

# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL.

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

VOL. IV., No. 15.

VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 19, 1895.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA 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 their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED—All papers are continued until an explicit order for discontinuance is received.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to  
THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL,  
Office: 77 Johnson street,  
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY JANUARY 19, 1895.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

WHATEVER be the merits of the issues as between the *Times* and *Colonist* on the Post Office employee question the fact remains that the Ottawa Government have paid, or have ordered to be paid, \$40 out of the \$50 which were in dispute. It matters little to the public whether or not the credit of securing an act of delayed justice was due to the Governor-General, to Messrs. Earle and Prior, or to Senator Macdonald, so long as the object has been attained. The men asked for no favors, their demands were backed up by their leading fellow-citizens, and it certainly has been disgusting to see how, over the subject, the two city papers have been berating one another like two old fishwives, the one in the interest of the powers that be, the other so as to secure the advantage for those who want to be.

There is such a thing as carrying out the principle of retrenchment and economy to by far too great lengths, and in this direction the Board of School Trustees of Victoria have gone to an unwarrantable length in the report which has just been issued and which much resembles the campaign manifesto of the retiring trustees who were seeking re-election. The report harps upon the proposed ten per cent. reduction, the observation being made that the salaries had in the main been determined when the cost of living was high. But let it be asked if it costs ten per cent. less to bury people, have the profits on articles in the fancy line been reduced all round to the extent of ten per cent., and have the incomes of those who are classed as "gentlemen" been reduced proportionately, to what ten per cent. would mean to the bulk of the teachers whom it is proposed to deprive of one tenth of their living without in any way diminishing their labors?

A gentleman recently returned from Honolulu says that numerous settlers are arriving in the Hawaiian Islands, many of them from the Pacific Coast, particularly Puget Sound. The person referred to says the climate is mostly perfect and the soil is very fertile. By no means as much money is said to be required to put coffee on the market as sugar. There is a good demand for first-class mechanics but no room for laborers, there being an ample supply of them. Although Honolulu has no cable service it has splendid telephonic connections,

almost every house having a connection. The new railway forty-two miles long, now being built at Oahu, will, it is said, open up a great deal of government land especially suited for growing pineapples and bananas, which is offered for sale at very reasonable prices.

It is reported that the Chinese government is so jealous of the National territory that rather than yield a foot of it to the conquering Japanese it would continue the war and take the chances of the effect of climate upon the invaders in preference to making any surrender. This is a direct and distinct bid for European intervention, which, no doubt, the Japanese are quick to apprehend. But it should not be permitted to influence the policy of the government. It is not natural that China, following the example of Russia, should leave it to the "unseen toe" to strike down her enemy, but the cases are different. Civilization is interested in making a speedy end of this quarrel. China is worsted beyond recovery and must accept terms. Protraction of the struggle is out of the question.

There is one very important matter that was not discussed during the recent municipal campaign, and although it may seem of secondary consideration to those men who aspired to occupy chairs around the council board, it is one of the most vital to the stranger within our gates. I refer to street numbering. On this subject Paul C. Bushby writes:

"Compared to Europe every

American city is far behind the times in the matter of lettering the streets. Take Paris, for example. After countless experiments the city government came to the conclusion that the only satisfactory way of marking the names of streets where strangers can read as they run was not on the street lamps nor on small strips of wood or tin on house corners, but on permanent metal plates attached to the corners of houses. These plates are very large, the letters are half a foot or more in length and are raised. These letters are painted white, while the background is painted in cobalt blue, which enables one to read the name of the streets at night as well as in the daytime with little difficulty. Every sign also indicates by appropriate letters what arrondissement or ward the street is in, so that there can be no mistake about the political subdivisions of the city. When a man moves into another quarter of the city, he has only to go to the nearest street corner and look at the sign to find out in what ward he is living. Signs on lamp-posts are all right in their way, but the lamps are often broken, and a small sign on a house corner is 99 times out of 100 invisible to the naked eye."

No doubt there are many Conservatives who are disposed to regard the recent destruction of the building in which the *Toronto Globe* was published as nothing more nor less than the anger of an offended higher power, as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah in the days of old. It is pleasing to note that the *Toronto Empire*, the organ of the Conservative party in the Dominion, did not take this view of the matter. Scarcely had the ruin of their enemy's house been completed before the *Empire* offered the *Globe* shelter, and the *Globe* people decided to accept the offer of the *Empire*. This is regarded by the *Hamilton Spectator*, and other

Canadian newspapers, as a demonstration of the fact that, however widely they may differ in policy, the friendship of the journalistic brotherhood is strong enough to enable the gentlemen of the *Toronto* press to promptly and cheerfully lend a helping hand to a political enemy in distress.

Fires, like death, they say, are often angel visitants, in that they remove much of the dross that is allowed to accumulate during the days when the prejudices created by political partisanship are given full swing.

This, however, does not deprive the *Empire* of the right to crack a few jokes at the expense of the *Globe*. For instance, the morning after the fire the great Conservative organ inquired: "Will our contemporary at the other end of the office please note that if Mayor Kennedy's advice regarding the purchase of fire engines had been taken our best office chairs would probably not now be occupied by Liberal editors. We make no complaint. Neither do the chairs. In fact only a profound love for truth inspires this present writing."

And again:

"Yesterday, owing to circumstances over which no one has any control, an invasion of Liberal journalists took place at this office. They came, they saw, and they—sat down, or stood when the chair supply ran short. It is understood they brought a full set of Liberal principles with them, but these were not visible to the naked Conservative eye. With a skill born of long practice the aforesaid principles were put into proper shape and will, it is rumored, appear in this morning's *Globe*. As for the journalists themselves they appeared to be even as other men are, genial, good-tempered under misfortune, and animated by a desire to be as Conservative in manner and as Liberal in opinion as events would permit. No weapons of any kind were drawn—on either

side. There was nothing to indicate an imminent outbreak of hostilities, but only a keen desire on each side to imagine what the other was going to say in the morning. This will be made known in the regular way, no previous rehearsal, so to speak, having been permitted. Even the occasional courtesy of "an advance proof" was mutually omitted, so that the enterprising correspondent who sometimes informs a marvelling public that "the *Globe* will say so and so to-morrow" has the entire field to himself. The desire to remark that the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together" was strong, but is believed to have been unselfishly resisted, both from motives of personal consideration, and also with a view to possible future operations to which the quotation would not be applicable. In brief, the invasion was of a peaceful character unmarked by resistance, unsustained by bloodshed. Up to an early hour this morning all was serene, and no outbreak anticipated, even when we express our undiminished confidence that Mr. Kennedy will win."

Once more:

"The Happy Family is now on exhibition at the *Empire* office on Adelaide street every lawful evening."

Does not the above go to prove that although the Liberals may differ with us in political matters, "we are, after all, the same people."

"Fair Play," a correspondent of the *Times*, draws attention to a most heartless act of inhumanity. Ireland has generally been supposed to be the home of the cruel landlord, but if "Fair Play" writes what is true we need not go so far as the land of the shamrock to bestow our sympathy. In short, the story of "Fair Play" is as follows:

"Two women, sisters, were making a living by sewing or

workin  
it is m  
agree  
agent  
at the  
the gi  
Fraser  
came  
the at  
upon.  
was di  
witho  
of the  
sister  
dered  
the be  
missic  
were  
witho  
help  
sewin  
articl  
make  
I h  
the n  
to ab  
Play'  
was r  
so th  
woul  
street

It  
dutie  
succe  
no th  
actre  
as n  
not  
they  
tion  
prom  
half  
Bern  
moth  
a val  
nity.  
is a  
of F  
Rael  
died  
Ano  
mati  
Mar  
mur  
The  
was  
Onc

working out. Times being hard it is up hill work. They made an agreement with the landlord's agent to pay the rent of the house at the end of a certain time, when the girls received money from a Fraser river farm. The floods came and tenants could not pay the amount the girls depended upon. The day the house rent was due the agent sent the balliff without notice to take possession of the house and all in it; one sister lying in bed sick was ordered to get up as they wanted the bed. However, she got permission to stay until next day and were then forced on the street without money or clothes, in a helpless starving condition. The sewing machine to the smallest article that would assist them to make a living was sold."

I have no means of knowing the names of the persons referred to above, but I believe "Fair Play" would be only doing what was right to expose the landlord, so that honest men and women would be able to shun him on the street.

It might seem that the maternal duties of actresses were the least successfully performed. It appears no the contrary that on the whole actresses are rather distinguished as mothers. Their children are not only tenderly cared for, but they arrive at positions of distinction and responsibility. The most prominent example seems only to half bear this assertion out. Sarah Bernhardt has been a devoted mother, but her son has not proved a valuable member of the community. The son of Madame Favart is a captain in the artillery service of France. One of the sons of Rachel was a naval officer and died in the service of his country. Another son is now in the diplomatic service. The son of Mme. Marie Laurent is a member of the municipal government of Paris. The private secretary of Bismarck was a son of the famous Tagliani. One of the sons of Celine Monta-

land is a successful man on the Bourse, the other is at school at St. Cyr. The actresses of the Comedie Francaise vie with each other in the devotion to their parts as mothers. Bartet has a son in the naval school after taking a high rank as collegian. Samary, Baretta and Reichemberg compare their babies and relate infantile anecdotes between the acts just as do mothers who have never been behind the footlights. Croizette, who is now Mrs. Jacque Stern, left the stage to devote herself more entirely to a small Michael. Mrs. Kendal has acquired as much reputation as the British matron as the actress. When Ellen Terry was in this country a few years ago she had with her her daughter, now known under the stage name of Ailsa Craig. When she made her first appearance on any stage, in some private theatricals for the benefit of the Workingman's School, that night those who saw Ellen Terry saw the anxious mother, not the actress.

The New York World asked its feminine Sunday readers "what shortcoming in man is most distasteful to a woman, and why?" This is a question which no doubt goes to the root of the relations of married life. The paper has received 837 answers, which is a fairly representative number, although few women we imagine would have written an answer had they not some special grievance of their own, and they probably put their own grievance at the head.

Out of those hundreds of women but two objected to a man's being "wicked." Only fourteen had any marked objection to "unfaithfulness" or "inconstancy," while twenty-four consider a lack of good manners as the most unendurable defect in a man. One woman considers "shyness" the unpardonable sin; another can apparently stand all known vices, but cannot endure an unknown one

she calls "ineffectualness." One woman seriously dislikes a want of humor in a man, which is rather surprising.

Altogether the World has unearthed about fifty shortcomings in the unhappy sex, each one of which is the worst possible in the eyes of one or more fair ones.

This table will give a clear idea of what the women regarded the leading shortcomings:

Selfishness.....	151
Self-conceit.....	247
Effeminacy.....	142
Indifference (to woman).....	137
Inconstancy.....	24
Insincerity.....	24
Intemperance.....	23
Lack of will power.....	23
Insensibility to feminine charms.....	20
Want of pluck.....	20
Habitual use of bad language.....	19
Vacillation.....	19

The result of the municipal elections has clearly demonstrated the confidence which the electors of Victoria have in Mayor Teague. To any one but the most enthusiastic supporters of Alderman Wilson it did not seem as if the contest were necessary; in fact the result of the polling was the strongest evidence that the Mayor was entitled to a second term. There was much to be said in favor of the other two candidates, but the time in which to say it was too short.

Of those elected to seats at the Council Board, it can truthfully be said that there are many worthy of the confidence reposed in them. The election of a man of the integrity and honesty of John McMillan cannot be regarded as anything less than a wise dispensation of Providence, and the other two men in the North Ward give promise of working in the best interests of the city. There have been several changes in the other Wards, in some instances for the better and in some for the worse; but on the whole, I believe the new Council will prove vastly superior to the last. There is much to be done before Victoria attains the pre-eminence which by virtue of her geo-



# AFTER THE EXHIBITION,

Everybody should **Smoke the Primrose Cigar.**

Manufactured by M. COHEN, 62 Wharf Street.

**J. W. KINLOCH,** GAS, HOT WATER & SANITARY PLUMBING.

Tin Roofing and Sheet Iron Working. Tinware Made to Order.  
 JOBBING NEATLY EXECUTED. ESTIMATES GIVEN.

LONDON BLOCK, 68 Broad Street, Victoria, B. C.

*PERSONAL GOSSIP.*

The K. of P. gave a dance Wednesday evening in the Pythian Castle, Broad Street. Richardson's orchestra were in attendance.

The regular dance of the Iolanthe club was held Friday evening, because of the opera being on Monday, the regular meeting night.

A pleasant private dancing party was given last Friday evening at the residence of Mr. M. J. Appleby, Cook Street. Mr. Richardson supplied the music.

A grand masquerade ball is on the tapis for February 14, St. Valentines Day, in the A. O. U. W. hall, under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters of England. Richardsons's orchestra will supply the music.

## SNAPS AT 97 JOHNSON ST.

Selling at Least for one Month

Everything Reduced 20 per cent.  
**B. WILLIAMS & CO.,**

Clothiers and Hatters.

## The Eastern Pork and Provision Store

Are showing Some fine Goods in  
**Hams, Bacon, Pickled Tongues, Feet, etc.**  
 13 AND 14 CITY MARKET.

## C. H. STICKELS,

Rooms 19 to 22,  
 Board of Trade Building.

Consulting Electrical Engineer and Purchasing Agent.  
 Electric Light and Power Apparatus and Supplies.

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

## 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.

## E. J. SALMON,

44 JOHNSON ST.

HAVING purchased a bankrupt stock of house furnishings, is prepared to sell Enameled Ware, Tin Ware, Bird Cages, Crockery, Glass, Lamps, Wooden Ware and Plated Goods at prices that will defy competition.

REMEMBER "THE SALMON,"  
 44 Johnson Street

## J. H. WARNER & CO.

PLUMBERS,

Gas, Steam, and Hot  
 Water Fitters.

106 Yates Street, P. O. Box 359.

**VICTORIA, B. C.**

**THE TORONTO  
 WEEKLY**

**Mail**

**50 CENTS  
 A YEAR**

THE MAIL, TORONTO, CANADA

## STORY OF THREE TUNNELS

MY brain was on fire. I felt choking as I walked away from the office. Dismissed as a thief! I, the son of a man whose very name was still held sacred for his honor and integrity; oh, it was too much.

For three years I had been in an office in Edinburgh, and prided myself I was getting on fairly well. I did my work honestly and faithfully, and all seemed going smoothly when Mr. Heron, my employer, took a strange and unaccountable dislike to me. I tried to persuade myself I was mistaken, but the pleasanter I tried to be the more distant he became.

Things went on like this for about three months, till one day I was called into my principal's sanctum and dismissed. Of course, I demanded an immediate explanation. Mr. Heron sneered, and my blood began to boil, I felt as if I could have killed him as he said—

"No heroics, if you please, Blair, but thank your stars I am not to prosecute; for you widowed mother's sake I refrain, but not another day do you stay here."

"Mr. Heron," I began, as calmly as my indignation would permit me. "I demand to know what you dismiss me for?"

"For theft," he answered curtly. "For months it has been going on. Everything pointed to you as the culprit, but I was loth to believe that the son of William Blair could have fallen so low, but this day has proved it."

"In what way?" I enquired, sarcastically.

Mr. Heron's face flushed angrily—more at my tone than my words, I think.

"You have overreached yourself this time," he said. "The cheque you so cleverly forged my name to was suspected. As a rule one uses his cheques straightforward, and it would have answered your purpose better had you not clumsily supposed it

would avert suspicion, and used the last in the book."

In vain I protested—threatened—demanded a clear explanation. Mr. Heron simply ignored my request, and sternly pointed to the door.

"Go," he said, "and never darken my door again. Once your father befriended me, and for the memory of that I let you go free."

Mr. Heron's stern face is the last thing I distinctly remember. I have a hazy recollection of putting on my coat and hat, walking through the outer office amongst the clerks, who eyed me curiously, and of walking the whole length of Princess street. I could not realize what had happened; it came upon me with such a shock that I felt dazed and stupid.

Suddenly I thought of Murdoch. Murdoch was a lawyer in Glasgow. We had been fast friends since the day we both entered the same office—raw, country lads we were, too. From the very first we drew together. We shared the same rooms for three years, then Murdoch left for Glasgow, and I remained with Mr. Heron. I resolved at once to go to Murdoch, tell him the whole story, and get his advice.

I could not go home; my mother would have broken her heart to know her only son was suspected of being a thief. I turned my steps to the Waverley Station and took train for Glasgow, via Polmont. By this time my head was aching, and I was thankful to lean back on the cushions and shut my eyes. My fellow-passengers were an old lady, with a curious black bonnet—something like the ones worn by the Sisters of Mercy; an old, foreign-looking gentleman; a young mother with two little children; and a plain-looking, quietly-dressed girl, who was seated in the corner opposite me. My head was throbbing frightfully, and I lay back intending to sleep if possible.

But just as we emerged from

the first tunnel I was roused from my lethargy by a curious change that had taken place. I could have sworn that when I entered the train at Edinburgh the carriage contained but two children—now there were three. I puzzled over the third child till my brain ached. I rubbed my eyes, shut them, looked again, but no, there sat the third child grinning at me in an idiotic fashion.

Suddenly the old lady with the black hood dived underneath her cloak and stealthily produced a long dagger. I started violently, and was about to say something, when, to my horror, we entered the second tunnel. I heard a muffled groan, then a dull thud, and when once more we emerged into daylight the old gentleman was gone.

The old fiend in the black hood looked at me sardonically and smiled. An icy finger seemed laid on my heart—I could not speak—I could not move. I looked wildly at the other passengers, and they seemed paralyzed with horror.

At the next station the young mother and her children hurried out; but the young girl opposite me seemed glued to her seat, and gazed at me with terror in her face. I was about to open the door and go into another compartment when the train moved off, and we were alone once more with the maniac.

We were fast approaching the last tunnel, when the old woman looked furtively at me, pointed to her dagger, then to the defenceless girl in the corner. But I could not see her butchered in that cold-blooded way, and I stood up to wrest the dagger from the man woman. But just as I got to my feet we entered the third tunnel. I rushed to the window to feel for the cord to alarm the guard; but I was dragged back and thrown violently to the floor, and I remembered no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I regained consciousness

I was in a strange room. It was dusk, and everything had a dim like look, but gradually my eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I saw a girl seated in an arm-chair, gazing into the fire. I had seen her before, but where I could not remember.

"Where am I?" I asked her, as she glanced across to the bed. As I spoke she started violently, and came across to the bedside.

"You are with friends," she said, "but you must not speak, you will know all about it, when you are a little better."

"Have I been ill?" I enquired.

"Yes," she replied; "very ill, but you are now out of danger." Just then the door opened, and the doctor entered.

"Well, young man," he said, grimly, "so we are to pull you through after all."

"Doctor," I began eagerly, "tell me how all this happened. Where am I? Who brought me here?"

"Just you let all these questions rest for the present," replied the doctor. "Try and sleep, and rest with the assurance that all is well—to-morrow, if you are strong enough, you shall be enlightened."

I was too weak to protest. A feeling of rest and peace gradually stole over me, and I fell asleep.

Next morning I felt very much stronger, and gradually memory returned. I remembered perfectly my cruel dismissal, my leaving for Glasgow, the blood-curdling episodes of the journey, then a blank till my awakening in my present position—what was in between was a mystery to me, and by the time the doctor arrived I was in a perfect fever of impatience. At last he entered the room, and I began at once.

"Doctor," I said, "now you must tell me what has happened I shall never get well till I know the meaning of this."

For answer the doctor seated

himself by the bedside and took my hand.

"Young man" he began, "didn't I tell you not to trouble yourself about anything?"

"Yes, doctor," I answered, "but I can't help troubling myself, if you only knew—"

"I know all about it," interrupted he, "and just you lie quiet till I tell you. You left Mr. Heron's office on the 21st of June, exactly seven weeks ago, and took the train for Glasgow, fainted in the carriage, and here you are."

"And what about the old man who was murdered?" I enquired. The doctor stared.

"What old man?" he asked, in surprise.

Then I related the experiences of that awful journey to him. The doctor listened patiently till I had finished, then said—

"My dear fellow you have had a very severe attack of brain fever—it must have been begun even then. There was certainly no murder. Miss Arneston, who was on the train, prevented you from throwing yourself from the window and took you to her home in a cab.

"They knew nothing about you for over a week, then I noticed a paragraph in the papers about the mysterious disappearance of a young man. As the description given answered exactly to you, I communicated with a Mr. Heron, who was advertising in all the papers for you, and also with a Mr. Murdoch, who has been here every day. Now, Mr. Heron can explain the rest himself."

"Mr. Heron," I repeated, in amazement, as the doctor rose.

"I promised to telegraph whenever you were well enough to see him. I did so this morning, and he arrived an hour ago, accompanied by your mother, who has also been ill."

The doctor left the room, and in a few minutes returned with Mr. Heron and my mother.

Mother burst into tears and Mr. Heron seemed deeply moved.

"John Blair," he said, huskily, "I have come to beg your forgiveness. I shall explain shortly how it all happened; meantime it is enough to know that all is cleared up, and I shall try to atone to you for what you have suffered."

I was about to speak, when the doctor coolly ordered me to hold my tongue and try and go to sleep.

I mended rapidly after this. Mother and Miss Arneston nursed me, and in another week I was sitting at the fireside.

One afternoon Mr. Heron appeared. Mother rose and left the room—evidently knowing he had come for a talk.

Mr. Heron had a painful story to tell me. For a long time his only son had been living a very fast life. Again and again Mr. Heron paid his debts, but at length he refused him everything save his allowance, which was a handsome one. By dint of careful planning, John Heron had got access to his father's room, and by means of a false key had opened his desk, and, of course, in a very short time everything was in confusion. But his last act was the most atrocious. Not only had he forged his father's name, but by cleverly laid plans he fixed the blame on me. By means of leaving scraps of paper purposely torn up in my room, a blotting-pad with his father's name many times there, and many other trivial ways, suspicion could hardly fail to rest on me.

But John Heron's life had had a sad ending. Only the day after my dismissal he had been out driving with a party of young fellows as wild and reckless as himself. The horse bolted—one young man was killed on the spot.

John lived long enough to tell his father of his cowardly crime, and obtain his forgiveness.

Mr. Heron finished his tale with bowed head and husky voice, and my heart ached for the old man.

In a few weeks I was back in the office, but somehow business seemed to take me pretty often to Glasgow. Margaret Arneston's plain face was the one face in the world to me. By and by Mr. Heron saw how matters stood, and soon I had a snug little home to offer Margaret.

## Victoria College of Music.

Principals—W. EDGAR BUCK, and MADAME HARRIETTE BUCK,  
(Certificated pupil of Manuel Garcia) (Diploma from Paris)  
F. VICTOR AUSTIN, Violin Department.  
SINGING AND ELOCUTION. FRENCH—Private and Conversational Classes.  
Pianoforte, Violin, Harmony, etc., taught by a thoroughly competent staff.  
STUDIO: Over Waitt's Music Store, 64 GOVERNMENT STREET

## \* Richardson's Orchestra.

Music Supplied for Dancing, Social and Private Parties.

Address: 77 DISCOVERY STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Madame Laird : - :

TEACHER OF

VOCAL MUSIC

In all its branches.  
Sacred Music a specialty.

Residence, 161 VANCOUVER ST.  
Studio, Victoria School of Music, 43½ Gov. St.

## BANTLY FAMILY ORCHESTRA.

Music supplied for Balls, Parties, Receptions and Concerts.  
Any number of instruments supplied on the shortest notice.

FOR TERMS, APPLY AT

155 Fort Street, near Quadra, Victoria.

GEORGE W. FUGGLE  
Pianoforte Maker and Tuner.

VIOLINS, MANDOLINS AND GUITARS  
REPAIRED.

Three years with Goodwin & Co. Orders left at factory, 76 Princess Ave. also at Jamieson's Bookstore, next Post Office. P. O. Box 422.

## Victoria : Theatre ORCHESTRA.

Can be engaged to furnish Music for Balls, At Homes, Garden Parties, Receptions, Etc.

Apply to J. M. Finn, Bandmaster B. C. B. G. A. 27 Blanchard, Between Fort and Kane. Victoria.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE engagement of the Calhoun Opera Company for next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, promises to be more successful than their phenomenal one of a year ago, at which time they broke the record of the Victoria Theatre. The company is said to have been augmented in regard to principals and complete sets of scenery, and new and gorgeous costumes obtained for each opera; and the criticisms of papers

we have been receiving from along the line of their route would seem to show that they are giving more complete performances than ever before, and are consequently playing to exceptionally good business.

The engagement will open on Monday evening with Czibulka's charming opera comique "Amorita," with new costumes and decorations, which announcement will doubtless arouse a thrill of pleasant memories in the breasts of lovers of the better class of opera. "Amorita" is one of those operas of which one never tires. Thousands have laughed at the comedy part and been thrilled with its charming music. It fulfills the conditions of a successful opera, because there is a blending of humor and pathos, possessing also several scenes of strong dramatic interest, with a continued run of catchy music. It is filled with charming airs that are carried home to be remembered and oft repeated. Tuesday evening a magnificently staged and costumed production of "Black Hussar." Wednesday, matinee, a repetition of "Amorita" and Wednesday evening Richard Stahl's popular comic opera, "Said Pasha" will complete the engagement. As an added attraction, there will be presented each evening, between acts two and three of the operas, a complete series of "Worth's Living Pictures," which will prove a most attractive feature. They are said to be best appreciated by the more cultured, as they are really works of art, being

exact representations from the living models of the more celebrated of the world's famous paintings, and to any one who sees the beautiful in painting they will prove to be a source of delight and admiration.

Following the Calhoun Opera Company comes Nellie McHenry, in "A Night at the Circus," February 1 and 2. Tom Ricketts' "Troubadours," February 7 and 8, and Emily Blancher, in "Our Flat," February 19 and 20.

The concerts given by the choir of the First Presbyterian church are always popular, but the annual Burns concert is certainly the most popular. For seven years Mr. Brown, their popular leader, has given his countrymen, their wives and sweethearts a chance to hear the old Scotch songs so dear to them all; nothing touches the heart of a Scot like the songs his mother sang. Next Wednesday evening this choir will give their annual Burns concert in the Schoolroom of the church, Blanchard street. The hall is capable of seating 600 people, and on former occasions standing room was all the accommodation that could be had; this year grave doubts are expressed as to the hall being large enough to hold the crowd that is sure to be there, judging from the demand for tickets. The programme will consist of part songs by the choir, which have proved so attractive in past events. Songs by Mrs. McCandless, Mrs. Watson, Miss Wilson, Miss Russell; violin selection, Miss Brown; humorous reading, Mr. Allan; songs, Mr. Watson, Mr. Brown; duett, Misses Milne and Baker; trio, Messrs. Watson, Kinnaird, Brown. Tickets to be had from members of the choir, W. D. Kinnaird, Johnson Street, J. Russell, baker, Douglas Street, Cochrane & Munu, druggist, corner of Yates Street. Concert begins promptly at 8 o'clock. In accordance with our announcement to criticise all musical events on their merits a competent musical critic will be present and report in our next issue.

**AN OLD TIME HANGING.**

HOW TREY STRUNG THEM UP HALF  
A CENTURY AGO.

An Execution Then Was a Sort of Public  
Picnic All the Countryside Gathered to  
Witness It—Disgraceful Scenes Around  
the Scaffold.

Executions half a century ago were not  
restricted, as they are now, to the prison  
yard, in the presence of a limited number  
of witnesses, but were celebrated conspicu-  
ously on an open field, before a large and  
often rollicking and tumultuous crowd of  
spectators.

Such a body I remember to have seen  
gathered on such an amphitheatre more  
than sixty years ago to witness the hang-  
ing of a murderer. The man was a farm  
hand, and well known. When under the  
influence of strong drink he was sullen,  
turbulent and dangerous; but when sober  
he was so proverbially quiet and inoffen-  
sive that he was the easy-going butt of his  
associates. While at work one day in har-  
vest time, mowing a meadow near town,  
he drank freely and became tipsy; where-  
upon one of his comrades indulged in long-  
continued and rough horse-play at his ex-  
pense, till in an excess of passion inflamed  
by rum he turned upon his tormentor and  
slew him on the spot.

Of course he was immediately arrested,  
and never shall I forget the wave of hor-  
ror that swept over the little town when  
the news of the murder was bruited and  
the victim was carried to the home of his  
parents on a barn door. During the trial  
of the homicide the court-house was  
crowded to overflowing with people, who  
flocked in from the country for miles  
around to listen to the gruesome details of  
the slaying and to gaze upon the murderer  
as he was escorted to and fro by the con-  
stables between the jail and the court-  
house.

For several days immediately preceding  
the hanging (that was before the day of  
railroads, it should be recalled) multitudes  
from the country for twenty and more  
miles around flocked into town to see the  
execution, and some of them "to turn an  
honest penny."

On the fatal Friday the "Big Field" sur-  
rounding the gallows was fringed with  
booths and tents for the sale of cakes, pies,  
small beer and other refreshments, inter-  
spersed at frequent intervals with farm-  
ers' waggon laden with watermelons,  
muskmelons, apples, peaches and other  
fruit, the enterprising vendors of which  
drove a brisk trade under the very shadow  
of the fatal tree. It was estimated that on  
that tragic summer day over twenty-five  
thousand people, a large proportion of  
whom were women and children, were  
clustered around the gallows to witness  
the dying throes of the wretched man.  
And, thoughtless boy though I was, I was  
shocked by the horrible indifference to the  
dread event for that poor soul which was  
manifested, and by the still more horrible  
jesting, profanity and drunken combats  
that were indulged in. It was a saturna-  
lia of brutishness and indifference never to  
be forgotten.

**A Bit of the Autocrat's Wit**

Everyone probably has heard the story  
that when James T. Fields invented the  
name of Manchester-by-the-Sea and wrote  
a note dated from there to Dr. Holmes, the  
poet replied in a note dated "Beverly-by-  
the-Depot." It is said that Whittier,  
egged on by the irrepressible Autocrat,  
also wrote one dated "Danvers-among-the-  
Hollyhocks."—Boston Transcript.

**GREAT  
CLEARANCE SALE**

—AT—

**THE WESTSIDE**

Doors will be opened at

10 o'clock every

morning.

**J. HUTCHESON & CO.**

**GOLDMAN**

The Toronto Tailor

Has removed to Corner Broad and View Streets,  
opposite the Driard Hotel, with a first-class stock  
of Merchant Tailoring Goods, in the latest designs,  
for Gentlemen's wear at the lowest possible prices.  
First-class fit and workmanship guaranteed.  
Mark the address—

**COR. BROAD AND VIEW STS**

**KINNAIRD,**

Gives good value, satisfactory fits, and the prices are reason-  
able. Pants from \$5, Suits from \$18, Overcoats from \$25.

**THE CASH TAILOR**

**46 JOHNSON 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.**

A. HENDERSON, Sup't

F. S. BARNARD, Pres't.

ALEX. MOUAT, Secy

## OF THE LAST PIRATE.

A VISIT TO THE ROMANTIC ISLAND  
OF ST. THOMAS.

Two Buccaneer Strongholds—A Danish Possession in Which There Are No Danes—Every Other Language But That of the Owners Spoken.

Of St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, Fannie B. Ward writes:

The shops and stores are particularly uninteresting, filled with straw hats, ready-made clothing and tawdry trifles, but the street itself—or rather the human life of it—is always diverting. Everybody is continually making no end of noise and chatter; but nobody seems to be in any hurry about it, not even the shopkeepers in their money-getting, who always charge a foreigner at least double the price they ask native buyers for the same article. A sudden screaming and wild vociferation at your elbow makes you think that at least a murder is being committed; but it is only a bevy of sable-colored ladies having a friendly "talk," or wishing each other good morning. Groups of men converse with such vehemence and gesticulate so madly that you momentarily expect to see a knife plunged into somebody's bosom; but presently the grinning disputants saunter along, to renew the fracas with the next acquaintance they meet. Evidently this is not the place where "men must work and women must weep." Those noisy companies of jet black females, tall and sturly as the Amazons would be had those fabled creatures existed, are the coolers returning from several hours' hard labor in the harbor. Each wears a very short petticoat and a twist of hemp, around the head, her woolly hair plaited in horns, or crowned with a half cocoanut shell by way of a bonnet, and all are shouting and singing like frantic Mœnads. There goes a tall and stately Haitian woman, a veritable Juno in ebony, dressed in flowing white, topped by a gaudy turban beside which Joseph's coat would be no comparison in the line of many colors, and on top of the turban is poised a tray of cakes. Those children, playing on a doorstep, dressed precisely in the suit they were born in, are evidently natives. Here comes a white horse (no use to look around here for red-headed girls), with a scarlet saddle-cloth and other brilliant comparisonings, closely followed by a sheep with a bell on its neck. Is there a circus coming? Oh, no! The patriarchal rider, with mutton-chop whiskers and closely cropped head under a broad panama hat, is only plain Mr. Somebody, formerly of Copenhagen, and it is the fashion here, as in many parts of the West Indies, for sheep to accompany horses. They say it is healthy for both animals to live in the same stable. They often become so attached to one another that, out of doors, the sheep will not leave the horses as long as they can keep up with them.

Of Danish rule the casual visitor can, of course, say little. He sees clean, well-ordered streets, and evidence of continual improvements, sanitary and otherwise; but he cannot help thinking that the great open sewer, crossed by a bridge on the main street down which in the rainy season come avalanches of dead cats, tin cans and other despised articles, might be made less conspicuous and answer its purpose equally as well. He also sees that relic of darker ages, the chain-

gang on some of the public works, and the pitiful sight of women working with the male convicts; but the unfortunate females themselves seem to care less about it than the spectators, and shoulder their spades and pick-axes with a jaunty air, singing to chain accompaniments. Coxe's army would fare badly here, for the police, acting under orders, have the inconvenient habit of picking up harmless idlers and exiling them to the little island of San Jan, there to tend sheep and cattle. We met a mother, who was weeping and wailing and like Rachel, refusing to be comforted, because her son, aged 14, had been sent to San Jan the day before, merely for preambulating the streets with nothing on but a "cuttie sark" of less than the regulation length! The "President," who gets his title from presiding over the Senate, here combines the three functions of Judge, Prosecutor and Judge of Appeals; and—as in some parts of our own far West, where to steal a horse is held a greater crime than to kill a man—theft is punished with much greater severity than murder. "To assist the Governor-General in his arduous duties of governing the colony"—so the statute book says—there is a Colonial Council, partly appointed by the King of Denmark and partly elected by the inhabitants; so that affairs run smoothly enough, barring occasional trouble over the entrance of some quarantined steamer, or the killing of an animal without permission of the Council. The old fort still quarters a garrison, mostly negro troops with Danish officers. I met one of the captains, a fine-looking, blue eyed German, who gallantly declared:

Of course, we must visit both the grim old castles that frown down from their lofty perches upon the peaceful town and harbor. They belonged to noted buccaneers of the seventeenth century, when the port of Charlotte Amelia was celebrated as a pirate stronghold, where the searovers came to sell their prizes and replenish their stores. It is a legend of the island that an Englishman named Fogarty (probably from Cork or Dublin, for all those people are "Englishmen" away from home) purchased the castle of Bluebeard about 70 years ago; and found beneath it, after much persistent digging, enough treasure to make him wealthy for a lifetime. The story goes on to say that he had a charming daughter—"Pretty Kathleen Fogarty," she is called—who had black hair and eyes of Irish "true blue." After spending her childhood in this castle and becoming the belle of the town, she ran away with a penniless clerk of the English Consul, and thereby nearly broke her ambitious father's heart. She came back years afterwards, no longer "pretty Miss Fogarty," but gray-haired, sad and deserted by her scamp of a lover, to be forgiven by paterfamilias and end her days in peaceful retirement. So in this case, at least, the pirate's ill-gotten gains did not seem able to purchase happiness.

The original owner of the other estate, now spoken of as Blackbeard, and used as a bugaboo to frighten refractory children, is said to have deposited his plunder in a cave in the rocks of the hill which the sailors call "Mizzen Top." You may easily find this cave, but it is a question whether the famous pirate ever saw it or not. At any rate, the divining rods with which the old negroes hereabouts search for treasure have failed, so far, to reveal anything. But the same cannot be said of all the freebooter's hidings, for many an iron chest, filled with Spanish gold of the seventeenth century, has been discovered, buried in caverns or near ancient landmarks.

### INTERESTING BITS.

The fuchsia was named for Fuchs, a distinguished German savant.

Plants could not grow if the red and orange rays were eliminated from the spectrum.

The Russian peasant never touches food or drink without making the sign of the cross.

The Moravians claim to have had an independent church in Bohemia as early as the ninth century.

A man versed in language heard ten different tongues spoken while he walked across the Brooklyn bridge the other day.

New South Wales owns two thousand one hundred and eighty-two miles of railway, and New Zealand in 1892 owned six hundred and seventy-two miles.

If applied immediately after attack aqua ammonia, it is claimed, is a specific for bee stings. It should be applied thoroughly, and will reduce or prevent swelling.

The windmill, which is so conspicuous in Dutch and Belgian scenery, is likely to be seen in India. It is proposed to drain the unhealthy flats around Bombay by means of windmill pumps on the system of the low countries.

#### A Little Story of Editor Dana.

Mr. Dana was managing editor and I a correspondent of a metropolitan journal. Abraham Lincoln had signed a proclamation, the first call for troops during the civil war. I think it was in April, 1861. Then I was in Washington at the time, and, being impressed in my little journalistic heart with the importance of the occasion, I ventured, as an introduction to the literal proclamation phrase, upon a quotation from a favorite hymn in our family circle, worded thus:

"We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time,  
In an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime."

"What, then, must it be to be a factor in the affairs of nations, such as Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, who to-night has affixed his signature to the proclamation?" And then followed the Lincolnian document. Two days afterward I received from Brother Dana by mail, not by wire, a cautionary suggestion to the following effect:

"Dear Mr. Howard—After this, if in your dispatches you really must drop into poetry, telegraphy being four cents a word, won't you kindly wire us the number of the hymn, as we have the book in the office?"—Joe Howard's Reminiscences.

#### He Got It.

A prisoner before the police judge secured the services of a young sprig of an attorney who not only was a very consequential young man, but he thought he knew about ten times as much as the judge knew he knew. When the case was called the attorney arose.

"May it please your honor," he said, with great formality, "my client wants more time—"

"Very well, very well," interrupted the judge in the kindest way, "I'll be glad to accommodate him. He was arrested for abusing his wife, wasn't he?"

"That's the charge of the arresting officer, your honor."

"Very good," said his honor. "I had intended giving him only three months, but since he wants more I'll make it six. I always strive to please. Call the next case, Mr. Clerk."

## A DICKENS CHARACTER.

Among our neighbors over the boundary line, where crime is of course more rampant than in peaceful, law-abiding Canada, some queer criminals flourish. The "Artful Dodger" of Dickens's "Oliver Twist," has an exact counterpart in New York. An organized gang of juvenile pickpockets and sneak thieves, as carefully trained and as thoroughly organized as any commanded by the great Fagin of fiction, have been diligently operating in and around town for the past six months.

In many respects the artful little criminal's resemble the old Cockney's gang.

They all contribute to a common fund which is banked by the boss. They work in sets of three and four, each one having his especial duty.

Two "steerers," one "dipper" and a "passer" form a set. They are bound together by fear of the power of the "push" or gang. They firmly believe that the life of a "squealer" is not worth a moment's purchase.

Bill Sikes, of the story, is represented by one or two burly bullies who live upon the boys' "earnings." But the ruling mind of all this association of sin is contained in the curly black head of a fourteen-year-old boy.

They have no Fagin. The Artful Dodger dominates the whole.

Abe Solomon, who is supposed to live at No. 10 Suffolk street, is the modern Artful Dodger of this wicked young crew.

This precocious prince of pickpockets first achieved an unenviable notoriety in May last. On the thirteenth day of that month two Polish lads, Michael Mendelovitch and Bernard Ragafsky, were arrested for stealing a pocketbook from a Mrs. Mary Conners, in Central Park. They professed to be perfect strangers to the boy to the other. This is an essential part of the scheme taught in Solomon's school of thieving. Ragafsky, the elder of the boys, who gave his age as fifteen years, indignantly repudiated the idea of his being a thief. He claimed that he worked hard for an iceman called Solomon. The proof of his hard work was found on his person in the shape of Mrs. Conner's pocket-book.

Mendelovitch, the younger boy, stoutly stood out for his honesty at first, but when he found himself in the hands of the Gerry Society for an indefinite period he expressed his willingness to "give the snap away." Her story was he reached over her with his right hand and made a grab at a pear. At the same time she felt his left hand slip into her pocket. She seized him but was immediately surrounded by a dozen young hoodlums, and he wriggled away, but not before she had recognized him and others of the group as the redoubtable Solomon gang.

That night her son Benny went down to the junction of Essex and Division streets and there found the crew. He mingled with them, and being familiar with crooks' slang he readily pitched a story that he had just come from doing time and was anxious for work. They told him it was no use "going it alone" down there. Solomon bossed the whole show. A woman passed along, and wishing to test them, Mendel put them on her as a plant. Quicker than thought they had sampled her pocket. The result was only a handkerchief. This achievement they pooh-poohed. One of them bragged he had "lifted a leather" with twenty-three dollars odd that very day. Mendel grabbed him and held on. But the gang came in force, and he had to let go.

Finding Patrolman Ed Housmann, he took him to the boy's home, No. 85 Ludlow street. The boy, Sammy Abrahams, was in bed. His mother said he was thir-

years old, a good boy, and went regularly to school. But the policeman took him along, and the sight of an Eldridge street ball caused young Sammy to squeal. He said he was there when the pocketbook was stolen, but he did not do the job. He said the thieving was done by one of Abe Solomon's scholars called Davey Schapiro. He swore he had never attended the school, although he was quite familiar with the methods of teaching, and described the whole process in detail.

Schapiro was taken, and at the hearing was committed for trial at General Sessions, and Sammy Abrahams, against whom there was no direct evidence, was discharged with a caution. He profited by this caution so far as to change his scene of action to Coney Island. There on Sunday, Aug. 9, as a man called Davis, who keeps the camera obscura on Surf avenue, was standing outside his show, he saw two or three tiny young urchins surround a lady, while one slipped his hand into her pocket and withdrew it plus a fat pocket-book. He grabbed the boy and secured the purse just as it was being passed to another.

## STALKED BY A LION.

There were five of us encamped at the base of Chickasaw mountain, Montana, and I had given my ankle a bad twist and was laid up for repairs. We had a shanty in the edge of the thicket, and before leaving camp after dinner the boys slung me up a hammock between two cedars and helped me into it. We had a half-breed for a cook and all-around man, and so I was not to be left alone. I smoked a couple of pipes after getting into the hammock, had some conversation with Jim about the horses and the supply of food, and before I realized that I was even sleepy I had departed for the land of Nod. The half-breed saw that I slept and went over to the grazing-ground, half a mile away, to see that all was right with the horses. He meant to return at once, but found diversion and delay in setting snares for the hares he saw running about.

I slept for perhaps half an hour—not more. When I awoke I was still lying on my right side and facing the heavy growth of cedars clothing the base of the mountain. There was no yawning or stretching; I simply opened my eyes and was wide awake. My head was elevated so that I could see about me, and my eyes were scarcely open when they fell upon a mountain lion and her cub advancing upon me. The shanty was to the west of me and about two rods away. To the south, and about the same distance, was a "wick-up" of brush for the cook and his campfire. The lioness and her cub were advancing from the east. They need not pass the shanty nor the fire to reach me. They were out of the underbrush and into the open, and had probably had their eyes on me for ten minutes before I awoke. While the hammock seemed to puzzle them, the mother at least had the scent of a man in her nostrils and her actions went to show that she meant to attack me. The cub was about half-grown, and I had not had my eyes on the pair thirty seconds when I concluded that the mother was coaching him. When I awoke he was ten feet behind her and acting as if he meant to run away. She coaxed and threatened him by turns until he advanced to her side. She then crouched down and wormed herself along the ground and gave him a lesson in advancing upon his prey. At the end of twelve or fifteen feet she looked back and growled and swished her tail and he reluctantly imitated her. This brought them to within thirty feet of me, with the ground all clear.

Had I started up and shouted for Jim the lions might have run away or the mother might have attacked me. Their presence was a proof that I was alone in the camp, and the fact that I was practically helpless decided me to wait. The return of the cook would frighten them away, and I expected to hear his whistle or voice any minute. The lioness advanced another ten feet and after considerable persuasion the cub followed. It was plain that he had never stalked big game before and did not feel sure of himself. If the mother had not held him up to his work he would have turned tail a dozen times over. She must have seen that my eyes were wide open, but as I lay perfectly

quiet I doubt if she knew whether I was awake or asleep. At the distance of twenty feet she crouched down with her hind feet under her, switched her tail from side to side, showed her yellow fangs, and I knew that she was about to spring. Her idea was to give the cub a lesson in attacking, and he watched every movement and prepared to imitate. I think the mother made two springs to cover the distance, though she moved so swiftly that I was not sure. She cleared the hammock like a ball sailing through the air, and struck the ground to return to the cub and demand that he go through the same motions. He got down and made one spring, which left him ten feet away, and then skulked back. The mother flew at him and gave him blow with her paw which rolled him over and over and made him whine and cry like a puppy. He lay for a time on his back with his feet in the air, and then she advanced him seven or eight feet and forced him to crouch down for another spring.

The question with me now was whether the cub would go over the hammock or light upon me, but before I could decide it he made his spring and went under it. I was about thirty inches above the ground, and he grazed the netting as he passed under. It was a false spring, and he had no sooner returned to the old lady than she bowled him over again and bit him so savagely that he yelped with the pain. He started to run away, but she forced him to return and then crouched down to show him how it should be done. The distance she took was fourteen feet, and I believe it was her design to come down on top of me. This time her claws were exposed and she had eyes of fire. Only a few seconds were given me in which to make up my mind. I was about to start up and shout at the top of my lungs when the sound of Jim's voice reached my ears. He was singing as he returned. The lioness and her cub caught the sounds at the same instant, and the cub at once ran away. The mother arose, looked this way and that in surprise and alarm, and presently as the sound of footsteps came to us she turned tail and bolted for cover at a much faster pace than the cub had gone. I am ashamed to add that when all danger had passed—when the lioness was half a mile away and Jim was close at hand—I played the baby act and fainted dead away. None of the crowd ever knew it, though, for Jim looked into the hammock and thought I had fallen asleep, and I was careful to conceal that part of the incident from the boys when they came in. My excuse is that it was a new sensation to be stalked by a mountain lion, and that I was as helpless as if caught in a trap a mile away from camp. When I told Jim of the adventure he went out and looked at the tracks and measured the distance and then carelessly remarked:

"Good thing for you, I guess, that the cub hadn't got worked up to bizness yet and that the mother had to cut it short."

And that has always been my opinion of the affair.—Detroit Free Press.

# CHEAP COAL

## MCNEILL'S CANADIAN ANTHRACITE COAL FOR THE CITIZENS OF VICTORIA.

No Dust. No soot. No trouble keeping fire all day and night. Solid comfort at last.

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

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

### WE HAVE

Furnace Coal For Furnaces.  
Stove Coal for Cooking Stoves and large heavy heaters.  
Nut Coal for small stoves and self-feeders and Base Burners.

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

### TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

NUT SIZE:		STOVE SIZE:		FURNACE SIZE:	
PER TON.....	\$10.25	PER TON.....	\$11.75	PER TON.....	\$11.75
" HALF TON.....	5.25	" HALF TON.....	6.00	" HALF TON.....	6.00
" QUARTER TON.....	2.75	" QUARTER TON.....	3.25	" QUARTER TON.....	3.2

## GEO. MCFARLAND, AGENT.

For Victoria and Vicinity

OFFICE AND YARD:

Sinclair's Wharf, James Bay.  
P. O. BOX 764.

Orders taken at 74 Yates Street; 110 Government Street; 95 Johnson Street and J. F. McDonald, Oak Bay Junction.

### IN THE STUD. COCKER SPANIELS.

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

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

WANDERING KENNEL The Willows, H. H. WRIGHT, Manager

### B C POULTRY AND COM-MISSION CO. FANCY WORK.

#### DEALERS IN LIVE POULTRY.

All poultry killed and dressed to order at the shortest notice and delivered free of charge to any part of the city.

22 1/2 Pandora st., Cor. Broad and Cormorant, opp. City Market, Victoria, B. C.  
P. O. Box 686. Telephone.

### MISS COFFEY

FASHIONABLE DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER.

WHITE HOUSE, Government St

### A. E. TALBOT,

Cabinet : Maker : and : Upholsterer,

MATRASSES MADE TO ORDER.

dealer in every description of New and Second-hand furniture. Goods bought and sold.  
189 DOUGLAS ST., COR. PEMBROKE, VICTORIA.

A few more scholars can be instructed at 25 Frederick Street, in the art of Crocheting, Knitting, Sewing, and all kinds of fancy work. Lessons twice a week. Tuition fee 50 cents per month.

### J W. G. GAWLEY,

Coal Merchant.

Best Wellington Coal

\$7.00 per ton.

All orders promptly attended to.

### W. G. FURNIVAL

UPHOLSTERER.

Carpets cleaned, altered and relaid. Lace Curtains and Blankets a specialty.  
88 JOHNSON ST., near Broad.

### SCOTCH BAKERY.

Bread, Cakes, Etc., Etc

Shortbread always on hand.

JAMES RUSSELL, 103 DOUGLAS STREET

### SYRIAN STORE

Rahy Bros. Props.

Dealers in goods from Jerusalem, Constantinople, Damascus, Paris and New York. Watches, jewellery, dry goods, fancy goods, notions, and Japanese silk.

We buy for cash and sell for cash, therefore are enabled to sell 20 per cent. cheaper than any other store in the city

#### GIVE US A TRIAL

No. 160 Government street, Victoria, B. C.  
P. O. Box 530.

### GEORGE ALLEN,

### OSBORNE HOTEL,

Situation and accommodation equal to any in Victoria.

34 EXCELLENT ROOMS FROM \$1.25 TO \$2 PER WEEK.

MEALS, 25 CENTS.

Corner Pandora and Blanchard Streets

### S. F. TOLMIE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College, Fellow Ontario Veterinary Medical Society.

Diseases of all Domestic Animals treated

Office at Bray's Livery, 109 Johnson street. Telephone 182. Residence and Infirmary: Cloverdale, Saanich Road. Telephone 417.

**POOR MODERN TOOTH.**

A correspondent sends this interesting letter to Nature on the subject of teeth: "In a letter to Nature for May 17, on 'The Teeth and Civilization,' the writer advances a theory to account for the great prevalence of decay of the teeth at the present day, and concludes that Dr. Wilberforce Smith's investigations show that the ancients enjoyed a perfect set of teeth till advanced years, and modern savages enjoy the same blessing."

"I have not had the opportunity of seeing Dr. Wilberforce Smith's communication, but the number of cases examined in this particular instance (ten Sioux Indians) would hardly be sufficient to draw any conclusions from; and even in these ten cases all the teeth were not examined. I think, however, it has been sufficiently proved by several careful investigations that caries of the tooth is not a purely modern disease, and is not entirely confined to civilized races. My father, in a communication to the Odontological Society in 1870, brought together the results of an inquiry extending over more than ten years, in which he examined over 2,000 skulls, including all the available collections in Great Britain, and his conclusions as to the prevalence of dental caries differ very considerably from those of the writer of this letter.

"Among thirty-six skulls of ancient Egyptians he found caries in fifteen (41.66 per cent.); in seventy-six Anglo-Saxon skulls he found twelve cases (15.67 per cent.), while among 44 miscellaneous skulls of ancient Britons 20.45 per cent. showed carious teeth. Several other collections gave similar results.

"Again, with regard to savage races—among the Tasmanians 27.7 per cent. of caries was found, among native Australians 20.45 per cent., among East African skulls 24.24 per cent., and among those of West African natives 27.96. Similar results were obtained on the examination of skulls of many other races, but I think I have quoted figures sufficient to prove that caries is not confined to civilized races or to modern times.

"It is quite comprehensible that excessive nerve strain, especially by affecting vascular supply, may lead to imperfect nutrition during the development of the teeth, and we know that the diseases of early childhood have a very marked effect upon tooth structure, indicated by the ridged and defective teeth so frequently seen, and it seems quite possible that too early stimulus of the brain in childhood may have a similar effect on forming teeth. It is very difficult, however, to understand how nerve strain can have any direct effect upon fully formed teeth, and we should, I think, look for the explanation of the cases referred to in some vitiated condition of the fluids of the mouth, caused by the depressed condition of health so common among hospital nurses.

"There is little doubt that an open-air life and healthy surroundings encourage the formation of sound teeth in a sound body; but I cannot but think that the principal cause of caries must be looked for in the food. It is plainly shown by many investigators, and in the paper above referred to, that caries is rare among peoples who subsist principally upon animal food; the Esquimaux showed, among sixty-nine skulls, only two cases of caries, and the largest amount of disease was found among those races who lived upon a mixed or exclusively vegetable diet. These results are, of course, easily understood under the more accurate knowledge which we now possess of the immediate cause of dental caries.

"As to the relative frequency with which different teeth are effected, I think statistics plainly show that it is the first molar tooth of the lower jaw which is most prone to decay of any tooth in the series, and most authorities consider the second lower molar as the next in order; with these two exceptions, the upper are more frequently diseased than the lower teeth. This would, however, not affect the argument, as the lower molars are of course also supplied by the fifth nerve.

"Structural defects, due to inherited weakness or imperfect nutrition during the development of the teeth, combined with the use of soft cooked food, which is long retained in contact with them, and is of a nature eminently suitable for fermentation, give us, I think, the principal factors of decay among civilized races.

"While allowing the influence of nerve strain in early childhood, and as a factor in hereditary transmission of defective structure, I fail to see how it can influence teeth already formed."

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL**

Europe has only about eight per cent. of the Sunday school attendance of the world.

The Sunday school membership of Germany has increased over eighty per cent. in the last twenty years.

There are 22,000,000 persons, teachers and scholars, enrolled in the Protestant Sunday schools of the world.

There are 25,000 Sunday schools, 81,950 teachers, and 1,635 scholars in the different continental nations of Europe.

In 1374 there were in Germany 1,218 Protestant Sunday schools, with 86,418 teachers and scholars, in 1893 there were 5,900 schools and 784,769 teachers and scholars.

**IN AND AROUND ENGLAND.**

The announcement was lately made by the paymaster general of the supreme court of England that the total amount of dormant funds lying in chancery is \$6,000,000.

The Fastnet lighthouse, the spot on the Irish coast best known to Canadians, is said to be in a dangerous condition, as the iron fastenings of the tower have become corroded.

"Window gazing" is a profession in London. A couple of stylishly dressed ladies pause before the window of a merchant, remain about five minutes and audibly praise the goods displayed inside. Then they pass on to another store on their long list of patrons.

Dr. Goriensky, a Russian physician, claims to have found that the juice of raw cranberries given freely, pure or diluted with an equal part of water, is an excellent means of relieving thirst and vomiting in Asiatic cholera.

**Standard Wood Yard**

15 MONTREAL STREET, JAMES BAY

VICTORIA, B. C.

**Cash Prices:**

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

**T. W. FLETCHER,**

IMPORTER OF

**Pianos.**

The Bush & Gerls, Kroger Co'y, of New York.

**Organs.**

The Lakeside, Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, W. Doherty & Co., Clinton, Ont. Wilcock & White, Merriden, Con. The Goderich.

Also Domestic Sewing Machines, Maywood Sewing Machines, Wanzel Lamps, Etc., Etc., Electro Silver Plating and Gilding.

47 Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

**R. RAY,**

**PRACTICAL HORSE SHOER,**

GRIMM'S BUILDING,

131 Johnson Street.

**F. V. HOBBS**

Will Buy, Sell or Exchange

House Furnishings of All Kinds.

Repairing and Upholstering. All goods delivered free.

135 DOUGLAS STREET, opposite CITY HALL

Take Your Watches to

**BLYTH'S**

FOR REPAIRS,

38 Fort Street, next door to Five Sisters' Block.

English Watch Repairing a Specialty.

**J. E. RAYNES,**

63 FORT STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Special Agency for Reeves' Artists' Materials.

Books, Stationery, Etc.

Agent for "Glacier."

**It Can't Be Beaten**

Our Sheffield table Outlery Pocket knives, Razors and Scissors, make fine presents. A 1 Shaving sets, and Ladies' Companions, etc.

At FOX'S, 78 Government st

The largest variety in the Province.

**W. J. HANNA,**

Graduate U. S. College of Embalming, New York.

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER**

Contractor to H. M. Navy.

Parlors 102 Douglas St.,

Telephone 498.

Victoria, B. C.

## W. B. POTTINGER BUTCHER

STALL 17, CITY MARKET.

We cater for family trade

Ask your Grocer

Or Telephone 241

For

## Paragon Safety Oil

Address Box 116.

## Excelsior Brewery,

(LATE FAIRALL'S)  
O'Brien & Varrelmann,  
PROPRS.

## THE NEW BREW IS NOW ON SALE.

Don't Fail to Sample It

## ALEX. STEWART, Granite and Marble WORKS, Cor. Yates and Blanchard

Estimates furnished for all kinds  
of Cut Stone Work.

MONUMENTS, COPINGS, ETC.

Prices to Suit the Times.

CALL FOR PRICES BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE

**PRIVATE INSTRUCTION** in Arithmetic, Mathematics and other subjects. Book-keeping a specialty. To ladies and gentlemen taking the regular course, a thorough knowledge of the subject, by Single and Double Entry, is guaranteed. JAMES KAYE, Room 22, Vernon Block.

**SHORTHAND.**—Pitman's System taught in 25 lessons. \$1 per lesson; Evening classes. Proficiency guaranteed. City references. Address C. D. S., 3 Centre R'd., Spring Ridge.

**CHAS. HAYWARD**  
ESTAB. 1867  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
AND EMBALMER**  
52 GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA B.C.

### STORY OF "OLD IRONSIDES."

"Old Ironsides," Dr. Holmes' most stirring lyric and the one which brought him recognition as a poet, was first printed in the Boston Advertiser. In 1830 the frigate Constitution, the conquering hero of many a sea fight, lay at Charlestown navy yard, condemned by an unsentimental department, to be destroyed as no longer seaworthy. Dr. Holmes was then a youth of 21. He had been graduated from Harvard the year before and had spent some time in the study of law. At that moment, however, his legal studies had been abandoned and he was living quietly at home, uncertain of his future occupation. It was in the interval between his desertion of the law and his resolve to study medicine that "Old Ironsides" was written. The young man's mind was filled with enthusiasm for the achievements of our navy, and that its most famous vessel should be chopped up like any unhallowed wood naturally provoked and galled him. The feelings which the action of the department aroused in him found spontaneous expression in the poem. There was nothing deliberate about its composition, according to the Boston Post; it was wholly impromptu. To the best of his recollection, he says, he wrote it on a scrap of paper with a lead pencil while standing one day before the fireplace in the old house at Cambridge. And then, without dreaming of the great popularity it would win, or of how effectual its protest would be, he sent it off to the Advertiser, where it appeared in the issue of Thursday, Sept. 16. As it gave eloquent voice to the sentiment of the whole country, its success was both sudden and universal. The poem was copied with applause from paper to paper, while in Washington it was struck off on handbills and distributed through the city. The grand result was preservation with honor for the Constitution.

## WONDERFUL!

**\$1** SHOES FOR MEN AND BOYS, FOR WOMEN GIRLS, **\$1**

—AT—

**RUSSELL & McDONALD'S,**  
Opposite the Iron Church, Douglas St.

## DOMINION HOTEL

117 to 123 Yates Street, Victoria.

Meals, 25c. Rooms, 25c & 50c.

21 Meal Tickets, \$4.50.

STEPHEN JONES, PROPRIETOR.

## EXHIBITION JAMS & JELLIES

FIT FOR A KING.

Like Your Mother Used to Make.

FALCONER'S

Vinegar, Pickle and Jam Works

Telephone 173. 126 & 128 Fort St. Victoria.

## Victoria Steam Laundry

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

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Flannels, Silks, Curtains, Blankets of all kinds

152 YATES STREET.

Telephone 172.

Goods called for and delivered free.

## NEWBIGGING & ANDERSON,

B. C. NOVELTY WORKS.

Repairing of Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Type writers, Lawn Mowers and all kinds of light machinery neatly executed. Safes of all kinds repaired. Locksmiths, Etc

105 DOUGLAS STREET.

## THOS. WATSON,

### ELECTRICIAN.

Electric Light Wiring Bells, Annunciators and Electric Fixtures of all descriptions.

34 FORT STREET.

## HAVE YOU TRIED HALL'S

## PURE BAKING POWDER

Made only at the  
CENTRAL DRUG STORE

HALL & Co., proprietors,  
Clarence Block, Douglas St., Cor. Yates

To Whom It May Concern:

W. Furnival & Co. desire to inform the Underwriters, Assignees, Wholesale and Commission Merchants of their having 20 years experience in all branches of the mercantile trade as Auctioneers, Appraisers and Valuers,

And Solicit Your Patronage.

SALEROOM:

88 Johnson St. Telephone 540

Now that garden parties and picnics are pleasures of the past, and socials, dances, balls, etc., are present, it would be well for those entertaining to keep on hand a few dozen of SAVORY'S splendid Champagne Cider. It is a delicious beverage for the supper table. Use champagne glasses and ice for those who are in need of a cool refreshing drink. SAVORY'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER, being strictly the pure, highly refined juice extracted from home grown apples, is a healthy and temperate substitute at all times for champagne, claret, etc., and is superior to all cheap concoctions sold under the name of champagne

# THE OKELL & MORRIS

## FRUIT PRESERVING & CONFECTIONERY CO. (Ltd).

Gold Medal, Victoria, 1892; Gold Medal, British Colonial Exhibition 1894; Special Award, London, 1894; New Westminster, 1st Prize, 1894; besides 10 Diplomas and Highest Awards.

<p>Winnipeg: G. F. and J. Galt Thompson God- ville &amp; Co.</p>	<p><b>HOW</b> to be successful and how <b>TO</b> make trade is one thing. <b>TO</b> <b>MAKE</b> a name and also to make <b>MONEY</b> is another. It is our <b>EXPERIENCE</b> that a cheap article <b>IS</b> dear at any price, it is almost <b>NECESSARY</b> to stock goods which are cheap. But no one ever got satis- faction from cheap goods. Preserves to be good, must be made of full flavored fruit, pure sugar, and only the highest skill employed in its manu- facture. There are so many vile compositions being sold for jam that we have no hesitation in claiming that our preserves are the purest and the best flavored in the market. To stock these goods is to please your cus- tomers and make money yourselves.</p>	<p>Our Jams and Marmalade have al- ways met with the greatest success. We hold the only Gold Medal awarded in British Columbia, for excellence of flavor in Jams. We have commenced the manufacture of Candies. Grocers will find them equal to anything ever made, and we ask for a trial order, as we are sure their keeping qualities will ensure satisfaction.</p> <p>Our Marmalade is equal to the finest imported. It is made from the noted Seville Orange, and we believe it to be the best ever made in Canada. We ask a trial for our Lemon Peels. They are pronounced as mellow as a pear and fine colored, and put up in a style which is bound to please those that stock and buy them.</p>	<p>Victoria Agents: R. P. Rithet &amp; Co., Wilson Bros., Hudson's Bay Co., J. H. Todd &amp; Son, S. Leiser &amp; Co., Turner Beeton &amp; Co.</p>
--	---	--	--

### The Above Proves the Excellence of Our Goods

Send for Price Lists of the Manufactures made by

# THE OKELL & MORRIS

## FRUIT PRESERVING AND CONFECTIONERY CO (L'TD).

### VICTORIA - BRITISH COLUMBIA

are  
c  
-  
re  
B  
R  
E  
ate  
in-  
ees,  
er-  
ex-  
er-  
Ap.  
540  
are  
balls,  
e en-  
n of  
It is  
Use  
o are  
being  
acted  
l tom  
agno,  
mcc-

# The Clearance Sale of Dry Goods!

AT THE

## CITY HOUSE

Will be Continued Throughout January.

### —GREAT : BARGAINS—

—IN—

PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS GOODS,

Cloakings, Tweeds, Furs Etc., Etc.

## WM. WILSON & CO.,

Adelphi House,

106 GOVERNMENT ST., (Opposite B. C. Cattle Market Co.)  
HIGH CLASS GENTS' FURNISHING HOUSE.

MOTTO: *est* Maximum Quality and Minimum Price.

Special Agency for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Mackintoshes and Waterproofs to measure. Good fit, shape and quality ensured. Underwear in all grades at nominal rates, Linen Shirts, Collars, etc. Also gloves, etc. Dress gloves and Ties always on hand. Good and cheap. Up to date Hats, and Ties. Visitors may wait within for cars. A call invited.

James C. Brocklehurst, Proprietor.

New England Hotel,

M. & L. YOUNG, PROPRS.

116 AND 118 GOVERNMENT STREET,  
Bet. Johnson and Yates, VICTORIA, B. C.

The only first-class European Plan Hotel in Victoria. The Restaurant is the very best in the city, and all the delicacies of the season are always on hand. First-class Bakery and Confectionery in connection with the House. Lunches for Tourists supplied.

**CHRISTMAS**

—AND—

**NEW YEAR  
PRESENTS.**

Santa Claus

Headquarters

Toys, Games Dolls, Fancy Goods,  
Notions and Novelties.

Our low prices make these goods all bargains.  
H. GRIBBLE, 84 Government Street.  
P. O. Box 94.

**HOLIDAY**

**GIFTS**

**FOR OLD**

**AND YOUNG**

**THE CLARENCE HOTEL,**

Choice Wines, Liquors, and  
Cigars at the bar.

This Hotel has been refurnished, and is replete with every accommodation. Situated in the centre of the city, making it easy of access to visitors. The Hotel accommodation is everything that can be desired. Free lunch day and night. Sample rooms for commercial men

Billiard and Pool Tables in first class  
order.

GEORGE G. MELDRAM, PROPRIETOR.