000 characters, nothing remains at this day. It was not until 1642, according to the New York World, that the art became of any practical use, and it was first used in the house of lords in 1699 in taking testimony in a divorce suit. Stenographers were not regularly employed in parliament, however, until 1802.

In many of the public schools of the country stenography is a part of the training. An evidence of its recent remarkable growth is shown by a circular issued by the bureau of education at Washington. Here it is shown that from July 1, 1889, to June 30, 1890, 57,375 persons received instruction in the art of shorthand in schools and colleges in the United States. Five thousand five hundred and fifty of these were in New York and Brooklyn. A like circular was issued by the bureau in 1884, in which it was shown that during the year 1882 the number of pupils receiving such instruction was 12,470. It is therefore quite safe to say that the number for 1893 exceeded 75,000. But this number does not take into consideration an army probably equally large who receive instruction from some other source or from professional stenographers. Out of this vast army, however, but a very small minority are either physically or mentally qualified to become court reporters or even office amanuenses.

SAVED BY A BIG GRAY RAT.

Professor Churchill's Thrilling Experience in a Caving Arizona Mine.

"You were asking about that stuffed rat in my room," said Professor Churchill, the mining expert, to a New York Sun man. "The story concerns an experience that made my hair curl. I was once retained to report upon the workings of a mine called the Little Whoop Up, in southern Arizona. On an adjoining claim was another mine called the Atlas. A dispute arose. The Atlas people claimed that the lower tunnel of the Whoop Up had been bored into the ground and a half million in ore taken out. The first thing to do was to make a survey of the Whoop Up, and of course the Whoop Up people objected. Finally an order for the survey was secured by the court and Dr. John R. Parks and I were sent to make the survey. There are tricks in all trades, and the Whoop Up superintendent knew a few. When we reached the mine he said that the tunnel we wished to explore was in a dangerous condition. There had been a cave, the timbers were rotten, and so on. It meant a 10 to one chance that we would be crushed if we tried it. Of course, we classed him as a liar, though he turned out to be right.

"We worked our way in the tunnel until we ran against a jam of fallen timbers which were sound and were plainly arranged to stop our progress. Parks went back for an ax, while I worked at the roof with a pick to dislodge the center pieces. I succeeded and had climbed half way over into the other side of the tunnel when there came a terrific crash of loose ore from the roof. It fell on both sides of the timbers, pinning me in a hole which would have been a grave right there but for a few sticks which held the mass of ore above. The place was barely large enough to move in, and I knew it was certain death in a few hours unless Parks could dig me out. Even then I believed I was gone, for I did not know how much ore had fallen. In a few minutes the air got heavy, and my eyes began to feel drowsy, and it seemed like the roof and sides of the hole were closing in on me. This oppression and drowsiness increased until I was forced to hammer the sides of the place with my fists and head to keep awake. Still not a sound could I hear from the outside, and only the slow crumbling of ore from above. The foul air was getting into my brain, and I think I was actually insane with the fearful dread of being buried alive. Anyhow, I remember dropping to the floor of the hole, and giving a few faint shouts which echoed back into my ears. I had given up all hope, and was almost swooning when I heard a strange scraping sound above me. I yelled, but received no answer, and then threw my body against the wall and tried to pick out the ore from between the lodged timbers. Still came the queer, scraping noise which seemed to come nearer and nearer and sounded not unlike the steady grinding of a saw. It seemed to last for hours, though it could hardly have been a minute after when a bit of earth dropped to my feet from the upper end of the wall, and along with it came a big gray mine rat, who saved my life, for he left a clear hole for his trail, and through it came a breath of fresh air that gave life to me. The fellow had bored his way from the shaft side of the cave. I stayed there two hours after that until Parks found the cave, got help, and got me out without breaking the air hole. I caught the gray rat, too, and kept him well fed until he died, and wouldn't take a lot of money for his skin now."

Removing the Hat in Public Places.

While there is altogether too much laxity in the social code, and too little attention is given to enforcing the rules that govern good society, common sense and regard for health should, to a certain extent, regulate all of our doings.

While it is a very pleasing and courteous thing for a man to raise his hat when meeting a lady on the street, or in public buildings and elevators, there are many times and places when this is a decided imprudence as far as health goes.

Coming out of a warm room or, when heated with rapid walking, the forehead and hair may become damp with perspiration, a moment's raising of the hat, or removing it altogether while going up in an elevator, exposes the head to a strong current of air, and, in persons of susceptible temperatures, it may be productive of violent attacks of neuralgia.

Any form of politeness that is based on a disregard for the health and life of others is scarcely to be commended in any particular, and, therefore, society should adopt some salute or mark of courtesy expressly for out-of-door meetings. Whatever this may be, it should be strictly observed and not made a matter of convenience or mood, as is sometimes the case.

"American's Abroad."

"Americans Abroad" is a comedy of excellent dramatic construction, its worst defects being due to M. Sardou's evident lack of knowledge of American characteristics. His Americans may be Parisian Americans, but they are not genuine, as they are supposed to be. There are errors of detail which are counterbalanced by a neatly told story, of which love is the theme and in which human interest is artistically blended. Its only real "villain" happily does not appear on the stage at all and its most despicable characters are a fortune-hunting Frenchman and a baroness who is unpleasantly persistent in her efforts to force an American heiress into a marriage with a bankrupt Parisian social parasite, nolens volens. There is enough of characteristic Sardou comedy—never a caricature and never boisterous—inserted into the lines to make them breezy out of the commonplace, and the play is never dull.

No Object in Life.

A person who has no object in life is apt to run a vagrant and useless career. A man who aims at nothing, cannot reasonably expect to hit anything. In military operations, there is always what is called the objective point. The objective point is the point to be made, the thing to be done. All the forces of the army are concentrated on the making of that point; and when that point is made, success follows.

In one sense, life is a warfare; it is a succession of campaigns. And every one should have his objective point—a clearly defined purpose—and work up to it with undeviating persistency. This is the only way he can succeed.

Even-Handed Justice.

Dr. Francis Parkman, the late historian, had a strict idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked the friend. "I found that Johnnie here had eaten all of the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnnie watch him while he eats it."

When friends or acquaintances come to Victoria be sure and recommend the Dominion Hotel as a most desirable moderate-priced Hotel. Remember you take no chances in sending your friends to the Dominion Hotel.

HASTIE & BANNERMAN, LONDON BLOCK, JOHNSON STREET.

Hay, Grain, Flour and Feed Merchants.

SCOTCH FIFE AND PEERLESS FLOURS.

Our Breakfast Delicacy is the best in the market.

Frank Campbell * P. O. BOX 108.

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

ADELPHI CAFE,

COR. YATES AND GOVERNMENT STREETS.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

WM. CROFT, PROPRIETOR.

VICTORIA FEED AND PRODUCE CO.,

Flour, Grain, Hay, Fruit, Etc.

COMMISSION AGENTS.

SPECIALTIES FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:—

- Snowflake and Superb Flour, \$4.50 per bbl; \$1.15 per sack.
- National Rolled Oats, 35 cts per sack of 10 lbs.
- Graham Flour, \$4.25 per bbl; \$1.10 per sack.

PANDORA AVE. AND CORMORANT STS. (Rear of City Hall.

THOS. TUGWELL, MANAGER.

J. W. Creighton, 88 GOVERNMENT STREET.

+ MERCHANT + TAILOR. +

Special Inducements:—

Spring and Summer Suits from \$20 up. Pants from \$5. Overcoats from \$20. First class workmanship guaranteed.

Drink

THE "Soft Water" BRAND OF

A DELICIOUS BLEND.

Ceylon Tea

ERSKINE, WALL & CO., Sole Agents.

NOTICE.



Over 1,600 Paragon Oil cans are now in daily use in Victoria, and orders still increasing; 1,700 more cans now on the road. The Paragon Oil Co are selling over two cars of oil per month, and will soon be selling four car-loads per month. Every one should use the Paragon Oil Can. The Company guarantee satisfaction.

Office, 51 Yates St. Works, 141 Yates St.

Better Comb Your Hair!

Are you going to a ball? Are you going to a wedding? Are you going to a party? Are you going to church or where else? If you are, you had better comb your hair.

It will make a great difference in your appearance. Our stock of combs is unsurpassed.

Our specialty is PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS.

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE

CLARENCE BLOCK,

Cor. Yates and Douglas Streets.

Open All Night.

WHITE ROSE LEAGUE

THE CLAIMS MADE BY THE LEAGUE FOR THE BRITISH CROWN.

The Old, Old Story of the Stuart Pretensions With a Touch of Sentimental and Historical Romance About It—What the Claims Are Based On.

There exists at this moment, in Great Britain a society known as the League of the White Rose, the avowed object of which is the placing upon the throne, by constitutional means, the true heir of the Stuarts.

The Queen of England, as everyone knows is descended from the daughter of James I. But the rights of the ill-fated Charles Edward and his brother, the Cardinal of York—granting that both these princes died childless—reverted not to the descendants of the daughter of James I, but to the descendants of the daughter of Charles I, the Princess Henrietta. This princess, by her marriage with "Monsieur" the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., became "Madame" of France; and, by direct descent from her, the House of Modena is now the representative of the indirect line of Stuarts.

This is, of course, an old story. But the League of the White Rose claims that Prince Charles Edward did not die childless; that by his wife, the Princess Louisa of Stolberg, he left a son; that this son, to guard him from the enmity of the House of Hanover, was brought up by a Scottish nobleman as his own child, and actually served in the English navy, and that his grandson is serving to-day in the Austrian army. A remarkable story, truly; but not more remarkable than that of the alleged daughter of Queen Mary and Bothwell, as set forth in Miss Yonge's "Unknown to History." What vouches for the good faith, at least, of those who uphold this new claimant's pretensions is the fact that he is childless and that, therefore—no sudden or violent revolution being contemplated—neither he nor his supporters are benefited by his acknowledgment. The hopes of the League, so far as the future is concerned, are centered in the House of Modena.

One priceless source of information on the subject is still closed to those interested—the papers left by the Cardinal of York. These, which at his death were walled up in the chamber where he died, were at first transferred to the Vatican

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it was generally supposed, until recently, that they had remained there. It is now stated, however, that through the agency of some high personage in Rome, they were given up, of course, for a valuable political consideration—to the House of Hanover. The world will have some interesting reading if it ever gains access to these archives. Even the Vatican would still, doubtless, help us. Its historical treasures, which have been searched to such good effect in the case of Queen Victoria—as witness the works of Father Benson and of Sketton—will some day, perhaps, give us even more interesting information in regard to her descendants.

It will be seen that the same laws which have been the direct line of the Stuarts, set aside also all the Catholic branches. But the persons composing the League of the White Rose do not acknowledge the validity of these laws. They regard them as nugatory, and propose to treat them, on occasion, as null and void.

The League, it is distinctly stated, is not religious but political. It cannot be forgotten how some of the very bishops of the English Church who suffered for their loyalty to him at the hands of his persecutors. The Scottish Episcopal Church was persecuted almost out of existence by William, because it remained faithful to the fallen house. In their ancient land the Stuarts were toasted at Protestant banquets and prayed for in Protestant churches, long after such toasts and such prayers had been declared treason, and their memory is kept green to day, among persons of every creed, by the beautiful and pathetic songs of which their wrongs are the inspiration.

Our loves die hard, and love of the Stuarts has never died in Scotland—the Scotland not only of Charles Edward and Queen Mary, but of five gallant Jameses. In more than one noble house, there is guarded yet as its chief treasure a lock of yellow hair, or a scrap of blue ribbon—cut by Prince Charles's own hand and given with his own grace, in the dark days when he had nothing else to give. More than one ancient family points proudly, to-day, to the ancestor who was "out in the fifteen," or "out in the forty-five." And it is safe to say that it will always run in Scottish—or, at least, in Highland—blood to be "out" again, whenever there shall appear the true heir to their wild, dark, stormy, tender land.

The Face in a Natural State of Repose.

"I have more than once remarked that the women who seem able to keep their faces in a natural state of repose, especially when they are on the street, are in the minority," said an observing gentleman the other day. "If they could only be brought to realize how completely it destroys their good looks either to simper or scowl, I am sure they would pay more attention to the control of their features, and strive in some way to overcome the habit. The variety of expressions one sees depicted is both marvelous and laughable. There are features set and tense with determination, scowling brows and grim mouths. The tendency to frown and pucker up the face in the light is very common, and when the sight is strong enough to bear the glare. Children should not be allowed to contract the habit, as it is very difficult to overcome when they are older. I know a family of children," continued the old gentleman, "who, together with their long, fair hair and pretty features, ought to look like angels, and instead with their puckered faces and scowling brows, are completely spoiled. Every child should be taught to look, if not at

the sun itself, at least at the sunny sky, with unclouded, serene countenance."

Facts in Few Words.

It is said that the word "silhouette" originated from the niggardliness of a French Minister of Finance, named M. Silhouette. Under his rule the meanest tricks of economy were practised, and the courtiers had their portraits painted entirely in black, with profile view, claiming that M. Silhouette had left them so poor that they could not afford anything more costly.

Correct Form in Japan.

An invitation to dinner in Japan commences as follows: "I beg pardon for thus insulting you, in begging your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at 6 o'clock."

GIGANTIC AND AGED.

A Huge Land Tortoise Known to Be at Least 126 Years Old.

When the island of Mauritius came into possession of the British in 1810, among the ordinance stores handed over to and taken in charge by the Royal Artillery were two huge land tortoises. The survivor is still alive, and has been a denizen of Artillery Place and the barracks in Port Louis ever since, having survived many accidents and cruel experiments. Its shell is nine feet three inches in circumference and it stands two feet six inches high. It is a matter of record that this tortoise was alive 126 years ago.—London Daily Graphic.

Grafted Chicken Nails on MAN'S FINGERS.

Frederick Stoya, an engineer in Burlington, N.J., who claims to have served as a surgeon in the Franco-Prussian war, has succeeded in growing chicken nails on the stumps of two of his fingers. Last November Stoya mashed two fingers of his right hand, necessitating amputation at the first joint. About two weeks later, after the fingers had begun to heal nicely, Stoya conceived the idea of grafting nails on the stumps, and he selected and killed a healthy young chicken. While the body was yet palpitating he removed two of the chicken's nails. Then, carefully lifting the skin of the wounded fingers, he inserted the chicken nails and awaited developments. The nails have now become thoroughly set and serve to protect the ends of the wounded fingers.—Philadelphia Record.

Written in Nature's Phenomena.

The western Indian's belief in a great spirit is written over the map of the northwest. Manitoba is one record, and Lakes Michigan and Huron have many names that commemorate the piety or superstition of the Indians. A considerable space in the northern part of Lake Michigan is called Manitou, and here are North and South Manitou Islands. A considerable island in Lake Huron is the Grand Manitou. Colorado also has its Manitou, and it occurs, doubtless, elsewhere in the west.

Take This With Salt.

A curious animal captured on the African coast in 1854 was called the "talking fish," though it was really a species of seal. Among other innumerable tricks it was taught to articulate the words "mamma," "papa" and "John."

No Dudes in Theirs.

Single eyeglasses are prohibited in the German army. Even if a soldier has one good eye, yet needs glasses, he must perforce cover both eyes with them.

HUNTING FOR PREHISTORIC MAN.

An Extensive and Tireless Search With Only Meagre Results.

Civilization and science hold a serious grievance against the prehistoric man, granting, of course, that there was such an individual. They have sought for him high and low, but without success. They have dug for him in gravel banks, dredged for him in swamps, explored for him in caves and ransacked the four corners of the earth to discover his hiding place, only to be baffled in every quest. If the prehistoric gentleman is a reality and not a fraud or a myth he should kindly come to the surface and permit himself to be discovered. At present he is an object of suspicion and of doubt, and if he has any regard for his own reputation as our oldest inhabitant he will lose no time in coming forward and establishing his identity.

The department of archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania has made still further advances in its search for prehistoric man in the United States. The explorations of last summer along the Delaware Valley determined the department on a new course of investigation. Instead of trying to trace how far back man existed from gravel cuts and mounds, it was decided to investigate in caves. For this purpose a party, headed by H. C. Merceer, started for the caves of Texas and Tennessee about two weeks ago. Their investigations proved to be important. In the caves of Texas it had been asserted that human remains had been found, with which were found shells and pieces of pottery. Thinking a clew of the period might be found the party explored caves in Duval county and Bee county, Texas, but discovered that the remains were found in one layer, while the shells and pottery occupied a higher layer, but had fallen down by the gradual caving of the bank, so that nothing important resulted. In Tennessee, however, some important discoveries were made. The Nickajack and Lookout caves, near Knoxville, were thoroughly explored, and human remains were found, while in the same layer were found bones of the deer, tortoise, elk, rabbit, raccoon, soft shelled turtle, catfish, opossum, spade-footed toad, wildcat, wild turkey, squirrel and others, besides seven species univalve shells. There is no question but that man was associated with these animals, as but one layer exists, and the bones have been positively identified by Professor E. D. Cope.

The most interesting feature, however, was the discovery in the same layer of the bones of the extinct peccary, which have also been found in New Jersey, and also of two teeth of the tapir. The character of the other relics proved the cave to be inhabited by Indians, while the fact that but one layer exists leads to the belief that they had no predecessors in that region. The discovery of the tapir adds one to the list of animals extinct in that region, and dates the Indian further back than had previously been discovered.

Velocipede Chairs in Paris.

An invention which will drive the poor cabbies of Paris almost entirely out of the field is Bertoux's velocipede chair. In this chair ladies can be wheeled all over town by their gallants without sacrifice to their modesty. Any bicycle can be transformed into a cabriolet with this chair. The apparatus consists of a lightly built and comfortable coach seat with a wheel on the right hand side to which a wagon pole is fastened that can be screwed to the hind wheel of any bicycle. The lady mounts the seat and her escort on the right supplies the motor power on his wheel, and can entertain her most pleasantly besides.

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HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

(Under this heading all questions relating to flowers or horticulture will be answered.)

THE GARDEN.

THE severe weather having delayed gardening operations, it is necessary to commence work for the coming season at once. Garden walks should be put in order and all re-gravelling done; well rolled and a hard, smooth surface secured; lawns rolled and verges cut and trimmed. Vacant ground should be manured and dug over without delay. Get your seeds as early as possible, and procure them from a reliable firm; see that they are bright in color and new, or it will be sure to end in disappointment. It is a good plan to put a few seeds in small plots to test their germinating qualities. A row of peas may now be put in; plant parsnips in drills on deeply dug and well manured ground. A first sowing of lettuce and radish on a warm border should now be made. Young plants of cabbage and early cauliflower in frames should be well looked to as they will be wanted next month. Those who have not prepared their frames should at once obtain a load of stable manure, which should be well shaken and turned at least two or three times (say every third day). Keep the heap in a conical shape, otherwise it will heat too fiercely and not retain for long a nice heat. I will continue directions for frame work next week. Asparagus beds should be forked, lightly cleaned, and well mulched, with decomposed manure only. All planting of young fruit trees and moving of shrubs and trees should be finished and pruning brought to a close as early as possible. The pot flowers should be looked over and dead leaves removed, and where required repotted in previously prepared soil. This is a good time to take chrysanthemum cuttings. In my next paper I will give a selection of the best seed to plant and a few remarks on pruning small fruits.

J. W. WEBB.

Fern Hill, Boleskine Road, Feb. 22.

DIRECTIONS FOR PLANTING TREES.

The ground for an orchard should be dry subsoil or should be well under-

WANTED

This coming season from 200 to 500 tons fruit. All varieties.

The Okell & Morris Fruit Preserving Co

Wanted IN SEASON.

50 tons Cucumbers and Tomatoes

Due to arrive in March

15 Tons New Maple Syrup and Sugar.

Falconer Vinegar and Pickle Works.

Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

USE

I. X. L. Compound

For Destroying Insects. Does Not Fail.

Spraying Pumps and Garden Tools for sale.

Nicholles & Renouf, L'td., Victoria, B. C.

drained. The ground should be well plowed and harrowed. For ordinary sized trees dig the holes about twenty inches square and twelve inches deep; fill up till the tree, when set, will be about two inches deeper than when it stood in the nursery. In setting, spread the roots in their natural position, sift finely pulverized dirt well round them and press tightly with the hand. After setting, it is advisable to mulch old straw, or manure is better. Grain of any kind should not be sowed in a young orchard. Several crops of vegetables could be raised before the trees come into bearing, which would insure the cultivation of the trees and also be remunerative to the orchardist.

APPLES.

No fruit is more universally liked or generally used than the apple. It is exceedingly wholesome, and the finest sorts are much esteemed for dessert, and the little care required in its culture renders it the most abundant of all fruits in temperate climates. As the earlier sorts ripen in June and the latest can be preserved until that season, it may be considered as a fruit in perfection the whole year. Besides its merit for dessert, the value of the apple is still greater for the kitchen and in sauces, pies, tarts, preserves and jellies, and roasted or stewed this fruit is the constant and invaluable resources of the kitchen. The apple will grow on a great variety of soils, but it seldom thrives on very dry sands or soils saturated with moisture. Its favorite soil is a strong loam of a limestone nature. The apple is peculiarly adapted to Vancouver Island. In the East it takes from six to seven years for the trees to come into bearing, while here we expect them to bear the third or fourth year.

MULCHING.

This is properly done by placing a layer of coarse manure or litter about three to six inches deep about the tree, extending one to two feet further in each direction than the roots. This keeps the ground moist of an equal temperature, renders watering unnecessary, and is in all respects preferable to it. Trees properly mulched are more certain to live and make much greater growth than those which are not so treated.

LANGLEY & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists,

DEALERS IN

NITRATE OF SODA } Plant
SULPHATE OF AMMONIA } Food.
NITRATE OF POTASH }
SULPHATE OF POTASH }

S. SHORE, + + ✂

JOHNSON STREET, near Govt.

Dealer in Chicken Wire Fencing, Garden Hose,

Tools of all kinds, General Hardware.

VICTORIA BONE MANURE WORKS,

Manufacturers of

GROUND BONE.

As a fertilizer, it has no equal for Floriculture, Horticulture, and Agriculture. Make your chickens lay by feeding ground bone.

Office & Works: Cor. Gov't and Pembroke sts.

Important to those wanting Nursery Stock.

Having entered into an arrangement with the proprietors of this journal to open a cultural and floral department, and, at the same time, to do away with the existing prices paid for fruit trees and bushes of all kinds, which have always been considered an obstacle to the planting of orchards to extent in British Columbia, and, further, has been detrimental in the settling up of country, and, at the same time, one of the strongest arguments we have had to contend with in the sale of fruit lands.

Right here on Vancouver Island exist possible natural conditions for a great diversity of fruit growing—apples, pears, cherries, prunes, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries and blackberries grow better than in California. They ripen later in season, true enough, but ours is a better especially the prune, which grows twice the size of the California raised prune. It has more meat in comparison to the stone, would advise the growing of the prune what money can be made out of a small orchard is astonishing, and there is no danger of glutting the market. If all available land on Vancouver Island was planted out in prunes it would not commence to supply the needs of Canada.

By arrangement with the largest nursery in Oregon, and more especially a firm noted for delivery of stock true to name, placed in a position to deliver any of the following trees at Victoria, duty and freight paid:

Apples.....	per 1,000, 12cts
Pears.....	" 12cts
Cherries.....	" 12cts
Plums.....	" 12cts
Prunes.....	" 12cts
Gooseberries.....	" 4 cts
Currants.....	" 4 cts

Prices for special lines and quantities on application.

WINNETT & COOPER,

18 TROUNCHE AVENUE, Victoria, B. C.

E. C. PRIOR & CO, L'TD.,

WINDMILLS, INCUBATORS, SPRAY PUMPS, GARDEN TOOLS, LAWN MOWERS, PRUNING TOOLS, ETC.

Victoria. Vancouver. Kamloops

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

(Under this heading, all questions relating to poultry will be answered.)

THAT poultry raising, as a profitable industry, is receiving more of the attention it deserves was clearly demonstrated at the exhibition, both by the quality and condition of the birds and by the increased attendance, which was nearly treble that of last year. Though the entries were about three hundred short of last year, yet a gratifying improvement was noticed in the strictly business varieties—Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks and Cochins, with Indian Game and Wyandottes about stationary.

The annual meeting of the British Columbia, Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association was held on the evening of the 14th inst, about forty enthusiastic fanciers being present. The election of officers was the principal business transacted, and resulted as follows: President, Lieut.-Governor Dewdney; vice-president, George Jay; secretary, W. Scott Chambers; treasurer, W. McKeon, Jr.; executive—M. Miller, R. P. McLennan, Dr. J. Duncan, R. Merritt, B. Boggs, Dr. Milne, B. B. Moore, J. B. Carmichael, Rev. F. W. Fox

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..... per 1,000, 12 cts
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Special lines and quantities on

ETT & COOPER,

VENUE, Victoria, B. C.

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S, INCUBATORS, SPRAY PUMPS,
TOOLS, LAWN MOWERS, ETC.

Vancouver, Kamloops

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H. Chapman and R. Hamilton,

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will Beget Like. At Victoria, '93, won
breeding pen. Victoria, '94, 1st on pen
1st and 2nd cockerel, 2nd cock, 2nd pullet
Like Did Beget Like. Pen No. 1 Cock-
Pacific of Ajax strain—Eggs, per setting,
Pen No. 2 by cockerel "Golden West"
ed to six pullets selected from 89 choice
ts bred by me—Eggs, per setting, \$2. Pen
3 by cock "Max," sired by "Prince Wil-
I." E by "Ajax 4," E by "Ajax 1"
gs \$2.

N GARDNER, BROWN LEGHORN SPECIAL-
St. Leighton Road, Victoria, B. C.

ornish Indian Games

Brown Leghorns.

breeding pen is headed by 2nd Cockerel at
Victoria show. Score 92, mated with 1st and
nd pullets. Eggs for sale \$3 per setting.
BERT SHERK, 77 Henry St., Victoria, B. C.

B. MOORE,

Cedar Hill Poultry Yards.

breeder of High Grade LEGHORNS and
RRRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.
Eggs for Setting \$2 to \$5 per doz.
P. O. Box 145. Victoria, B. C.

ENSARN KENNELS.

SCOTCH COLLIES (Melchley
Wonder Strain.
FIELD SPANIELS—Puppies.
FOX TERRIERS—Prize Winners.
Also Partridge Cochins, Indian Game, Brown
Leghorns and B. B. R. Game Bantams.
B. CARMICHAEL, 87 Government Street,
opposite Post Office.

DON'T INBREED!

Now is the time to change your cockerels.
We have thoroughbred eggs
for hatching.

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

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL, \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

BOILING WATER NOT ALWAYS HOT.

Strange Effect of Atmospheric Pressure at Certain Spots of the Earth.

"Cold boiling water, indeed! Boiling water is the hottest kind of thing. Don't I know? Haven't I scalded my fingers more than once with water from the tea-kettles?"

The speaker was right, and yet, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, he was wrong. Boiling water is not always very hot water, in spite of his painful experience. When water boils ordinarily it is because great heat has separated the tiny particles of the water, forcing upward and outward in lively bubbles the air which is contained in them. This is done in spite of the downward pressure of the atmosphere. After the water has become hot enough to boil it can get no hotter, because the air escapes as fast as it is sufficiently heated to do so. There are places on the earth where the pressure of the atmosphere upon the water is so slight that it requires but little heat to push apart the particles and set free the air bubbles which are confined in the water, so it begins to boil before it gets very hot. It ought hardly to be called cold water, perhaps, but it is certainly far from being as hot as ordinary boiling water. This state of things is found on all high mountain tops, as the atmosphere grows weaker and its pressure less as one ascends. A gentleman traveling at a great elevation in the Andes Mountains put some potatoes in a pot of water over a hot fire. The water began to boil almost immediately, but the potatoes did not cook. All the afternoon and all night the water bubbled and boiled, but still the potatoes were not cooked. The boiling water was not hot enough.

Bible Confirmed by Discovery.

Infidels believe some statements in the Bible to be made out of whole cloth. Sceptics accept the book as far as "their reason" permits; like a woman who was relating a runaway, and said she "trusted in Providence—till the harness broke." Some Christians look upon the Scriptures as a child does the science of electricity. They cannot see the why and the wherefore, but suppose they will understand some day. But time and again discovery blows a bugle call of victory. The advance of science is a Juggernaut that crushes underneath its wheels the captives of unbelief and denial. For example, the description of the armour worn by Goliath is considered a little "stretched" by the incredulous. Of course, 208 pounds for a coat of mail was a little more than modern warriors can carry. A spear-head weighing 25 pounds required a mighty arm to wield it effectively. But along comes discovery with "the colossal head of an immense lance," found in an ancient Armenian royal palace. Its breadth is five and a half inches, its length 31½ inches, with six holes by which it was fastened to its shaft. The Old Testament story is not so bad after all. Besides, news is continually flashed over the wire of archaeological discoveries which confirm the Bible history. Every find in this century has been like a lightning bolt, to strike into everlasting annihilation the doubts and quibbles of the infidel or the agnostic.

MASSES OF LIVELY ATOMS.

Diamonds Are Composed of Myriads of Molecules in Continuous Motion.

Sir R. Ball, who is fond of revealing the marvelous, has been studying the mysterious action of molecules, and what he has to say concerning the movements of the molecules of a diamond is as truly surprising as anything he has told us about the sun and the

planets. Every body is composed of a multitude of extremely, but not infinitely, small molecules, and it might be thought, says Sir Robert, according to a contributor in the Newcastle (England) Chronicle, that in a solid, at all events, the little particles must be clustered together in a compact mass. But the truth is far more wonderful. Were the sensibility of our eyes increased so as to make them a few million times more powerful, it would be seen that the diamond atoms which form the perfect gem when aggregated in sufficient myriads are each in a condition of rapid movement of the most complex description. Each molecule would be seen swinging to and fro with the utmost violence among the neighboring molecules, and quivering from the shocks it receives from encounters with other molecules, which occur millions of times in each second. The hardness and impenetrability so characteristic would at first sight seem to refute the supposition that it is more than a cluster of rapidly moving particles; but the well-known impenetrability of the gem arises from the fact that, when attempt is made to press a steel point into the stone, it fails because the rapidly moving molecules of the stone batter the metal with such extraordinary vehemence that they refuse to allow it to penetrate or even to mark the crystallized surface. When glass is cut with a diamond the edge which seems so hard is really composed of rapidly moving atoms. The glass which is cut is also merely a mass of moving molecules, and what seems to happen is that as the diamond is pressed forward its several particles, by their superior vigor, drive the little particles of glass out of the way.

Where Did You Get That Hat?

A Frenchman in Buda-Pesth recently bought a hat of peculiar shape and color. He strolled about the platform of the station a few minutes waiting for a train, when he was astonished to find in one overcoat pocket a purse full of money and in another a gold watch. He went to the station master and found him listening to the complaints of a man who had just lost a purse. The purse was the one which the Frenchman was returning, but when it had been lost it had contained only a few francs, and now it held a large sum. The mystery was soon explained. A policeman came to the station master to report the arrest of a pickpocket. He was brought in and confessed the theft of the purse, into which had been put the proceeds of previous robberies. He had put the purse and the watch in the Frenchman's pockets because of his hat. He explained that hats of that pattern, which are made by only one firm, are the badge of a large international gang of pickpockets, and he had taken the Frenchman for a confederate.

A Queer Swindle.

Daniel Gardway, a St. Louis merchant, was sorting for shipment a large consignment of ginseng received from Calhoun county. A bystander picked up a root of dry "seng" worth \$3 or \$3.25 and tried to break it. Instead of snapping, as the root generally does, it broke, but did not separate. Struck with curiosity the man cut into the root with his pocket knife, when he found it had been filled or loaded with lead.

Love and Suicide.

Rouen has been the scene of a romantic tragedy. A young lady of 16 fell in love some time ago with manservant of the family, a man of 25. Her parents promptly sent the domestic Romeo away, but to their horror the girl soon joined her lover. Finally a fisherman drew up in his net the bodies of the two young people, securely attached together by ropes and straps.

TORN APART, NOW UNITED.

An Abduction by Another Young, Strange Woman, a Wife—This One Led a Double Life—Her Husband at Last Discovers Her and Gives Up the Child He Thought His and Hers.

Mary Cowen has large black eyes, heavy eyelashes and dark-brown hair. She is pretty and may be about 24 years old now. She is industrious and well liked by those who know her. Her parents lived in Ireland, where her father was a good honest farmer. When Mary was but a baby her parents came to America, and Mary, of course, grew up with the country.

A young medical student, who has since graduated from Bellevue College, New York, about three years ago made her acquaintance. It was a case of love at first sight, and they got married. Afterwards her husband told her to keep her marriage secret for fear of his parents, and as a sequel he deserted her. Then she found work in the Margaret Strachan Home in New York, and she became so well liked there, that contrary to the rules of the institution she was allowed to return to it after her baby was born. It was a girl, with bright eyes and light hair—just such a baby as the young mother longed to have. She named it Hazel. Last September, when Hazel had grown to be quite a



HAZEL COWEN, THE KIDNAPPED CHILD.

baby, a young woman of good figure and attractive face called at the home. Conspicuously displayed over her breast was a solid silver cross like those worn by the King's Daughters. With her was another woman who also wore such a cross. This companion appeared to be about 40 years old, and was known as a good Christian nurse, of Gotham. She introduced the younger woman as Mrs. M. A. Brooks, of Boston.

"We are in search of a baby," then said Mrs. Brooks, of Boston. "It must be a girl and must have blue eyes and blond hair. I don't want the baby for myself. I want it for a friend who is a wealthy lady and lives in her own villa on the Hudson. Her name is Mrs. Frank Elmony. You must have heard of her. She is a great society woman. But, poor one," and here Mrs. Brooks permitted a few tears to run down her cheeks, "she had a baby. Such a sweet baby! It died but yesterday. The poor woman is frantic with grief, and just after burying her husband. If she doesn't get a baby right off, she, too, will die."

The matron of the Margaret Strachan said she thought the institution could not help her in the emergency, and then someone suggested Mary Cowen's baby. "But Mary will never part with her child," said the matron, "she's too fond of it."

However, the unexpected happens.

Mrs. Brooks became interested and asked to see Mary. Miss Cowen was sent for. She came with the baby in her arms. Mrs. Brooks offered her \$200 for the child. The offer was emphatically



MARY COWEN THE MOTHER.

refused. Then Mrs. Brooks suggested that Mary come with her to the house where the rich lady lived and bring the baby. Mary could be employed there, still be a mother to her own child, the rich lady would love the child and its mother, and, above all, Mary would thus be the saver of Mrs. Elmony's life. Of course Mary would get the \$200, although she needn't give up her child.

Mary said she would think about the scheme. She knew she could not remain at the Margaret Strachan Home all her life, and here she thought might be an excellent chance to get a home for herself and her little girl.

Mrs. Brooks promised she would return to the home the following afternoon. Instead she called alone shortly before 8 A. M. and saw Mary alone.

"Just let me have the child," begged the woman. "I wish to show it to a person who is near by and doesn't wish to be seen here. He knows Mrs. Elmony well and can tell whether or not Hazel will suit."

Mary was unsuspecting and allowed the baby to be taken from the house for only a moment, as she believed. Minutes passed, and then an hour, and still the woman did not return. Finally it dawned upon the young mother that her child had been kidnapped. There was a sensation in the home, of course, and though a week later a letter was received from the mysterious Mrs. Brooks, postmarked Providence, R. I., saying that the baby was still alive and attempting to make some explanation, it really gave no clue and all efforts to find the baby were without success.

During the investigation which followed it was found that Mrs. Brooks was not known in Providence and that there was no Mrs. Elmony, who lived on the Hudson and had lost her husband and child. That was all that could be learned then, but an eye was kept on the case.

The heart-broken mother left the Strachan Home shortly after this. She could not bear to live in the house whence her child had been stolen. After many vicissitudes, Mary Cowen found a home at Prof. Berg's in New York city.

Now a New Chapter.

About 10 years ago Charles Mosley, a young business man, was married in Troy, N. Y., to Mary Alice Puttney, of Ashfield,

Mass. Miss Puttney was not 20 years then. She was cultured and remarkably pretty, resembling Lillian Russell. She spoke five languages quite fluently, and could sing well. From Troy they moved to Boston, then to Fall River, and then to Providence, R. I. They lived happily, and the husband worshipped his wife.

One day in Providence Mrs. Mosley to her husband she wanted to go to New York to translate for a friend, a woman some Spanish documents involving a large estate. He thought the trip would do her good, gave her money and kissed her goodbye. She was gone quite a while, but there was no reason for him to fret.

About August 27 or 28, 1892, a business man of Providence, R. I., called upon Mr. Mosley. He said he had a telegram from New York, and wished to prepare Mr. Mosley for bad news.

The telegram, which was signed "Grosner," a name unknown to Mr. Mosley and his friend, said in substance that Mrs. Mosley had been confined, had given birth to twins and that she was unconscious and dying. No address was given, though the message showed it had been sent from the branch office at Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. To the office Mr. Mosley telegraphed for particulars. Very soon he received another message—this one also without an address—informing him that the life of one child had been spared and that the mother had a good chance for recovery. Again Mr. Mosley telegraphed for more particulars, asking expressly for his wife's address. The answer to this was to the effect that Mrs. Mosley was confined at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mr. Mosley hurried to New York, but learned at the Fifth Avenue Hotel that his wife was not there. He returned to Providence, and a couple of days after received a telegram asking for money for his wife, care of the telegraph office. Instead of sending it, Mr. Mosley went to New York and watched the telegraph office. Soon he saw his wife walking along the street, carrying a baby. He rushed to meet her. His wife, who evidently had not expected to meet her husband, began to tremble, presently she regained self-control.

"Papa," said she, smiling at the baby in her arms, "this is your little child. This is your baby. Kiss it, papa, please."

The proud father was so overcome with joy that he forgot all about his money and the mystery—forgot about the sleepless nights he had passed. He embraced his wife and then kissed the baby.

"What a sweet child we have," said the mother. And then she told of her misfortunes and explained matters to her husband, and they returned to Providence. The father was supremely happy. They



MRS. MOSLEY, NOW "MRS. HILLIARD." named the little one Margarethe Emma Mosley, and cared for her most tenderly.

About three months ago Mrs. Mosley and her husband that she was tired of her husband. She wanted to go to New York to live. She told of friends she had in the metropolis and of plans she had for learning her knowledge of foreign languages. Her husband consented and the family moved to New York. Soon after Mrs. Mosley got into the habit of staying a great deal away from home. She explained to her husband that she was engaged in translating some Spanish books for a rich woman, and it was necessary to do the work at that woman's house in the city. Sometimes she remained for important parts of the work until after dark. Once in a while she toiled with the pen until very late, and then she would stay there all night. Mr. Mosley, with implicit faith, his wife was happy, and so he found no fault. When Mrs. Mosley returned home a week ago she had an envelope in her hand. She put it away, telling her husband it was an important document connected with the Spanish books and papers, and asking him not to disturb it or let it get lost. On Thursday morning Mrs. Mosley left the house as usual, but when she had not returned on Friday night, Mr. Mosley sought the mysterious envelope might give him a clue to her whereabouts. It did. It astounded him. On the paper he took out he read these words:

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.
This is to certify that I have this day joined in
MARRIAGE
Mr. Alfred Hilliard, New York, State of New York, and Mrs. Margaret Eames, of New York, State of New York, according to the laws of the State of New Jersey, and that there were present as witnesses Mrs. V. C. Jackson, of New Jersey, and Miss Anna Mallick, of New Jersey.
At No. 242 Montgomery street, Jersey City.
Dated Jan. 12, 1894.
REV. V. C. JACKSON, D.D.,
Pastor M. E. Church.

Mr. Mosley hurried to Rev. Dr. Jackson, who described the couple, and said that his wife and servant had acted as witnesses. On Dr. Jackson producing his marriage book, Mr. Mosley identified the handwriting of "Mrs. Hilliard" as that of his wife. Another proof that Mrs. Mosley was "Mrs. Hilliard" was found in the fact that she gave Alma Putney as the name of her mother.

Mr. Mosley was satisfied now that his wife had betrayed him all these years, and that she had been leading a double life. He returned home heartbroken. Baby Hazel was sleeping soundly. All night long he sat by the bedside of his child, wondering if he would ever see its mother again.

Mr. Mosley believed that his wife might sail for Europe, and early the next day he searched at the piers of outgoing steamships, but failed to find her. Then he returned home. He was told by a neighbor that Mrs. Mosley had been in about an hour ago and had asked that her husband should remain in when he came back, as she would return soon. About an hour later she came. In the recriminations that followed Mr. Mosley's denouncement, his wife, who had committed bigamy, told him that Hazel Cowen—or rather Margaretha as he knew her—was not her child nor his, but that she got the little one at the Margaret Strachan Home.

Mr. Mosley was so dumb-founded with this and other revelations of his wife's duplicity that she escaped out of his hands, although he had made up his mind, and told her so, that he would prosecute her for bigamy. Then he gathered Hazel's belongings, and went to the Margaret Strachan Home with the baby. Immediately, on hearing the man's story and the

dates, the matron recalled the abduction of Mary Cowen's baby, and as Mr. Mosley really loved the child as a father he took her with him for the night after arranging to return with her next day when Mary Cowen would be present. The meeting between mother and child was a very affecting one, the poor mother instantly recognizing the child through her belongings. Very seldom has so strange a story been told out of a novel; but truth has once more proved to be stranger than fiction.

Nothing has been heard since of "Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard."

COUNT AND RASCAL.

Zdzislaus Komorowski Leaves a Trail of Thievery in His Wake.

A handsome Count who lived and entertained lavishly has left Bellport, Rhode Island, for parts unknown with a tarnished record. Considerable jewelry is also gone, and a deputy sheriff and a detective are on the man's trail.

Three months ago the people of Bellport were startled yet pleased to hear that a real Count was among them. He said he was Count Zdzislaus Komorowski.



COUNT ZDZISLAUS KOMOROWSKI

ski, of Poland, and had come to America three months ago. He notified his old acquaintance, Louis Liebling, proprietor of the Vienna Hotel, that he would be out to Bellport to board a few weeks. He arrived a short time afterwards, and told of his temporary need of money and his expectation of a large amount from his sister Theresie, a princess of Poland, and a lady of immense wealth.

He informed his newly made acquaintance that he had come to Long Island with the intention of buying a tract of land for starting a stock farm. Liebling was agreeable to the Count, and told him to make himself at home. The Count did so. He invited his friends to dine with him. Among his new acquaintances was Thomas Bush, of Patchogue. He confided to Bush his plans, and ask him to assume charge of the farm when he had bought it.

A few days ago the latter borrowed a gold watch and two gold rings off Bush. The same night Leon Goldrieck, of Vienna, arrived in Bellport to see the Count. Mr. Goldrieck is a good-looking young man of twenty-seven years, who says he has traveled all over the world. The two old friends had a gay time, and then Liebling, Goldrieck and Bush found that the Count was missing.

With him was also Bush's jewelry and about all the Goldrieck's clothing and jewelry. Besides these there was a hotel and wine bill of nearly \$300 owed Liebling. Warrants were at once sworn out for the Count's arrest, and Deputy Sheriff Odell started for New York after him. The officers are now satisfied that he has gone to Chicago, where he has a friend, Dr. Rudolph Mann.

In speaking of the Count young Goldrieck said:

"I was introduced to him by another Count in Vienna about four years ago. It was at a great society fete. The Count was then really a great swell and held a position in a large bank in Poland. He had plenty of money, and entertained on a large scale. He has a sister in Poland who has supplied him with money at different times.

"He took a valuable pair of pearl sleeve buttons, all my expensive clothing and money. I had to telegraph to my parents in Europe, and they sent me a draft. I shall go to New York and try to find him. I think he will sail for Poland soon, where he has wealthy friends. I shall go to Poland and Austria and notify the police, and will have him arrested if it takes me months to do it."

Mrs. Liebling was very bitter against the Count, and said that he had swindled her dreadfully and actually stole from the money-drawer. The Count is a handsome blond, with a light mustache. He stands 5 feet 8 inches high, is apparently about forty years of age, and slightly bald. His picture is in possession of the police of New York. He was in the Russian Army, and carries three scars on his head.

The Komorowskis are mentioned in the "Genealogisches Taschenbuch der Graeflichen Hauser" as an old Catholic family of Austrian Galicia. It was ennobled in 1793. The present head of the house is Karl Josef Edward Count Komorowski. There is mention of a Zdzislaus Komorowski, an adopted son, who was born in 1864. The daughter of the house, Helene, who was born in 1861, is now the wife of Prince Wiazemski.

A Tidal Wave.

The Normannia left her piers at Hoboken, Jan. 18, bound for Mediterranean ports. When 763 miles east of New York she encountered a most destructive tidal wave.

The greenish-white, curling, swirling wave reared itself fully seventy-five feet high. With a terrific crash vessel and wave met. The water swept over and through the vessel destroying almost every article of furniture on board.

Partitions were carried away and some of the officers were washed about until senseless. There was no panic. The encounter was so unexpected the worst was over before the passengers realized their danger.

New Way of Committing Suicide.

Mrs. Hans Olson, wife of a Norwegian farmer, who lives at Yankton, S. D., fastened one end of a rope about her neck and tied the other end to the axle of a wagon. Then she gave the wagon a push down a hill, and the weight of the vehicle strangled her to death.

A Bride Carried Bodily Away.

Howard W. Simpson, of Bangor, Me., and Miss Estelle Blanche Maloney, of Franklin, Pa., were secretly married. The bride's sister and her husband heard of the marriage and went to the station to prevent their departure. The bride was seized and carried bodily to a carriage and spirited away. The bridegroom was horse-whipped. He does not know where his bride is.

A Centenarian Bridegroom.

At Mobile William Brown, a negro who claims to be 103 years old, recently secured a license to marry a colored maiden of 60. The negro's age is authenticated by many circumstances. His mind is clear, and he is in good health.

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