

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. III., No. 33.

VICTORIA, B. C., JUNE 2, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

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

CORRESPONDENTS—The HOME JOURNAL is desirous of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in British Columbia—one whose letters will present a complete and accurate record of the social happenings in his or her locality.

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

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Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

THE publication, last Thursday morning, of the names and nationalities of those who are employed on the Provincial Government buildings completely refutes the statement made by alleged laboring men that at least 75 per cent. of the men came from the Sound. Out of the 104 men employed, 7 are American citizens and two Germans, the rest being British subjects. If the charges preferred against Mr. Adams had any foundation in fact, THE HOME JOURNAL would have been the first to condemn him. It has repeatedly pointed out that foreigners spend no more of their earnings here than they can help, the balance being taken out of the Province and put into circulation elsewhere.

Of course it is not desirable that Mr. Adams should demand an affidavit as to the nationality of the person he employed, and when it is considered the strong resemblance which a Northern Yankee bears to a Canadian or British subject, it is surprising that out of the 104 men employed by Mr. Adams, he should have happened to engage 95 British subjects. If the story that men from the United States side the line were given preference over our own people was traced to its origin, it might be found that it was conceived in the brains of some of the Opposition candidates.

The success of the recent celebration has demonstrated one fact, and that is,

Victoria is really the recreation ground for the Sound country population, if not the whole Pacific Coast. If the event had been properly advertised, no doubt hundreds more would have visited the city.

A year or so ago, Mr. J. H. Falconer suggested the wisdom of the city council appointing a recreation committee whose business it would be to put Victoria in proper condition to receive tourists and to look generally after their entertainment. This suggestion was never acted upon. If it had it might have been the means of inducing a greater amount of tourist travel.

Would it not be a good idea to appoint a citizens' committee for a midsummer celebration? This is the headquarters for sport on the Pacific Coast, and a programme of international sporting events could be arranged that would attract thousands to the city. Horse racing and a brass band contest would add interest to the occasion.

In selecting such a committee it would be wise to steer clear of an error that was made when the celebration committee was appointed. I refer to the circumstance that a member of the reception committee, if the statements of other members are to be believed, actually insulted several visitors from Seattle who were invited to partake of the refreshments on the barge. This same person created a great deal of trouble for the committee, and humiliated one or more of them by his officiousness. A man such as I have referred to can do much harm when placed in a position of authority.

Now that Prof. Gibier has satisfied himself that dogs have souls, a good many views are likely to be changed. There are many who will insist that dogs must have souls as well as horses and monkeys. At the same time I don't see how men are to draw lines in the animal kingdom. We know that some men have greater souls than other men, as a result of heredity, education and environment. Some dogs are more intelligent than other dogs, and I can say confidently that there is a great difference in the intelligence and affection of horses. Are we, however, to infer that animals of a higher order, who cannot exhibit the qualities of the horse or the dog, are yet without the germ of the same qualities? The modern conclusion

seems to be that any organic being that lives partakes in some degree of that fundamental principle of life and action which is called the soul.

I was amused at the answer of the worthy Secretary of the Board of School Trustees in reference to fire escapes on the new buildings. Chief Deasy informed the Board that the ward schools required metal escapes outside the buildings. The answer he received was: "That the Board is of opinion that by their internal arrangements the buildings referred to are amply protected from danger to the occupants by fire." The internal arrangements consist of wooden stairways leading to the ground floor. Should a fire start in the lower portion of the building the blinding smoke would certainly find its way up the stairway, cutting off the only means of escape. Metal stairways on the outside, similar to one on the New England Hotel, on Government street, should be erected on all school buildings over two stories in height. At the last session of the Provincial Legislature a law was passed to compel all owners of buildings to erect outside escapes from all the buildings or floors above the ground floor and extending to within eight feet of the ground. The law shall take effect on the first day of October; but our worthy School Trustees should provide the children with means of escape before the opening of the new schools.

While I believe in women's rights; that is to say, consistent rights, and in perfect equality of the sexes, yet there are cases in which the female yearning seems to reach a little too far. Not content with working in her own extensive and important sphere, she is too often inclined to seek employments that more properly belong to the male, much to the disadvantage and serious loss of the latter. Many a poor man is thus driven out of employment, because female labor is cheaper, and it is quite the fad to employ females in place of men and boys in many lines of occupation.

These same females who are doing men's work, do it quite as capably, it is true, and it would not be right to debar them of their perfect right to fill such callings if they chose, as they should be the same free moral agents as mankind,

but that it is always wise, just and prudent is another question.

While the opportunities for men to pursue female occupations are comparatively few and limited, the opportunities for females to pursue those of the men are many and varied.

A woman can generally do her own peculiar work, and a man's work too, while few men can pretend to follow the peculiarly feminine lines of labor. Most men do not make successful house maids, milliners, dressmakers, nurses, sewers, knitters, fancy workers and the thousand and one callings in the domestic arts. Most men would not want to follow such occupations if they could. A woman can always find employment if she is respectable and at all handy or clever.

Even if not particularly bright or clever she can fill domestic situations, of which there are always opportunities in abundance at good living wages. A woman may support herself with her needle, or in many of the fine and useful feminine arts, where a man would be left to starve.

The great trouble just now is the multitude of young women, and some of uncertain age are wont to fill office clerkships, mingling with men, and doing men's work, because they rather like it, and their love of dress prompts them to thus earn money rather than work at home, or in the more domestic and womanly lines where they are so badly needed. Often in pursuing such male occupations, they have to almost unsex themselves, mingling with rough men, who swear, talk vile, and use the "vile weed," and other abominations, which woman, lovely, sensitive woman, so objects to!

Their finer, womanly natures, are often sadly perverted, and the home circle of woman's tender, pure, refining, ennobling influence, is thus robbed of its charm, and its usefulness. There are all too many women thus growing into public life, and usurping male employments, that are more urgently wanted in the charmed circle of their own sex, and in the home circle where woman's sphere is most positively found, and most seriously neglected.

It is all very well to cry "women's rights;" "liberty and equality;" it is all very fine for woman to independently earn her own living by honest industry; it is all very well for her to even excel in doing man's work, but if she continues to take away his labor and by so doing desert her own, that cries so loudly for her recognition, she may have to support herself to the bitter end, when her brother like Othello, finds his occupation gone. These are a few hints on the off side of woman's rights.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstand-

ing our boasted civilization, at the first opportunity the animal nature will peep out. This fact was amply exemplified this week, when a trial, the details of which are possibly the most disgusting ever heard in a British Columbia Court of Justice, was in progress. The Court room was crowded from end to end, and every ear was strained so as not to miss a word of the loathsome details. At one time, the Judge (Mr. Justice Crease) in fact, had occasion to rebuke a young gentleman for ill-timed levity in smiling at a portion of the complainant's testimony. Verily, our civilization is but a veneer. I think, in future, that it might be in the interests of public morals if on such occasions as this, the door of the Court room should be shut. I would be the last one to condemn public trials and encourage interference with the liberty of the press. These latter are two of the strongest of the bulwarks of British liberty.

A custom prevails in this city which will cause considerable loss at no distant day. I refer to grounding electric wires on gas and water pipes. President Skilton, of the National Board of Fire Underwriters demonstrates that there has been plenty of evidence during the past three months showing that fires caused by electricity are growing alarmingly frequent. Inspections show that but few buildings in any community are safely wired, and that perfect insulation is but rarely secured. He says the companies, for their own salvation, must adopt at the earliest possible moment, plans and methods that will compel the assured to substitute the most modern wiring and safeguards or be relieved of fire insurance protection. The electric-wire danger, President Skilton says, threatens the very life of fire insurance companies. In Victoria numerous buildings have been wired by irresponsible men and no check exists in the shape of a by-law.

"It is a strange thing," whispered a whimsical individual last night, after making sure no one else was looking, "that a married person always declines to inform an unmarried friend just how the proposal tableau was arranged. Every time I have asked a married woman how her husband asked her to be his, she has always blushed and given an evasive answer. 'It's been so long I have forgotten,' she sometimes answers unthinkingly. If she had realized that she had referred to her age she would have expired.' Another woman will answer: 'Why, John just asked me and I said yes.' On account of these different answers I have begun to think that, as comparisons cannot be made, an artis-

tic proposal will never be had in the world. I have also begun to think that it is that these evasive replies are inevitable."

The opinions of great men on marriage and matrimonial topics are always interesting, if not invariably instructive. Thackeray, who detested "wasp waisted women," once told a young relative, who was much in love, to take his betrothed to a physician before buying the engagement ring.

"What for?" his companion inquired in considerable astonishment.

"To see whether that wasp waist is an inheritance or a consequence," he replied.

"Consequence!" exclaimed the young man; "what do you mean?"

"Corsets," said Thackeray, laconically.

"Miss——has the most beautiful figure in England," said the infatuated lover.

"She is deformed," Thackeray, responded. "If it is a natural deformity she may be a moderately healthy woman. Even humpbacks are not always delicate, you know. Mind, I say moderately healthy. But if that girl's figure is the result of corsets you might better hang yourself rather than risk the evils that will inevitably follow.

Abraham Lincoln once remarked that every man about to marry should start over a doctor with a club and make him tell the truth with reference to the chosen partner for life, if there was any other way of getting it out of him. Alas that the parents who would allow a girl to marry a man without knowing, nearly as could be known, his physical as well as his moral condition, deserve to be scalped.

"The whole marrying business is wrong," said Mr. Lincoln. "Fashionable girls have too often foolish mothers, who care for nothing but to sell their flesh and blood to the highest bidder."

PERE GRINATOR.

Marriage is the poorest possible trade for making a living.

Young Housekeeper—We cannot afford fish at your prices. They cost too much.

Fishman—I have several dozen oysters ma'am, left over from April, marked down fifty per cent.

Young Housekeeper—Oh, good. Sell them up. John is so fond of oysters.

Prof. Fernen, of the forestry division of the United States Bureau of Agriculture, in an address to the society recently assembled that within 24 years Canada and the United States would be obliged to restore their forests by planting at great cost, destructive were the present methods of lumbering.

THE POSITION OF LITERATURE.

Previous to his departure from London for Canada, Professor Goldwin Smith attended the "Booksellers' Trade Dinner," given under the auspices of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. In acknowledging the toast "literature," the Professor remarked that as a denizen of the New World he could stand comparatively unabashed before the lords of literature in this world, now that they at least had an international copyright. Commercial monopoly, however, still insisted that "to have copyright you shall print in the United States." However, there was an international copyright—to the immense benefit of America. Before they had international copyright, American literature was in thralldom to that of the Old World, because the American publisher found it much better to pirate the works of the authors of the Old World than to pay for those of native authors. In Canada they were still in rather a bad situation, because their market was small. It was divided into four, and was not very rich, and they could not copyright without printing on the other side of the line. Not only in the United States, but everywhere there seemed to be a sort of lull in the history of what was properly called literature. He meant by literature that which was not science, but that which dealt in a cultured way with the interests and emotions of humanity. Science, depending on the pure reason, and to a certain extent historical research and philosophical speculation, advanced with even step, independently of the general movements of humanity. He supposed that the same thing might be said of journalism. That, also, was a creation of the pure intellect. Literature, properly speaking, depended a great deal on the moods of a nation. There were successive outbursts of English literature—at the time of Chaucer, with the Reformation and the great struggle with Spain, at the time of the English Civil War, in the reign of Anne, with the glories of Blenheim and Ramillies, and, again, with the stirrings of the national heart by the French Revolution and with the patriotic resistance to Napoleon. Now there was a certain lull for a time; but it would pass over, and then they would have another great development of national literature. They heard people lament that the great masters of style were gone, that we had no such masters as Macaulay, Carlyle, and Ruskin. After all, not the worst of styles was the style which was no style at all. Looking to literature proper, in poetry they had not yet found their Poet Laureate. In the drama they could not expect more tragedy, because feeling had gone inwards into the recesses

of the heart. But there were plenty of subjects still for drama. Of novels there was no lack. They had replaced the drama, and were the drama of our time. He could not help mildly protesting against theological and political novels. It seemed to him that to introduce theology and politics to eke out what, perhaps, would be a vapid love story was a sin against art and against truth. Blessed be the memory of Sir Walter Scott, who gave them first-rate tales, tales that really exalted the feelings and purified the affections, but who never propagated anything, whose simple object was to make them happier and nobler and better. But this was the reign of science. There was a passage in the life of Darwin in which he declared that he could take no interest in Shakespeare or poetry of any kind. He would say to them, keep your balance. In an age lacking in science, cultivate science; in a scientific age, cultivate literature and the humanities. It might be that the day of literature was over, that the final reign of science had come, that they had passed the youth of the world. If that was so, he could only say that he was glad he was 70 years old.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES.

Joseph J. Pierson, who has been in Montreal for some weeks on behalf of the British Columbia Government, on business connected with the C. P. R., during a conversation with a *Gazette* reporter in regard to gold mining in British Columbia said:

I may just say that having recently visited all the principal parts of the province on official business, I have been struck with the active appearance of things, and my impression is that the next twelve months will witness immense activity in gold mining, especially with regard to placer workings by means of hydraulic and dredging appliances. I had a letter a day or two ago in which it was stated that nearly the whole of the bed of the Fraser River has been located on, leased from Lytton to Quesnelle mouth, and a great part of the Quesnelle River is also leased. I think about 300 miles of river bed must now be taken up and several dredges are being put to work. I fear they will have many difficulties to cope with, especially in the Fraser. The stream is deep and strong, and gold being so exceedingly slippery, as many of us know, even in its coiled state, and my fear is that as the dredges begin to disturb the gravel the gold being so much heavier than anything else will slip to the bottom, and some of it will thus escape the "bucket" or "sucker." The hydraulic system must commend itself to all; in fact, small workings have already demonstrated the greater certainty of this. One place I visited at Quesnelle Forks, Dancing Bill Creek, which has been worked by Chinamen for several years, who are known to have taken out \$120,000 or \$130,000, and the

plant used was a very small Monitor with a water supply for working only two and a half hours a day, this with other ground on the south fork of Quesnelle river has been taken over by the Cariboo Hydraulic Mining Co., and is to be vigorously developed, and many miles of ditches have been made to bring the water to the Quesnelle Forks Canal and Hydraulic Mining Co., and has been found to bring a large volume of water from Cariboo Lake, where there is practically an endless supply, commanding probably greater hydrostatic pressure than it would be possible otherwise or elsewhere to get to work the very valuable auriferous grounds of that part of the famed Cariboo district. They also hold about 800 acres of specially selected ground suitable for hydraulic working by the largest hydraulic plant. The Victoria Hydraulic Mining Company hold about 900 acres, and are laying themselves out for doing good work during the coming season. Several smaller interests are being developed, and prospects are everywhere good, in many instances ranging from 50 cents to \$5 and \$6 the cubic yard, and when it is known that 6 cents to 8 cents a cubic yard will pay for working, once the water is on, what the golden harvest is likely to be is difficult to estimate. Although this notable district has already produced nearly \$60,000,000 from purely surface workings, it is the firm belief of men skilled in such matters that, with good plant and an ample supply of water, the past may be regarded as a mere unit as compared with what is still to be unearthed. I am glad to see the Government of British Columbia is alive and abreast of the times in voting money for roads, bridges, etc., to aid and encourage, in the absence of railway facilities to these districts.

A practical test of the bed of the south fork of Quesnelle River was made a few months ago by a gentleman, who sent up an experienced miner along with an expert diver equipped with an ordinary diving gear, and although their operations were interfered with by a freshet, yet they demonstrated the fact of that river bed being rich in the precious metal. I have seen a sample of the gold, and am told that their efforts yielded an average in sundry parts of the river of from 25 cents to \$1 the bucketful of gravel brought up from the bottom, and they did not reach bedrock, where the richest finds should be.

I omitted to mention that the Slough Creek Company, who have been doing a great deal of work during the last year, and although I have heard that they anticipated great things, yet I don't know the results. An English syndicate in the neighborhood of Williams' Creek are pushing actively, and again on Bridge River splendid prospects are given, and in the vicinity of Lilest large areas have been located and some work is going on. Whilst there, I tried my unskilled hand by digging a shovel in at random, and on that shovelful of gravel I got several colors of gold; and then there is the Horsefly district, a little south of Quesnelle Lake, which is being monopolized by the Horsefly Hydraulic Mining Co., who are spending large sums of money in collecting water to carry out their scheme, which is a large one, and prospects are unquestionably good.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

THE most brilliant and fashionable event of the season took place on the Friday during celebration week at the Mount Baker Hotel. People had predicted that on account of so many public balls this season few would go to the expense of furnishing themselves with fancy dresses; but the most sanguine were astonished at the crowded state of the ball-room and the richness and beauty of the costumes displayed. It was impossible to get a full and correct list of the costumes as many of those who attended were strangers to all but a few present, and the Navy and Royal Marines were well represented. A number of ladies were in evening dress with hair *en poudre*. The following is a partial list of those present and the characters represented: Lady Musgrave, A Starry Night; Miss Effie Dunsmuir, Rising Sun; Miss Maud Dunsmuir, Duchess of Devonshire; Miss Harvey, Butterfly; Mr. Brian Drake, Order of the Bath; Miss Drake, Gipsy Maiden; Miss O'Reilly, Spanish Beauty; Mr. Jack O'Reilly, Red River Indian Chief; Mr. Langton, Turk; Miss Richards, Pond Lily; Mrs. Walkem, Student; Mr. G. S. Holt, Little Boy Blue; Mr. Tom Pooley, Little Boy Blue; Miss Pooley, Magpie; Miss Annie Pooley, White Wolf; Mr. Ray Green, Minstrel Boy; Miss Worlock, Peasant Girl; Mrs. Perry, Lady of the Harem; Mrs. Bullen, a Rose; Mr. Langley, the Press; Miss Langley, Snow; Miss K. Langley, a Water Lily; Miss K. Beaven, a Pansy; Miss L. MacDonald, Lady of the Harem; Miss Wolfenden, a Student; Miss Edith Davis, Rosalind; Miss Brady, Egyptian Queen; Miss G. Powell, Turkish Beauty; Miss N. Powell, Gipsy Girl; Mr. Stevenson, an Admiral; Mr. Schultz, Spanish Cavalier; Mr. Johnson, jockey, (colors red and blue); Mr. Foulkes, Claude Duval; Mr. W. A. Ward, Robin Hood; Mrs. W. A. Ward, a Bride; Miss Ward, Lady of the Thirteenth Century; Mr. Cecil Ward, Master of the Buck Hounds; Mr. George Ward, Ship's Cook; Mr. H. F. Jones, Rouge-et-Noir; Miss Abbott (Vancouver), the Navy; Mr. Wm. Marvin, Chinese Merchant; Mrs. Wm. Marvin, Britannia; Mr. Christie, Clown; Miss Christie, Cleopatra, the Serpent Trainer; Mr. Innes, Italian Nobleman; Mrs. Innes, a Chrysanthemum; Miss — Christie, Folly; Miss Gaudin, Monte Cristo; Miss M. Gaudin, Queen of Hearts; Miss C. Jones, Shepherdess; Miss Arrowsmith, Night; Miss Heisterman, Harlequin; Mrs. Brennan, Queen of Folly; Mrs. Gus Leiser, Pansy; Mrs. M. Lenz, Lady of the Nineteenth Century; Miss Lawson, Flower Girl; Mrs. Nesbitt, Lady of the Thirteenth Century; Miss Nesbitt, Maid of Athens; Miss

Heathfield, Equestrienne; Miss V. Heathfield, Order of the Bath; Miss K. Charles, Britanna; Miss A. Harvey, Shepherdess; Mr. Von Milligan, Ethiopian; Mr. Aspland, Turk; the Misses Loewen, Two Little Girls in Blue; Miss G. Loewen, Flower Girl; Mr. Dallain, Jockey; Mr. Cassidy, Hamlet; Mr. Billinghurst, Buccaneer; Mr. Jack Musgrave, South American Indian; Mr. Robert Musgrave, South American Indian; Miss Musgrave, Fair Maid of Perth; Mr. Foster, Courtier; Miss Foster, Yachting Costume; Miss Foster, Pompadour; Mr. Phillip Johnston, America; Miss K. Johnston, Marguerite; Miss White, Peasant Girl; Miss G. White, Carnation; Miss Erb, White Lilac; Miss I Erb, Peppy; Mrs. Charles Fagan, (New Westminster), Baby; Mr. Herbert Kent, Pirate; Mrs. Herbert Kent, Butterfly; Mr. Frank O'Reilly, Pirate; Mr. Fisher, Gentleman of the Fifteenth Century; Mr. H. Macaulay, Sir Walter Raleigh; Miss Haynes, Tambourine Girl; Mr. Monro, Clown; Miss Sylvester, Tambourine Girl; Mrs. Richardson, Summer; Miss Heathorn, Peasant Girl; Mr. D. Broadway (Cowichan), Baker; Mr. Bullen, a London Scotch Highlander; Mr. F. G. White, Gentleman of the Eighteenth Century; Dr. Brown, Royal Arthur, uniform; Flag-Lieut. Fawcett, Royal Arthur, uniform; Lieut. Pollard, Royal Marines, uniform; Lieut. Barnes, R.M.A., Arab; Lieut. Templar, R.M.A., uniform; and Lieut. Gordon, Royal Engineers, uniform. Among the other costumes noticed, but which it was found impossible to find the names of those who wore them, were a hospital nurse, a friar, etc.

Mrs. Nelson, wife of the late Hon. Hugh Nelson, will leave for Ottawa in the course of a day or so.

Lord Dunmore is prevented from going east by the floods.

Sir N. Perry has left for London.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

LACROSSE.

The lacrosse season opened auspiciously for the Victoria club last Saturday, when they won their first match of the series from the Vancouver club. Without attempting to depreciate their victory in any way, it must, in justice to the Vancouver club, be said that the latter played better lacrosse than our boys. The visitors' play was clean, clever lacrosse at times, there was always an endeavor at team play, and in only those instances where no other opening offered did the man who got the ball try the "individual" process of gaining a point. On the other hand, the chief brilliancy on the home

team was shown by personal playing there was a general want of cohesion, such a term may be used, that in several cases came near costing Victoria the loss of the match. Play throughout was fast and hard, with no roughness that could be avoided, and nothing worth speaking about in any event. This was a good point, for among the thousands who lined the fences and thronged the grand stand (the largest crowd that ever witnessed lacrosse match in Victoria) were scores of people who had never seen a lacrosse match before, and who went away enthusiastic admirers of Canada's national game. Among that mass of people were numbers of confirmed cricketers and baseballers, who, in their innocence of a manly sport, thought there was no game on earth so exhilarating as cricket or baseball, but who permanently changed their opinions last Saturday. It is to be hoped that the boys will continue to put up such games, and so cement the good opinion which strangers form from first impressions, as well as foster the proper spirit in the hearts of the youngsters who are to come later on into the field and uphold this game which in itself is representative of the courage, the manliness, the endurance of young Canada, and the cheerful, light-hearted and honorable spirit which hurts, reverses and obstacles a met and overcome.

Three games to one was a good victory for the home boys, all of whom worked hard to attain the common object. Two of those goals were cleverly taken by Frank Cullin, the thrashing machine, and the man who has so ably carried THE HOME JOURNAL's colors to success on many hard fought fields. Ross Eckardt scored the first goal, which gave the boys a glimpse of the defeat they were about to give their opponents. Tommy Cusack, Billy Jackson, J. Sprinkling and Paterson surprised their friends with some good play, and W. E. Ditchburn, Pete Bligh, Billy and Charley Cullin, Bill Clarke and Harry Morton admirably sustained their respective reputations. The team was seriously weakened by the dismissal of Ditchburn in the second game for fouling, but the general impression was that he was the victim of a well laid scheme to have him ruled off, which was only too successful. Among the Vancouver boys were several old favorites and friends such as "Chub" Quigley, "Bony" Suckling and others, who made it more than lively for the local team, and who are all good and tried men. Their game man, Quann, was a marvel of quick judgment and clever throwing, and the game that the Victorians got from him was only won after hard and clever fighting around the flags.

Present indications are that the V

Victoria team which will cross sticks with Westminster to-day will be a first class one, and that its members, collectively and individually, will give a good account of themselves. Practice has been faithful and steady during the past week, there being a firmly rooted desire on the part of the boys to bring home the broom attached to the Islander's masthead to-night.

As many as possible should attend the Intermediate match between Nanaimo and the Stars, of Victoria, this afternoon. Both clubs are said to be in perfect condition, and a good game may be expected.

LINERS AND DAISY CUTTERS.

The ball game between the James Bay and Seattle Athletic Club teams was not so one-sided as the score would seem to indicate. The numerous bases on balls given by the local twirler handicapped the home nine, but otherwise the fielding, batting and base running of the James Bay boys were on a par with their opponents' excellent play. The visiting nine were a splendid crowd of fellows, and many favorable comments were made by spectators on the irreproachable conduct of the players. There was no noisy coaching, and nothing else to mar the harmonious feeling prevailing between the two teams. Borthwick, Franklin and Schultz showed up well, the latter pitching the last four innings with something of his old-time speed and deceptive curve. The Seattle battery was composed of Thornton, a Yale College man, and Cobb, hailing from old Harvard.

The James Bay Club have opened up correspondence with the Stanford University nine, amateur champions of California, now on their northwest tour, playing at Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, Battle, Port Blakely and Port Townsend, after which the team will probably sail for Honolulu. The college boys play great ball, being especially noted for heavy hitting, having nipped many a promising pitcher's record this spring. If a date is secured with these college champions the game will be played at the Caledonia grounds. The James Bay Club will put their strongest nine in the field and endeavor to make the visitors struggle for victory.

SPLASHES FROM PADDLE AND OAR.

It was an appreciated win, and Sullivan's masterly long stroke was a great factor in securing the three lengths of open water between Victoria and the Burrard Inlet crew. From the style displayed we may hopefully anticipate a great showing from the senior representatives of the James Bay Club when the Pacific Association regatta materializes in August.

Scott, the senior champion should also finish well, and if he is boated properly, Johnson and the Portland sculler will

have to get a rapid move-on to be within hailing distance of the finish. Aden, who won the junior singles, is a wonder. Although light in weight, his quick stroke propels his outrigger at a speedy gait, and he has great staying powers.

Henry Macaulay is making a great record with the paddle. His easy style was much admired.

Now that the ladies are vying with the other "hated" sex in intellectual and physical culture performances, will the regatta committee explain why they neglected to provide for canoeing and sculling events among the fair ones?

THE WHEEL.

It is unfortunate that amongst all the bicyclists in Victoria there is not one who can even aspire to moderate racing form. In the roadsters 2-mile race at Beacon Hill, but three local wheelmen put in an appearance, and how bad the others were may be guessed from the fact that the winner, Moody, assured the writer that he had indulged in but one practice spin for two weeks previous to the race. With a little training, Moody might develop into a fair man, but that enthusiastic wheelman, C. H. Gibbons, ought to try and find a dark horse to worthily represent Victoria during the summer. I am aware that Wolfe beat Moody in the postponed race Wednesday, but as his previous conqueror was too poorly mounted to ride in safety, much less to race, the first form must be taken as correct.

WHAT, ANOTHER M. D.!

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL:

SIR—Even a cursory examination of the nuts given me to crack shows most of them to be so unsound as to need but little exertion on my part. Moreover they are presented to me by a gentleman, presumably of the medical profession, who has so little confidence in his case that he does not sign his name, and but that my silence might be misconstrued I should take no notice of his letter on that score alone. However, I waive the objection and proceed to business.

Taking the statistical nuts first, I crack them by boldly denying the accuracy of the figures, and for this reason amongst others, that they prove a great deal too much. To begin with, the death rate in the last century, before vaccination was dreamt of, was 18 per cent (Jurin). Further, returns of their experiences furnished by 156 medical men in 1852, before vaccination was made compulsory, and when there was but little of it, established a death rate of 19 per cent of attacks (Seaton). Now not even the most violent partisan will contend that non-vaccination makes smallpox more virulent. Hence when we read, as in M. D.'s extracts, of unvaccinated death rates ranging up to 63 per cent, while under even last century conditions only 18 per cent would die, we are driven to the conclusion that the excess mortality must be due to the doctors. This is of course not to be thought of for a moment, so the figures must be wrong. The medical method of classification

by marks only is most misleading and unscientific, for it is well known that the best marks are often completely obscured by the eruption. Should the patient recover and the marks again become visible all may be well, but should he die, he is calmly returned as unvaccinated, "the mere assertions of patients and their friends counting for nothing" (Vacher). To be quite frank, the returns, being based on a fallacy, can scarcely be correct in any event; but in many instances inconvenient facts are suppressed in order to make out a case for vaccination at all hazards, and necessary information is refused by the officials.

Birmingham is the first of M. D.'s nuts. I submit that if that city be taken as a test case, and if doubt can be thrown upon its official figures, the others need not be argued. The following is extracted from a recent letter from Birmingham: "In 1891 there was only one fatal case, George Weake, in Kings Norton Union, and he was recorded as dying unvaccinated, but the sceptical anti-vaccinators secured documentary evidence of the victim's successful vaccination of so convincing a character as to cause the Local Government Board to send special instructions, dated May 23, 1892, ordering the local authorities to transfer the case from the 'unvaccinated' to the 'vaccinated' register. In the same year there were a total of four adult smallpox deaths in Birmingham. Conclusive evidence of successful vaccination was secured in each case, but this important fact had been omitted from all four death certificates, and the omission has never been rectified." The above needs no comment, but it may be added that the authorities flatly refuse to give names, initials or addresses of the cases during the late epidemic, thus effectually preventing their "statistics" being checked. This alone is sufficient to cast suspicion upon the figures.

M. D. no doubt inadvertently, misquotes my remarks on cleanliness and on the law of England. I do not believe that the former is the only effectual method of dealing with smallpox. As to the latter, I repeat that there is no law in England to compel man, woman or child to be vaccinated. There is a law to punish non-vaccination by fine or imprisonment; a very different thing, for when the fine is paid or imprisonment undergone, offenders may snap their fingers at the law. Further, it is notorious that punishment does not result in the desired vaccination, but only excites sympathy and induces riots.

As to the report of the Royal Commission here, I will merely say that the statement of my case was made by the Commissioners, not by me, and that it was not warranted by the evidence, as any man might see for himself if it were published. M. D. is welcome to discredit me if he can, but let him do so by duly authenticated counter statements, not by quoting a report published without evidence attached. My chief fault, according to the Commissioners, was that my case was one-sided, and that it pointed to a foregone conclusion. I admit the soft impeachment. It is unusual for an advocate to present both sides, and if my evidence led to the conclusion that vaccination is both useless and dangerous, that was scarcely the fault of

Yours faithfully,
WM. GREIG.

A NERVOUS TRAVELER.

THOSE of you who had the pleasure of living in England 26 years ago know how remarkably hot the weather was. Flies and wasps, bees and spiders, struggling for their lives in an ocean of tepid cream, tea kettles boiling without being put on the fire, haystacks burning of their own accord—these were some of the horrors which characterized the summer of 1868.

But if England was hot, Russia was hotter. The temperature was often so high that India was left, speaking literally, in the shade. It was dangerous to venture out in the sun in the middle of the day; it was spontaneous liquefaction to put one foot before the other. When you tried to put your boots on, you found them full of beetles, which had gone there for the sake of a little shelter. When you had got them on, you called, with the little voice you had left, for two men and a bootjack to pull them off again. All the world stood still, or lay still, and gave itself up to its fate. You had not the energy to abuse even the mosquito which perched itself on the end of your celestial nose. If you brushed it away, it returned in a moment or two with several lively friends, who converted your face into a battle-field and dug trenches, soon to be filled with human gore and their own shattered remains.

And so you may imagine that I found it no pleasant prospect, in the midst of these annoyances, to contemplate a railway journey from St. Petersburg to Berlin. Moreover, as I was just recovering from a severe illness—brought on by drinking incautiously some of the detestable river water—I was not in the most charming temper or in the highest spirits. Behold me, however, seated on a four-wheeled drosky, without springs, with a large trunk behind me and a small hat-box before me, speeding toward the railway station, the strong, wiry, little Russian horses pulling with a will, in spite of the fierce glare of the sun, the driver emitting oaths, mingled with a strong odor of onions, Russian leather, sheepskin and stale tobacco, the passenger holding on for his life, of which he had not much left. At last the station is reached; porters rushed forward; away goes the drosky on its return passage, the driver suspecting that change will be asked for. There being only two trains during the day which run through to Berlin, you may imagine that they were usually well filled with passengers. After taking my ticket, I took a survey of the compartments. They were all occupied. Just as I had decided upon going into one of them which held four persons, I was asked in French by a man, evidently excited and hurried, whether this was the train for the continent. I replied in the affirmative, and he, a friend of his and myself took our seats. The whistle sounds and we start.

Let me here explain to you the construction of the carriages, which differ from those of both England and America. A door opens in the middle of the side of the carriage. On entering this door, you go straight forward for about a yard; to the right and left of you are two other passages, at the ends of each of them being a door. The doors open into compartments extending the whole width of the carriage and capable of seating eight persons each. Facing the main entrance

is a small coupe to hold four people. You will understand, then, that supposing the middle compartments to be empty, persons occupying the two end compartments are separated from one another by two doors and a long passage—this renders it impossible to overhear what is said or done in the other place. If you will keep this in mind, you will readily understand what I am about to relate you.

I examined my two companions over the top of a newspaper. One was a fair, tall, strongly built man, with moustache and a beard; the other, dark, with rather the air of a Frenchman about him. Both were well yet plainly dressed, but with an amazing profusion of rings on their fingers, set with diamonds of great value, or else of no value at all.

The survey was on the whole, then, satisfactory, and I buried myself in my paper once more, when, to my astonishment, I heard the dark man say to his friend in plain, unmistakable English, "I is fortunate that we have secured a compartment with so much room in it." I cannot tell you how pleased I was once more to have the opportunity of speaking a little English, and I soon joined in the conversation. They seemed at first affable, but soon, no doubt, felt the natural distrust which is so characteristic of John Bull on his travels. However, it turned out that, although they spoke English, it was here and there interspersed with a slight smattering of "Artemus Wardism." They both belonged to the Northern States, and our reserve soon wore off as we argued out the respective claims of Federals and Confederates. I need not tell you that both my companions had travelled a great deal. I never knew an American who had not.

They had gone to the very extremity of the line of rail which was then being laid down from Moscow to the East. They had slept with the workmen in the open air, and snored away quite calmly among a horde of semi-barbarians. Of course, one of them had been to Jerusalem to see how they were getting on with the excavations there. We got on well together, and were on sufficiently intimate terms at the end of the day to agree to sleep in the same carriage.

The windows were double, and only half of the double window would open; the seats were thickly cushioned. The sun had been shining in through the double glass upon our unfortunate heads, so that we were only too glad to solace ourselves with iced beer and claret at the few stations we saw. For miles and miles we went on through thick forests and without seeing a single house. And then the evening came; and after the sun had set the air seemed almost as sultry as before. We dined together and then adjourned to an end compartment of another carriage. A lamp had been lighted, and there was a curtain which, when drawn over the lamp, rendered the carriage almost dark.

Soon after we had left the station where we had dined, a sudden glare of light burst upon us; we felt the train quicken its speed, and, in a moment or two, we were overpowered by a suffocating smoke. We closed the windows and found the forest on each side of us was in flames. Long tongues of fire darted out here and there and scorched the carriages. If I were only an adept at word painting, I would attempt to describe the scene, but it was far beyond anything I could make

you feel or understand. A quarter of mild or so of this and we left the fire behind us, only too thankful to have escaped so easily.

And now we began to make preparation for going to sleep. My two fellow travelers were evidently old hands at this sort of thing. They took off their coats and folded them into pillows; their collars and ties were neatly pinned to the wall of the carriage; slippers replaced their boots, and, after spreading a large silk handkerchief over their coats by way of pillow cases and getting out their travelling rugs, they were ready for bed. In the netting over my head, was placed a small carpet-bag belonging to the larger man of the two, whom I will call Douglas. He and Brookes, his companion, lay down on the seat opposite to me, thus leaving me the other seat all to myself; Brookes with his head next to the window and his face turned towards me, and I with my face turned toward him, so close that I could almost have touched him. Douglas lay on the opposite seat, with his head next the other window and also facing me.

This prolix statement is necessary to make you understand my story. Under my head was an overcoat, in the pocket of which reposed a six-barrelled revolver, an old travelling companion, so that by merely putting my hand under my head I could place my finger on the trigger. However, scarcely a feeling of suspicion crossed my mind. Douglas asked me if I objected to having the curtain drawn over the lamp. "Of course not." This done, we could just see one another, but very indistinctly. Then he lay down again. There was a dead silence.

The train went on and on, not a house to be seen through the thick forests. Suddenly a thought flashed upon me: "What would be easier than to rob a man and throw him out of the window? He would lie in the forest and soon the wolves would find him and disperse all traces of him, eating his sealskin waistcoat with as much relish as his carcass." I laughed to myself. "How absurd this is!" said I. "I have no reason for suspecting these men. True, they have been whispering together and their rings are rather too numerous. But what a fool I am. I will go to sleep. At any rate, I am tired enough."

I had scarcely closed my eyes when in the stillness I heard a sharp, quick sound—"click." I held my breath and listened, every nerve strained to the utmost. "That sounded to me very much like the sound of a pistol being cocked. Absurd; no one carries pistols now. Americans, especially, always carry revolvers." Again I click. "This is the second time," I thought. Still not a trace of any movement. The rug under which Douglas was sleeping at the other end of the carriage, and from which the sound came, did not move. I noiselessly passed my hand under my head and felt for my six-shooter. Thank God! it was there. I grasped it and laid my hand on the trigger; and, thinking of the favorite plan of shooting a man through one's pocket, I turned the muzzle of my trusted friend toward Douglas. All this without speaking a word.

"He will have the first shot, at any rate," thought I; "but I shall be able to return it before he has fired a second. But alone with two men who are doubtless armed I shall have a poor chance. I cannot tell you the rapidity with which

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termingled with others of calm, unpitying
hate toward my enemy. But I remained
silent. Once more a sharp click. I nearly
fired—thank God I did not—and then
again, click, click, click in quick suc-
cession. "Ah, my friend," thought I,
"I see what you are about. You are
turning your revolver round in order to
place the caps on the nipples." And
again click, click. I could not help it;
I strung myself up to the task and asked
with a cold calmness, which makes me
almost shudder to think of it, "What
the devil is that noise?"

"I am only winding my watch!"
What an idiot I am, and doubtless you
will all concur in the statement. Very
well; wait a little. I immediately wound
up my own watch, which had been for-
gotten, and determined to go to sleep.

"What is the use of all these absurd
suspicions?" I reasoned.

At last, with my hand on my revolver,
I went to sleep. I slept well, but awoke
suddenly. No! Yes! There, as plain as
possible, stood Douglas by my side.
The hammer of my revolver was raised
within a hair's breadth of the point at
which it would fall and strike the cap.
Should I fire or not? In the dead of
night to be roused suddenly from one's
sleep is startling, but to see a man stoop-
ing over you when you do awake is very
startling indeed, especially if you have
reason to suspect him of bad intentions.

And now, with my finger pressed firmly
upon the trigger, but without any at-
tempt to leap to my feet, as I had at first
thought of doing, I watched him. He
looked hard at me. I did not move,
and then I saw him take out something
which glittered in the moonlight; it was
a key. And then he leaned over me.
Then said I, with a feeling of rage in
my heart—

"What on earth are you doing?"
He was so startled that he almost fell
backward. This sudden movement
nearly made me fire, and then he
answered:

"I am only going to take something
out of my bag."

This bag, as I told you, was in the
netting over my head; hence he was
obliged to lean over me to reach it. I
said, very bad-temperedly:

"Take it down, then."

He muttered to himself and got the
bag down. He little thought that there
was a hair's breadth between him and
death. If he could have looked through
my rug he would have seen the muzzle
of my revolver pointed to his heart.

He turned aside, keeping an eye on
me all the time, and took something from
his bag. What it was I could not see.
Then he went back and lay down and all
was still. What was it he had taken
from his bag? I could not sleep; I
dared not turn my back to them both.
They lay so quietly without a sound of
breathing that I was sure they were not
asleep.

At length, by way of hastening mat-
ters, I pretended to sleep. I breathed
heavily; I do not know whether I did
not give a snore. However, nothing
happened. I grew more and more
sleepy. I was worn out, ill as I was,
with the fatigue of my long journey.
Soon, however, the train stopped. This
was the only station at which we should
pass for the next six or seven hours. I

got a strong cup of coffee and returned.
I was determined not to change to an-
other carriage. I was determined to
conquer these foolish feelings, no doubt
created by the wretched state of my
nerves.

I opened the door of my compartment
and paused for a moment near the seat
where Douglas was lying. That moment,
as I afterward found, nearly cost me my
life. With a voice like thunder Douglas
leaped to his feet and asked me what I
was doing.

With inexpressible politeness I an-
swered that I had been out to get a
breath of air. I wondered if he wished
to pick a quarrel with me.

He did not reply except by a surly
grumble. I went and lay down as be-
fore; I could not keep awake. At last
giving myself up to my fate, I turned
my face toward the wall of the carriage,
and with my revolver in my hand, went
off into a sound sleep. The next mornin-
g came. We went into the wash-room and
performed our scanty ablutions together.
And then, all looking very tired and
very thankful day had come, we gradually
began to talk with civility to each other.
Douglas asked me what kind of a night
I had passed. I laughed and said:

"Not a very good one."
"For my part," said he, "I did not
sleep a wink the whole night."

At last the whole reason of these
alarms came out. The night before,
when we were getting ready for bed, he
had noticed the butt of my revolver
sticking out of my pocket. This roused
his suspicions. He began, as I had done,
to think over what might happen. He
thought of me at Baden-Baden with his
bank notes and of himself lying out in the
woods and of the affection one of those
wolves would have shown for a full-sized
American; and so his nerves were shaky,
just as mine had been. His suspicions
were also aroused by the way in which
I had asked what the noise was when
he was winding up his watch.

At last he could not rest, and going
very gently and with great caution, lest
he should arouse the slumbering lion
with his revolver, he unlocked his bag
and drew out of it a formidable six-
shooter also. He knew of the plan of
firing without exposing one's weapon to
sight, and expected, he said, to feel my
bullet in his body every moment he stood
exposed with his arms raised to the
netting over my head. Then, when I
came in from the station he was sud-
denly aroused from a doze and it was
with the greatest difficulty, for a moment,
that he refrained from firing. Had either
of us given away to our first impulse, we
should have probably gone on firing our
six barrels at one another until one of us
could fire no longer and then the other
would have had to pop the body through
the window and say no more about it,
and, whether confessing the fact or not,
have run a good chance of being sent
off to the mines of Siberia, without any
more questions being asked.

After a mutual explosion of laughter,
we became excellent friends and traveled
together in harmony to Berlin.

The moral I drew from this adventure
is, a word and a blow, but the word first.

A woman asks: "How am I to treat
my husband than I may have absolute
confidence in him?" Kill him.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE American girl, who isn't afraid of
fresh sea breezes and the splashing
of waves, never looks so jauntily and
irresistible as when aboard a yacht. She
must know nothing of sea-sickness, not a
thought must be given to the care of her
curls and her costume must be trim, nau-
tical and chic. She knows all this, lives
up to her knowledge and is a great
success. As to her yachting gown, she is
glad to imitate her English sister, for on
this point the English girl is a reliable
authority. Straight from England has
come the idea of a jaunty yachting cos-
tume made of dark blue sail cloth. The
skirt is plain and of modern fullness. The
jacket is loose-fitting in shape, with wide
sailor collar, and cuffs ornamented with
serlet silk braid. This is worn over a
vest of white duck striped with bands of
the braid. A dark blue canvas belt
fastens in front with a gilt anchor buckle.
Another stylish yachting costume is in
navy-blue diagonal serge, of sea-proof
texture. Down the side of the plain skirt
is inserted a narrow rever of dark-red
serge. The open coatless bodice has gradu-
ated revers edged with red, and is worn
with a plain waistcoat of white pique,
which fastens with round blue buttons.
The sailor cap is of white leather resting
on a stiffened band of blue and red ribbon.
The name of the yacht in gilt letters may
decorate the ribbon.

It is dangerous to bathe after eating.
At least two hours should elapse between
a meat and a bath, and three hours be-
tween the dinner table and the tub.
Bathing in cold water immediately after
eating injures digestion, and a hot bath
has frequently been known to bring on
an apoplectic fit. Every member of the
family should have his or her own towels
for the toilet and the bath, to be con-
sidered as exclusively individual property
as the tooth brush.

A woman physician, with a dimpled
face and a complexion like a mountain
pink, gives this remedy for "billousness
and a bad face:" A pint of hot or cold
water drunk every morning, to cleanse
the stomach, esophagus and intestines;
ten minutes' walk before a mouthful of
breakfast is eaten and ten hours' sleep
every day of your life.

Cherish the babies. Keep them young
as long as possible, revel in the spring
sunshine, neither dreading the future
nor thinking of the past, just be content
with life as it is to-day, thankful for
bright days and storing up for yourself a
fund of strength and honest courage to
meet the storms when they eventually
come into your life.

Women's clubs should study particu-
larly the cause of the present hard times
and the probable means of relieving them.
The problems of society never will be
solved till women help do it.

This is the time of the year when the
babies who want to be put to bed have
to hunt up their mothers, who are
talking to their neighbors over the back
fence.

Vinegar added to boiling beef makes it
much more tender.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

NOT by any means the least pleasant
feature of the Queen's Birthday
celebration just closed was the concert
given by the Arion Club, the object of the
concert being, it is understood, the assis-
tance of the several local charities. There
was a very good audience to listen to a
very ably and judiciously compiled pro-
gramme, and as the Club did its best,
every one was at least pleased. The pub-
lic, though, is always a peculiar combina-
tion to please, and is sometimes apt to
bestow too little praise where a good deal

is deserved, as was the case in the instance
under consideration, more than one ex-
cellently rendered number receiving
nothing like its due meed of appreciation.
As to the Club's singing as a whole,
though the chorus work frequently
reached a high standard of excellence, the
same want of balance is visible when any
particularly fine work is called for; the
basses entirely outsing the tenors. This
would not be so bad, were the latter not
so weak. Perhaps by next season Mr.
Greig will have been able to remedy this.
The pruning knife could very well be ap-
plied also in lopping off some of the use-
less branches of the chorus, and grafting
the tree with some good sight singers by
next season. At present it is sometimes
painful to witness the utter dependence
of the major portion of the choir on the
conductor's baton, and the slowness in
obeying it, consequent on a faulty acquain-
tance with the written music. As usual,
Mr. Greig's conducting was full of vim
and energy—in the *legato* passages per-
haps too much so—and that left hand of
his, though at times its forbidding palm
had the desired effect in subduing the
voices, it was frequently held up in vain.

The numbers were selected from pre-
vious concerts given by the Club. A
"Spring Song" was the first, and being a
rather smooth composition, was pleasantly
sung. "The Happiest Land" was well
suited to the choir, and received meritori-
ous treatment in the chorus parts. Mr.
Munro's baritone solos were good, and the
same might be said of Mr. Woolaston's
bass, were it not for an inclination to-
wards a nasal intonation which might
easily be overcome. Dr. Arne's jolly
song, "Poculum Elevatum," was deserv-
edly encored, Mr. Booth's solo bass work
being also good. Brahms' "Lullaby,"
though well rendered, was not so well
received as perhaps it deserved. Possibly
this is due to the fact that it is a compo-
sition scarcely suited to a purely male
choir. Lullabies are more associated with
female voices, which are after all
more capable of imparting to them the
desired expressiveness and sympathy.
Eisenhoffer's "He Who Trusts in Ladies
Fair" was more acceptable. "The
Dance," (Otto) as a whole, was pleasingly
sung, though the tenors in the quartette
were weak and unsuited to the parts.
The pianoforte duett, "Ungarische
Tanze," Nos. 6 and 7, (Brahms) by
Messrs. Russell and Middleton, was a
happy selection, and, but for the fact that
the effect was frequently marred by the
bass not keeping proper time, would have
been not the least enjoyable piece of the
evening. Kreutzer's "The Knight's
Ghost" was an admirably rendered work
which was not fully appreciated; but it
was in "Strike the Lyre" that the choral
execution was probably the best on the
programme, the attacks being firmly
taken, and the tone good throughout.
The quartette, however, was badly bal-
anced. Mr. Middleton sacrificed vowel
for consonant sounds, giving his effort a
harsh, choppy effect, while Mr.
Rhodes was too prominent in tone,
and generally inclined to be
too hard in quality. In Reichardt's
"The Image of the Rose," the choral
accompaniment was very good, but Mr.
Russell's tenor solo was marked by a cer-
tain effeminacy, added to which a nasal
production of tone, rendered still thinner
by a sacrifice of vowel for consonant
sounds, were errors that showed a retro-

as was the case in the instance of the... more than one... number... receiving... its due meed of appreciation... Club's singing as a whole... chorus work frequently... standard of excellence, the... balance is visible when any... work is called for; the... outgiving the tenors. This... so bad, were the latter not... rhaps by next season Mr... e been able to remedy this... knife could very well be ap... lopping off some of the use... of the chorus, and grafting... some good sight singers by... At present it is sometimes... less the utter dependence... portion of the choir on the... ston, and the slowness in... sequent on a faulty acquaint... written music. As usual, ... onducting was full of vim... in the legato passages per... so—and that left hand of... times its forbidding palm... ed effect in subduing the... frequently held up in vain... s were selected from pre... given by the Club. A... was the first, and being a... omposition, was pleasantly... Happiest Land" was well... oir, and received meritori... n the chorus parts. Mr... e solos were good, and the... said of Mr. Woolston's... ot for an inclination to... ntonation which might... come. Dr. Arne's jolly... Elevatum," was deserv... r. Booth's solo bass work... l. Brahms' "Lullaby,"... ndered, was not so well... ps it deserved. Possibly... e fact that it is a compo... ited to a purely male... are more associated with... which are after all... imparting to them the... iveness and sympathy... He Who Trusts in Ladies... e acceptable. "The... a whole, was pleasingly... tenors in the quartette... nsuited to the parts... duett, "Ungarische... and 7, (Brahms) by... and Middleton, was a... nd, but for the fact that... equently marred by the... proper time, would have... enjoyable piece of the... tzer's "The Knight's... mirably rendered work... ily appreciated; but it... s Lyre" that the choral... obably the best on the... attacks being firmly... one good throughout... iver, was badly bal... dleton sacrificed vowel... nds, giving his effort a... effect, while Mr... prominent in tone, ... inclined to be... ty. In Reichardt's... he Rose," the choral... s very good, but Mr... was marked by a cer... ded to which a nasal... rendered still thinner... vowel for consonant... that showed a retro-

gression on Mr. Russell's singing since he was last heard in this beautiful number. Selections from Robin Hood were very acceptably rendered, Mr. H. Kent's voice being listened to with a great deal of pleasure. Victorians appreciate this gentleman's voice, although it would be much improved by the elimination of the raspy, throaty effects which mar an otherwise manly toned voice. He possesses one shining qualification which it would be well to insist upon as a condition of admission to membership of the Club, and that is quick and correct reading. The "Tinkers' Chorus" was not a success. De Koven no doubt intended a metallic tone to be imparted to the interpretation of this piece, but it should be musically metallic; he never intended it to be sung through the nose, with a twang that would do justice to the veriest hayseed farmer from the backwoods of the New England States. Mr. Ernest Wolfe was a welcome figure on the platform, with his violin. His selection, "Il Puritani," (Osborne De Beriot) was a happy one, and his execution practically faultless, but unfortunately the extreme heat of the hall hurt somewhat the tone of his instrument, a circumstance over which he had no control. Of "Suomi's Song," it may be simply said that it was charmingly sung; but Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes" was not rendered up to the point of excellence reached at the last concert. The piece is rather beyond the grasp of the Club just yet. However, amends were made for this in the "Soldiers' Chorus" from Faust, in which Gounod was done full justice to.

Bandmaster Finn is about to organize an orchestra in connection with the Garrison Artillery Band. Prof. Zilm will take the leadership of the orchestra, and Prof. Stoel will play the piano. Manager Jamieson has engaged the new orchestra for The Victoria.

The Georgia Minstrels are booked for The Victoria June 9. The organization includes Billy Kersands, the celebrated black-faced comedian.

Manager Jamieson has booked Lady Windemere's Fan for July 26.

Griffith's Faust comes to The Victoria June 15 and 16 with matinee.

POULTRY.

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

THE March broods should now be carefully looked over, and any cockerels that are not likely to make prize winners should be set aside and used for broilers. It is not advisable to be so particular in regard to the pullets, as they will always be useful for layers. To an experienced breeder it is an easy matter to pick out those with glaring defects. In Leghorns, there will always be a large proportion with coarse combs, crooked breast bone and light-colored hackle and saddle. In Brahmas and Cochins, any that do not show bad combs or crooked breast bones might be kept until their plumage grows out. Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes that are poorly marked can be discarded, but Indian Game are harder to choose, and in fact it is advisable not to cull them,

as there is always a demand for odd cockerels.

Moisten the eggs under the setting hen every day during this hot weather, and also dust round the nest with powdered sulphur.

We met an up country breeder last week, and he informed us that he had not sold a single setting this spring, and that all his birds were for sale at two dollars a piece. We asked him why he didn't try an "ad." in THE HOME JOURNAL. "Oh, no!" said he. "People here won't buy from our home breeders. Look at the quantity of eggs imported this spring. If I want to sell, I must advertise in California or Washington papers." While admitting a certain amount of truth in what he said, we pointed out that nearly all the Victoria breeders who exhibited at the last show, and especially those who advertised in THE HOME JOURNAL, had sold quite a quantity of eggs, nearly all to city customers.

We also learn that another up country breeder has had very little sale for eggs this spring. This seems rather strange, as his birds received high scores at Nanaimo show, while birds at Victoria show were scored low. Perhaps the reason is that people are getting educated, and don't put so much faith in some of the high scoring American judges.

A subscriber informs us that, much to his astonishment and disgust, he found his hen house literally alive with fleas, and he would like to know if there is any remedy short of burning down the house. There is really nothing very surprising in such an occurrence, as fleas multiply very rapidly in this hot weather, and eternal vigilance is the price of freedom. The best way to get rid of them is to mix up a bucketful of some strong disinfectant and thoroughly sprinkle the house and everything in it. Two applications will generally clear them out. A cheap and effectual wash is made with Jeyes' Fluid, using three tablespoonfuls to a bucket of water.

THE KENNEL.

OUR kennel notes have been very favorably received by the fanciers, and we invite the co-operation of all lovers of the dog, in order to make this department interesting as well as instructive.

Mr. J. A. O'Brien has been unfortunate in losing his Newfoundland pup, indigestion being the cause. This is a severe blow to the fancy, as this useful breed is very scarce on the coast. Leo was ten months old, and was an exceedingly promising specimen, being extra good in head and body, of large size and possessed of true curly coat. He was bred by Capt. Butler, who brought out his parents from Newfoundland.

A friend has handed us an interesting brochure on the Fox Terrier, which we will try and find room for next week.

We thought we gave a very good dog story last week, but a man dropped in and told us about his dog, a spaniel, which killed thirteen chickens in as many minutes. He also told us his method of

curing the dog of the habit. He ties the chick by the legs to the dog's neck and leaves it there for a couple of weeks. The dog will then refuse to look at a chicken. We tried the remedy in our boyhood days on a dog we owned, but were unfortunate in that we experimented with a white chicken, with the result that though the dog would never touch a white fowl, he was death on colored ones.

We are completing arrangements by which we will be enabled to publish from time to time portraits of well known British Columbia dogs. We think this will be a good departure, as our portraits will show the dogs as they are, and our readers will thus be able to compare them with Eastern winners.

Purify your kennels and back yards by using Jeyes' Fluid.

We hear the fanciers of New Westminster are agitating the question of holding a bench show during the exhibition week next fall. If they hold it under Can. Kennel Club rules, they can depend on the support of Victoria fanciers. We think it would be a good idea to have a show at each place and get an Eastern man to do the judging.

TIME'S UP!

Remember, it will soon be too late to Breed Fancy Stock this year, so order early. Thoroughbred Eggs for hatching. Green Bone on order at

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

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Dog and Bitch both prize winners at the Victoria Dog Show, 1894. Apply to GEO. A. JANES, 39 NORTH PARK STREET.

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FOX TERRIERS (Combined strains of Ch. Venio, Ch. Regent, Ch. Rachel. SCOTCH COLLIES (Pensarn Gordon, 3,222 Melchley Flurry, 2,842 Melchley Flurry won the silver medal for best collie at Victoria Show, Feb., 1894. J. B. CARMICHAEL, 87 Government Street.

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DON'TS FOR WHIST PLAYERS.

Don't ask "What's trumps?"
 Don't find fault with your partner.
 Don't forget that you have a partner.
 Don't exult or chuckle when you win.
 Don't bang winning cards on the table.
 Don't fail to study the best authorities.
 Don't look the picture of despair when you lose.

Don't hold your cards so they can be seen by others.

Don't say, "That's the best card" or "You can't take that."

Don't play with players inferior to yourself if you can help it.

Don't fail to keep your attention on the table instead of your hand.

Don't hesitate in playing. Your uncertainty conveys information to your opponents.—San Francisco Chronicle.

GASTRIC JUICE.

Paris killed last year 11,862 old horses for roasts and soups.

The best edible frogs dressed for table at Paris come from Alsace packed in large baskets.

In economical cookery flavor soups and gravies with vinegar instead of sherry. Very little difference will be detected.

Meat boiled quickly is always hard and tasteless, and it should be remembered that a very large quantity of water takes the goodness out of the meat.

A new way to serve raw oysters is in tall handled tumblers. A dressing of pepper and salt, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce goes with them, and they are picked out with the long oyster fork.

Sir John Thompson on Mr. Mara's urgent representations has decided to ask the house to provide for the appointment of a judge in the Kootenay district.

**ROYAL COMMISSION.**

THE following Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into certain matters concerning the Nakusp and Slocan Railway is published for general information.

By Command,

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
 Deputy Provincial Secretary.

REPORT.

To the Honourable Edgar Devdney, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of British Columbia:

We, the undersigned Commissioners appointed by the Commission of the twentieth day of April, 1894, to inquire into certain matters therein mentioned, concerning the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company, have the honor to report that the manner in which that inquiry has been made, and the evidence taken therein, will appear by the record of the proceedings of the Commission, which we have the honor to submit herewith.

It will be seen from the notes of evidence that, though full notice was given of the time and place of sitting, and also, in our opinion, a sufficient intimation that the reasonable expenses of witnesses would be recouped to them through the Commissioners, no one has thought

fit to appear in support of the accusations.

The only person from whom we have received any assistance in this direction has been the Hon. Robert Beaven, M.P.P., who, though not responsible for making the charges, brought forward some facts upon which he suggested the absentee accusers might have relied.

These were, first: Irregularity in acting upon the Statute of 1893 before it had actually been brought into force, which could only be done by an Order in Council.

But this seems, though an irregularity, to be quite inadequate to support the charge of corruption against the Minister. The Statute of 1893 was brought into operation by an Order in Council almost immediately afterwards. The whole transaction has been confirmed and ratified by the Statute of 1894, and the irregularity, so far from demonstrating that the Minister was then the agent of the Company, points distinctly in the opposite direction, since it would have been the first care and duty of such an agent to see that everything was in order.

And secondly: Mr. Beaven pointed out that, in the opinion of many persons, the undertaking which the Statute of 1894 imposed upon the Government, in lieu of that under the Statute of the former year, was so manifestly disadvantageous that it was to be inferred that it could only have been introduced and supported through corrupt motives, though it must be added that he did not make such a charge.

It does not follow, of course, that a bad bargain must be a corrupt bargain. An honest Minister, with no motive or desire except to serve his Province, might make a mistake. We do not wish to suggest for a moment that any such mistake has occurred in the matter into which we have been inquiring. On the contrary, we think that under the evidence adduced, and the arguments addressed to us, only one conclusion is open to us, and that is that the arrangement for the construction of the Nakusp and Slocan Railway, which was ratified by the Act of 1894, is more advantageous to the Province than the arrangement contemplated by the Act of 1893, and we have had no difficulty in arriving at that conclusion. But, however that may be, on the issues more directly submitted to us by the Commission, there is, we think, no room for doubt, and we find as follows, that is to say:—

Firstly: That the Honourable the Premier of the Province, in advising the guarantee mentioned in the said Commission, did not work for the Company, but worked for the Province;

Secondly: That the statement made by the Honourable Member for Nanaimo District, in his place in the Legislative Assembly, that it appeared that the Honourable the Leader of the Government had been working for the Company and not for the Province, is not true;

Thirdly: That no corrupt motives of any kind existed with or influenced Your Honour's Ministers in the advice tendered by them to Your Honour in relation to the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company;

Fourthly: That no one of Your Honour's Ministers has had, or has, any interest, directly or indirectly, in

(a) The Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company, or

(b) In the Construction Company by which such railway is being built; or

(c) In any contract by or with either of the said Companies, either in furnishing materials or supplies, or in any way whatsoever.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Dated on the 15th day of May, A.D. 1894.

MATT. B. REGGIE,
 GEO. W. BURBIDGE, } Commissioners.

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What They Did Not Resemble.
Smythe—That drummer that I met
last night told some of the best stories I
ever heard.
Mrs. Smythe—Well, if they were so
good, what were they like?
Smythe—I couldn't say exactly, but
they certainly weren't like tracts.

EDUCATIONAL ECHOES.

The average salary of a Russian school-
master is \$6 a month.

The number of university students com-
pared with population is greatest in Spain
and Belgium.

An article in the constitution of Massa-
chusetts prohibits the appropriation of
state money to sectarian schools.

Over \$20,000,000 has been invested in Chi-
cago's public schools. Their maintenance
costs from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 a year.

The Swedish Lutherans in America have
over 1,100 students in their three colleges
at Rock Island, Ills.; Lindsburg, Kan., and
St. Peter, Minn.

The fellows of Balliol have chosen to go
outside their own walls for a master and
have elected Mr. Edward Caird, professor
of moral philosophy in the University of
Glasgow.

CROWN AND SCEPTER.

The Princess of Wales is in her fiftieth
year.

Marie Antoinette's chief delight was in
weaving a small blush rosebud into the cor-
ners of her handkerchief.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia has again come
to the end of his financial tether. Since his
abdication he is alleged to have spent near-
ly \$5,000,000.

The Duchess of York is still receiving her
wedding presents, the latest being a gift
from the ladies of Surrey, through the
Countess Lovelace, of a double seated Hoop-
er brougham.

Look Ya Toe, the king of Siam's eldest
son, who was proclaimed heir to the throne
in 1887, is about to enter as a student at the
University of Oxford. He is 17 years old
and a bright and intelligent lad.

Another American girl was married to an
English count recently. Uncle Sam can
supply the entire nobility of the British
isles with lovely wives if necessary and
then have enough left to insure the fondest
hopes of this nation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Another fair American has joined the
ranks of the nobility. At this rate it will
soon be as appropriate in Europe as in
America to speak of the "foreign peerage."
In the meantime, perhaps an infusion of
brisk American blood will put more life
into that languishing institution.—Balti-
more American.

What lends a peculiar interest to the lat-
est international marriage is the fact that
the young American woman in the case
who has become the Countess of Essex is
not rich. Her income is said to be only
\$4,000 a year. It is safe to infer, therefore
that she was wooed and won for her beauty
and loveliness. She possesses these in pro-
fusion. All happiness to the fair!—Boston
Herald.

Dagan's White Mountain Ice Cream.

MR. HORACE DAGAN begs to announce to the public and his former
patrons that he has resumed business at 112 View street, above Quadra, where
he will be able to fill all orders, large or small, on short notice. Orders may
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A plate when made by this method is much
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The metallic roof-plate cannot become de-
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It is one of the most cleanly, durable, com-
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Enunciation is much better than when the
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Perfect conduction of heat and cold, there-
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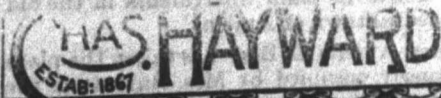
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CROTCHETY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

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Professor Huxley, the great scientist, is a keen-eyed, sharp-featured man, with curly whitish side whiskers, but is clean shaven as to lip and chin, and is rising nine and sixty. He is quite crotchety, almost cranky, in his ways, and is renowned for his irascible temper, being almost always engaged in a fierce war of words with somebody. When he smites an opponent he falls upon him with all his might and literally whirls him away. He is naturally weighed down with different degrees, and he recently received what Lippincott calls the somewhat dubious honor of being made a privy councillor. He lives in Sussex, in a house especially designed for him by his son-in-law. He calls it "Hodeslea," which is the ancient form of his surname. A rather good story is told of the way a local guide used to make the professor show himself at his library window to visitors from all parts of the country. He would take a group of tourists to a wall close to the great man's house and say to them, "Now watch your chance; here he comes," at the same time throwing a handful of gravel against the window, whereat the professor would appear foaming with rage and shaking his fists at the innocent visitors, who would retire much perplexed and sometimes spread the report that the professor was demented. He is perhaps best known as the popularizer of the Darwinian theory of evolution. He is also a devout believer in the existence of the sea serpent, and declares that those who laugh at the idea of a monster serpent existing in the deep and big enough to drag down whole ships and their crews are foolish and ignorant. Indeed, he holds this opinion of all those who do not agree with him. He is the bete noire of the autograph hunter, whose existence he does not see. Yet he relates with much gusto how his postman not long since asked him for an autograph, confessing frankly that he did not know what the professor's business was, but explaining that he "had heard folks say as how he was something's perior."

Jules Verne, the famous writer, who is said to have earned more money by his pen than any other living author, has taken up his abode in plain apartments in the old cathedral town of Amiens.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has taken the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Burnett as the best paid female author in America. She often receives \$5,000 for the serial rights to a novel, and her shorter work is proportionately well paid for.

The king of Sweden has conferred the order of the North Star upon Senor Echeagaray, the Spanish writer. The chief reason given for distinguishing the author is the readiness with which he consented to the translation of his works into Swedish.

Henry George has a way of submitting his proofs to many hands and of accepting or rejecting suggested corrections according to the way in which they strike him. It used to be said among his subordinates, when he was an editor, that if no one else were at hand he would appeal for advice to the office boy.

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

Notice of Removal.

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

Orders committed to his care will receive prompt attention.

NEW QUEBEC MAPLE SYRUP

ARRIVED. [Very Delicious.]

Falconer Vinegar and Pickle Works.

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

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

W. J. SAVORY,

VICTORIA, B. C.

DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS, Late of London, Eng., has come to reside in Victoria, and has opened an office at 91 Pandora street. He has for twenty-five years been engaged in general family and obstetric practice, with considerable experience in diseases of children. He also gives special attention to diseases of the chest and stomach.

DR. WILLIAMS had several years' practical experience in one of the largest hospitals in London, and is a DOCTOR OF MEDICINE of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland. He has been for many years a Member of the PATHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, a Member of the BRITISH HOMOEOPATHIC SOCIETY and a Fellow of the BRITISH GYNAECOLOGICAL SOCIETY. He has thus had extensive experience in both the old and new systems of medical treatment.

DR. WILLIAMS may be consulted at all hours at his office and residence, 91 Pandora street, city.

Model French Laundry,

Flannels, Laces, Blankets and Lace Curtains a specialty. Mending neatly done. All work executed and delivered promptly. Washing called for and delivered.

No. 25 DOUGLAS ST., near Courtenay, VICTORIA

In Union

there is Strength.

Take away a stone from a foundation and it is weakened; a picket from a fence gives it an ill appearance, the vacancy destroys its symmetry and the void is at once apparent. A hole the size of a pinhead in a kitchen utensil detracts from its usefulness, and a spoke from the wheel of a vehicle at once causes comment. It is the same with the mouth of a human being. An absent tooth gives the mouth the appearance of "an aching void." The symmetry is forever gone, the features are distorted, and already the process of decay has begun. In time other teeth "go by the board," and then succeeds a row of blackened and disfigured stumps. Crown and bridge work is a specialty in dental science, and of which Dr. H. B. Findley is a master. By these processes the mouth is made whole, decay of teeth arrested and the features restored to their original appearance.

"Dr. Findley fills

Teeth Without Pain."

Office: Rooms 1 and 2, 86½ Government st.

...LORS,

...time to buy.

...elephone 166.

...E STREET.

...beverages for Table or
...be most healthful, and
...being made from home
...tly pure. A splendid
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Horses pastured 3 miles from town; good grass; plenty of water; constant attendance; charges reasonable.

TO LET.

One pasture field; about twenty acres; for cattle or horses.

Desirable seven-roomed summer house at Mount Tolmie; rent reasonable.

J. H. BROWNLEE,
Broker, 44 Fort St.

English Ginger Beer. English Ginger Beer

THORPE & CO.,

(LIMITED.)

Victoria.

Vancouver.

MINERAL WATER.

TELEPHONE 435.

P. O. BOX 175.

Dr. Sparks, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, is now 6 years old. He has been campaigned every year from a yearling up to date.

The Iowa mare Alice Ensign, 2:23, carried 32 ounces on each forward foot when she made her record.

Heiress, dam of Fokie, 2:28 $\frac{1}{4}$, and two others in the list produced three pairs of twins during her life.

The Spirit of the Hub thinks that when a class is mixed, trotters should have the benefit of five seconds over pacers.

According to the idea of one western turf journal, few meetings will be held over the mile tracks in the west next year.

The Youngstown (O.) association gave a day's racing in November and turned over the proceeds to the poor of the city. About \$300 was realized.

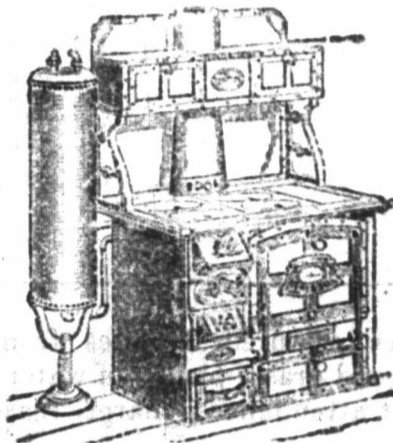
John Spaulding is said to have had the largest income during the past year of any man in Boston—a round million. His net profits from his sugar refinery, coupled with the returns from his interest in the Sugar trust, amounted, it is said, to that sum.

Speaker Crisp, at the close of the last congress, presented the gavel he had used to Miss Savannah Barrett of Augusta, Ga., saying that it had hammered away silver, repealed the federal elections laws, so far as the house was concerned, and excluded the Chinese.

Thomas Staples Martin, the new Democratic senator from Virginia, is rather below medium height, has a large head, is thick set and clean shaven, with light eyes and very little hair. He is now in his forty-sixth year and a native of the county of Albemarle.

Major George M. Proctor, father of the new civil service commissioner, John R. Proctor, is in his eighty-eighth year, but still strong and active. He served in the Confederate army, and his son, although a mere youth when the war broke out, remained by his father's side until the close.

Chauncey Depew, when he was in Rome, called at the Vatican, and the Charleston News wants to know whether he wore a straw hat, adding, "On his visit to Charleston in the dead of winter several years ago Mr. Depew wore a straw hat, which was regarded as a great breach of propriety in one who has a college education."



THE MAJESTIC
Steel and Malleable Iron
Range is without a peer in the
Market. Heating and Cook-
ing stoves, Cutlery, Lamps,
Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

McLENNAN & McFEELY,
Corner Government and John-
son streets.

C. MORLEY,

P. O. BOX 366.

— Manufacturer of —

**SODA WATER, LEMONADE,
ETC., ETC.**

No. 7 Waddington Alley.

ARTHUR HOLMES,

CLOTHIER.

Suits for Boys and Youths.

Gents' Furnishings.

Hats. Gloves. Scarfs. Night Shirts. Etc.

78 YATES STREET.

THE HASTINGS ART STUDIO



) FOR FINE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Hastings, Manager. 56 Fort Street.

+*+

DUDES AND DADS.

Congressman U. S. Hall of Missouri is the largest farmer in the state.

Adam Badeau is getting very corpulent and looks less and less like a general the older he grows.

Edison is to connect a telephone with the arm which will bring the music of it, motions to our ears.

Three of the principal surgeons at the London hospital are, curiously enough, respectively called Eves, Reeves and Treves.

Ex-Senator Dawes is living quietly in his Pittsfield home. Strangely enough, he seems perfectly contented with a quiet life after about 30 years of an unusually busy public career.

Mr. Satelli, the papal ablegate, writes his speeches for public use in Italian. They are then translated into English, after which he commits them to memory and delivers them.

Mr. Neary of Newark, N. J., recently received from the treasury department a new \$5 note for one that was eaten by his goat, which he killed to recover the fragments that accompanied his affidavit.

John C. Eno makes a tour every day of the popular cafes up town in New York, beginning at the Fifth Avenue hotel and extending as far northward as the Metropole. It takes him about four hours to make the journey.

J. F. Deland of Boston, who is an expert counselor to business men, was the inventor of the "flying wedge" in football, which has caused so much havoc among college teams. Mr. Deland never played a game of football in his life.

John W. Mackay leads a very retired life in New York. Rising early each morning, he exercises with dumbbells and Indian clubs for an hour or more. He takes a very late breakfast and spends the morning on the papers or a magazine.

GEO. A. SHADE,
Boot & Shoe Maker.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE
99 DOUGLAS STREET.



JAMES MORRISON,
Ship-Smith,
Engine-Smith, Lock-Smith.
14 YATES ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

Scales repaired and adjusted, bought and sold. Weights supplied. Clothes wringers repaired with new rollers, also bought and sold. Lawn Mowers and jobbing work of every description.

Orders Promptly Attended To.

The Victoria Ice Cream Factory,

38 Vancouver Street, cor. Collinson.

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

B. C. STEAM DYE WORKS,

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

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

HEARNS, McCANN & RENFREW, Proprietors.

House Cleaning Season.

Go to **JOSEPH SEARS,** 114 Yates St.
For Painting, Papering and Kalsomining.

Frank Campbell

* P. O. BOX 108.

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

Globe Restaurant,

42 YATES STREET.

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

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. MRS. WHITE, Propr.

Smash it!

Your watch. Better do that than give it to a tinker to clean or repair. But, better yet, if it is out of repair, take it to a first-class workman such as Pennock & Lowe employ, and then you will get some comfort out of it.

HASTIE & BANNERMAN,

LONDON BLOCK,
JOHNSON STREET.

Hay, Grain, Flour and Feed Merchants.

SCOTCH FINE AND PEERLESS FLOURS.

Our Breakfast Delicacy is the best in the market.

A Full range of

MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS'
SUMMER SUITS
TO HAND.

Big Reduction in Prices. Call and Examine.

The Golden Rule Clothing Store,

W. J. JEFFREE.

KINNAIRD, THE CASH TAILOR

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

46 JOHNSON ST.

THOMAS ROARKE, General Job Printer

AND

Rubber Stamp Manufacturer,

ROOMS 1 AND 2,

Williams Block, BROAD ST.

THE VICTORIA TRANSFER COMPANY,

LIMITED.

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

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

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

BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO AND FROM STEAMERS.

HENDERSON, Supt.

F. S. BARNARD, Presd't.

ALEX. MOUAT, Secy

Dr. A. A. HUMBER, Dentist, 93¹ DOUGLAS ST.,
Next to
Odd Fellows' Hall.

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

RICHARD BRAY,

Livery, Boarding and Hack Stables,

BOARDING HORSES A SPECIALTY.

109 Johnson St, Victoria. Telephone 182.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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

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107 & 109 Government St.

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ROOMS TO RENT AT REASONABLE RATES

CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS AT THE BAR

PETRIE & JACKSON

PROPRIETORS.

WONDERFUL

\$1 | SHOES FOR MEN AND BOYS. FOR WOMEN GIRLS. | \$1

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S. F. McINTOSH,

ROCK BAY

Coal and Wood Yard

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Just Arrived!

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

T. W. WALKER & CO.,

22 Trounce Avenue.

Gents' clothes cleaned and repaired in first class style.

W. B. BRUCE,

General Dealer in

Cigars and Tobaccos, Confectionery
Candies, Notions, Etc.

79 YATES ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

Victoria Steam Laundry

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

Shirts, Collars, 152 YATES STREET.

Cuffs, Flannels, Telephone 172.

Silks, Curtains,

Blankets of all kinds

Goods called for and delivered free.