

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. I., No. 49.

VICTORIA, B. C., SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

ENGAGED.

The little bond that links your life to mine
Seems slight and fragile; do you think 'twill
hold,

And bear the changes of the coming time,
When life is dark and all is bleak and cold?
And do you think that, purified by pain,
We can take up our lives and love again?

Or when, like the inconstant skies of spring,
Our lives are clouded as her sunny air,
And we know pain that summer could not bring,
Will you not find it all too hard to bear?
And when these storms and weary hours have
tried us,
Can we live on and let no power divide us?

Then if this little chain, so frail and weak
It trembles when our lives are fair and bright,
Could find a voice and each small link could
speak,

Would it not say 'twas frightened of the night?
If it must break, and we must humbly bow,
In pity for my weakness, break it now.

But if you think that it can bear the weight
Of fiery trials as they come and go,
We can take heart and boldly meet the fate
That gives impartially of joy and woe;
And be it summer fair or wintry weather,
We can brave and meet all, love, together.
—Eva MacDonagh, in Harper's Weekly.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

"As he was ambitious, I slew him."—Shakespeare

AT LAST the Victoria *Daily News* has crossed the great divide, and the long-felt want which it was created to fill is once more an aching void. The champion of the rights of down-trodden humanity died hard, and coming so soon after the defeat of the other great champion—John L. Sullivan—it goes without saying that the shock has enshrouded the community in gloom and sorrow. It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that its death was not entirely unexpected, as the rumors—first whispered in secret and afterwards yelled from the housetops—had already prepared the world for the final announcement that dissolution had terminated the splenetic existence of an organ which by gross mismanagement and strict inattention to business had eventually completed the process of self-strangulation.

I have no desire to speak ill of the dead, but I cannot refrain at this moment from making a few remarks bearing upon the death of the *Daily News*, and drawing therefrom a lesson which may be of benefit to aspiring newspaper publishers. It has wisely been written that the wages of sin is death, and in no connection can this eternal truth be applied with greater force than in dealing with the unholy conception and subsequent sinful environments of the *News* during its short and uneventful career. To accomplish my purpose I will have to go back a few months. Prior

to the establishment of the *News*, a great family newspaper, untrammelled by the interference of political bosses, and consequently independent in its views, had come forth at the call of the people. By unswerving devotion to duty and an eye ever watchful of the interests of its advertising patrons, this weekly visitor to the houses of the best families in the Dominion of Canada, had become a most potent factor in moulding public opinion. My readers have already guessed that the name of this great paper was the modest, virtuous, and I might go further and say truthful VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL. In short, the free and independent policy of THE HOME JOURNAL had become a menace to a clique of ambitious politicians and ravenous office seekers, and to accomplish its overthrow was the dream of these unprincipled, bad men. To facilitate their object a daily newspaper, conducted strictly on English principles, was proposed; but to float the scheme money was required, and in truth it took only a short time to secure the necessary subscribed capital to launch the *Daily News* on the turbulent sea of journalism. It was a large amount—more, in fact, than any one person in Troncy avenue has ever seen in solid cash, although many in that now deserted alley-way are worth considerably more in real estate.

It may not be irrelevant to the subject in hand to go back to the time when the *Daily News* was first issued. THE HOME JOURNAL publishers being plain, unlettered people, and somewhat slow of speech, it was deemed wise and expedient on the part of the *News* Company to issue a souvenir number, which would at once impress the former with a degree of their insignificance. I have not an unkind word to say concerning that souvenir edition further than to remark that it was printed in a job office in the city, and from a *News* standpoint was a fair sample of what followed. The *News* itself, after several unfortunate breakages in its press, which presaged a vexatious career, at last appeared. It did not astonish the people, however, from the fact that it was so badly printed that the matter contained therein was not visible to the naked eye in this latitude. Notwithstanding that this difficulty was eventually overcome, THE HOME JOURNAL still continued to flourish, and disseminate its doctrines of truth and wisdom broadcast over the land even unto Vancouver.

Leaving facetiousness out of the discussion, and coming down to plain facts, it should be said that in time a very fair newspaper was evolved, and with a competent mechanical staff, together with the clever local work of Mr. Egan, the *News*

became quite interesting. Latterly Mr. J. J. Bell, M. A., a gentleman of high literary ability, assumed control of the editorial department, and performed his work well. Mr. Renwick, as manager, made a desperate effort, to make the business pay but, with all his skill, the effort was in vain. The cause of the death of the *News* might be summed up in the following words: There was no room for it, and no paper can possibly be made to pay while advertisements are taken at less than what it costs to put them in type. The lesson to be learned from all this, is that a newspaper, like every other venture, must be conducted on purely business principles, otherwise disaster must surely follow.

While I am talking "shop" I would like to say a few words on the subject of advertising schemes. During the present season in Victoria smooth-tongued advertising fakirs have been as thick as the "leaves that strew the Vale of Valambrosia," and in more than one instance they have reaped a rich harvest. Souvenir numbers, blotting pads, and guides to goodness only knows where, have been gotten up, and in nearly every case merchants have been duped into advertising. It is rarely, if ever, that a merchant receives any benefit from placing his card in anything but a newspaper with a *bona fide* circulation. It is astonishing to contemplate the ignorance which many otherwise sensible business men display in such matters. Repeated exposures of these fakirs have no apparent effect. Many men will pay several dollars to get bitten, and in a few weeks or months they are ready to bite again. If they are disposed to contribute to the support of certain slick individuals, they are certainly at liberty to do so; but the entry should be made in their expense accounts to "charity" and not to "advertising."

If it were ignorance alone there would be some excuse for the victims, but, as a matter of fact, they became victims because of their own carelessness in the majority of cases. The subject of advertising is one that demands thought. It is as important a feature of business as the display of stock, or the employment of clerks, and yet there are hundreds of merchants who never give it proper attention until it is brought directly to their notice. There are many plans that are not schemes to take in the unwary. The advertiser must look into the facts. When a plan is presented for his consideration he must observe two things: First, how many of the people he is anxious to reach will be reached by that medium; second, how many will be impressed with it. Any dealer, knowing his trade, ought to be able to answer these questions to his own

satisfaction. There will always be a percentage of failures in advertising efforts, but with proper caution, the percentage can be kept so low that it will sink into insignificance when compared with the profits accruing from a liberal and judicious advertising policy.

The cry that business is dull comes spasmodically, but generally periodically, especially in this season of the year, this everlasting cry of 'hard times.' Business is dull, cries one merchant; awfully dull, says another; and the third goes still further, wringing his hands in despair, turning his eyeballs, etc. This unwarranted cry of "dull trade," unbecoming a merchant, should cease. A brighter future would soon dawn upon the commercial interests of this country, if we heard a fair acknowledgment of prosperity.

I hope that the day will soon be past when questionable transactions, violating the fundamental principles of honesty and enabling one man to build up a business at the expense of another. "Smartness" is all very well in its way, but "fraud" would be more applicable to the man who steals the name of another man's goods. This, I am told, is being done by a certain manufacturer of this city. I propose to look into the matter, and, if conclusive evidence of the fraud can be secured, an exposure will follow.

Reference was made a week or two since in these columns to the action of the Deputy Minister of Lands and Works spending money on the outside inviting competition in respect to the architecture of the proposed new Government buildings. I have found since that nearly all the professional papers in America carry advertisements inviting designs for these buildings. All these advertisements represent a pile of British Columbia taxes, paid, as I said before, in part by the British Columbia architects, and as an American has been induced to come over here simply and solely for the purpose of competing and saving duty on his plans, there is nothing to prevent a whole colony of such men coming here to compete against our local men. This is manifestly unfair to the latter, and I hope their association will take the matter up.
PERE GRINATOR.

A COLUMN FOR THE CURIOUS

OSCAR C. BASS: "The rabbit is so prolific that the progeny of a pair of them, in ten years, will number 70,000,000."

FOSTER MACGURN: "A company which insures clothing, fabrics and furs against moths has been organized in the United States."

ASSISTANT-POSTMASTER CAIRNS: "Statistics show that about twenty letters go astray out of every million sent through the post-office."

WM. H. CULLIN: "Glass type, recently tested in a Paris newspaper, is said to be a success. The printing from it is clear

and sharp, while the cost is much lower than for leaden type."

CHIN LONG: "There is in China a secret society called the 'Triad.' It is a capital crime to belong to it, yet it has more than thirty millions of members. Its object is the overthrow of the present dynasty."

P. J. MYLIUS: "A watch is usually composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces over 2,000 distinct operations. Some of its screws are so small as to be imperceptible to the unaided eye; and the slit in the heads of these screws is 2-1000ths of an inch in width."

YON YONSON: "In Norway, the horses always have a bucket of water placed beside each animal's allowance of hay. After each mouthful of hay they take a sip of water. It is said that this mode of feeding is beneficial; and to it the fact is attributed that a broken-winded horse is rarely seen in Norway."

RUSSELL McDONALD
134 DOUGLAS ST.
FALL DRAWING
1892
TICKETS NOW ON ISSUE
\$ 2500.00
DIVIDED INTO SEVENTY-FIVE PRIZES
ONE CHANCE FOR EVERY DOLLAR'S WORTH OF GOODS PURCHASED

MILLER & BLOOMFIELD
DETECTIVE AGENCY.

All business strictly confidential. Our agency has communication with all the leading detective agencies in Canada, United States and Great Britain.
P. O. Box 824.

18 CHANCERY LANE, VICTORIA.

SAMUEL MATSON,

Manager for B. C. of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

Life rates for \$1,000 with profits:
Age—30, \$15.00; 35, \$16.04; 40, \$17.20
45, \$19.04; 50, \$22.04; 55, \$29.24; 60, \$41.50
Office—With Morrow, Holland & Co., 46 Broad Street.

OSBORNE HOUSE,

BLANCHARD ST. COR. PANDORA.

FIRST-CLASS BOARD

By Day, Week or Month, at reasonable rates.

C. W. MONK, Proprietor.

B. C. Turkish and Electric Institute

Turkish Baths.....\$1 00
Electric do.....1 50
Medicated do from.....1 50 up
Hot and cold baths.....25

Irrespective of the baths, a specialty of this institution is that most Nervous and Chronic Complaints are treated by Electricity. A cure guaranteed in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

76 YATES STREET.

A. A. AARONSON,

Pawnbroker and Theatrical Costumer,

Johnson Street, P. O. Drawer 11.

LIST THIS WEEK.

- 1 Buff & Berger Transit, nearly new, worth \$350.....\$175 00
- 1 Sextant.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Gurley Transit, nearly new, first-class instrument.....\$100 00
- 1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200.....\$125 00
- 1 pair 3-carat diamond ear-rings.....\$200 00
- 1 pair 5-carat diamond earrings cost \$450.....\$310 00
- 1 18-carat gold English Lever, cost \$30.....\$ 65 00
- 1 18-carat gold chain, 32 penny-weight.....\$ 25 00
- 1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275.....\$125 00
- 1 Diamond Ring, 2 1/2-carat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
- 1 pearl, 8 1/2 grains.....\$ 35 00
- 1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less 1.....\$180 00
- 1 2 1/2 carat do.....\$225 00
- 1 Ladies' seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00.....\$250 00
- 1 Piano.....\$ 75 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case, Rosewood, well fitted up.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut.....\$ 10 00
- 1 music box, plays 10 tunes.....\$ 20 00
- 1 music box, plays 6 tunes.....\$ 15 00
- 1 double-barrel shot-gun, No. 10, maker Henry Toller, cost \$75.....\$ 25 00

Marine and Opera Glasses always on hand cheap. Silver Watches from \$3 up. Large assortment of Diamonds and other precious stones always on hand.

85 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Is the place to leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning by the Turkish Process.

The only method by which carpets can be cleaned and thoroughly disinfected and restored to their original brilliancy.

Turkish and Parisian Rugs a specialty.

Blankets and Lace Curtains also cleaned by the same process.

Carpets taken up, dusted and relaid if required

FOR REFERENCES APPLY TO

- Mrs. M. B. Sargison, No. 1 Richardson St.
- Mrs. Carmichael, 9 Richardson St.
- Mr. F. G. Richards, Jr., 288 Yates St.
- Mrs. Wm. H. Cullir, 7 Princess St.
- Dr. Metherell, 59 1/2 Government St.
- Mrs. Wolfe, Pandora St.
- J. H. Freeman, P incess Avenue.

Drop us a card and we will be pleased to call and show samples and process.

W. FURNIVAL, Manager.

**rkish and
Institute**

.....\$1 00
..... 1 50
..... 1 50 up
..... 25
paths, a specialty of this
ost Nervous and Chronic
d by Electricity. A cure
atism, Neuralgia, etc.

S STREET.

ARONSON,

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P. O. Drawer 11.

IS WEEK.

ansit, nearly new, worth
.....\$175 00
..... 15 00
rly new, first-class instru-
.....\$100 00
eight 1,200.....\$125 00
d ear-rings.....\$200 00
l earrings cost \$450.....\$310 00
h Lever, cost \$30.....\$ 65 00
32 penny-weight.....\$ 25 00
heavy quartz chain and
.....\$125 00
arat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
.....\$ 35 00
lue tint, weight, 2 carat,
.....\$150 00
.....\$225 00
at, cost \$700.00.....\$250 00
.....\$ 75 00
se, Rosewood, well fitted
.....\$ 15 00
se in walnut.....\$ 10 00
tunes.....\$ 20 00
tunes.....\$ 15 00
run, No. 10, maker Henry
.....\$ 25 00

era Glasses always on
er Watches from \$3 up.
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nes always on hand.

**S STREET,
RIA, B. C.**

ve your orders for Carpet
he Turkish Process.

by which carpets can be
roughly disinfected and
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RENCES APPLY TO

on, No. 1 Richardson St.
9 Richardson St.
s, Jr., 288 Yates St.
ir, 7 Princess St.
59½ Government St.
Pandora St.
P incess Avenue.

and we will be pleased to
ples and process.

FURNIVAL, Manager.

SOME BIBLICAL LESSONS.

MOST of you have gone to Sunday school, I guess. Some of you have gone to church, and some have read their Bibles faithfully. What magnificent lessons are to be found from religion. For instance, there is that story of Samson, the Hebrew Achilles, the Israelitish John L. Sullivan, who waded into the Philistines with the jawbone of a defunct jackass, and corded them up like leather sandwiches at a railroad lunch counter. Then the big fellow dallied with Delilah, and when he woke up he had a horse-clipper haircut, some nice iron jewelry and was short two eyes. Do you know that the American workingman reminds me of the gentleman who enlarged the lion's mouth and turned the king of beasts into a bee-gum? He starts in occasionally, armed with the jawbone of some demagogue ass, and creates widespread destruction. Then the boodle grabbers send a soft-voiced Dellah to him who lulls him to sleep, and instead of whooping through the country pulling up sub-cellars and turning artesian wells wrong side, he tramps patiently in the treadmill. A little while ago he wanted the earth, with a red fence round it; now he is content to make bricks without straw; cares not for the pop of the whip if the flesh pots arrive on time. But how long will this lethargy last? How long will the workingman dine, Lazarus-like, on the crumbs from the rich man's table? Having found that neither rebellion nor submission betters his condition, will he not, like another blind and desperate Samson, lay hold of the very pillars of the temple and bring it down with a crash about his ears? It behooves our modern Samson to be aware of the jawbones of asses and the songs of siren Dellahs; it behooves employing capitalists not to trust too much to the blindness of ignorance, nor to put their trust in the manacles of the military.

We have all read the Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Joseph was the great Hebrew grain monopolist, and land grabber, of course—the fellow that unravelled old Pharaoh's nightmare. Now, I believe the Bible, in a general way, but I think that story of Joseph pulling his coat tails off to get away from Madam Potiphar just a little bit fishy. It rests altogether on ex parte evidence. Col. Potiphar had made Josey chief pie passer in his palace, then gone off somewhere, probably with the pagan priests to look for a holy bull calf, or to attend the funeral of a cross-eyed cat. Josey and Mrs. Potiphar were left to run the house, and the latter accused the former of being entirely too fresh. Josey denied the soft impeachment and posed as a he-virgin who had resisted the song of the siren and fled from the face of the tempter. And for 3,000 years the world has accepted his story and insisted that Col. Potiphar had excellent grounds for divorce, but, groping in the blindness of paganism, could not see it. Maybe Josey's story is straight. The nature of man may have undergone a radical change in six-and-thirty years, or Mrs. Potiphar may have been passe, but the presumption is that the boy exaggerated the circumstance.

You remember the story of Balaam and his ass, well that was the first, but by no means the last donkey gifted with the power of speech. The peculiarity of Balaam's burro was that it talked sense. It was the only donkey known to history that an angel ever succeeded in heading off. Balaam was a type of political demagogue and priestly adventurer very common at the present day. He was out for the stuff, and knew how to sell himself to the best advantage. The Israelites had just emigrated from the land of mummified cats and holy crocodiles, and were making the pagans of Asia Minor hard to catch. They had put a Kibosh on the Canaanites, walked on the collar of the Amorites, drove Og and all the little Oggies into the ground with a maul, and were grinding the snickersee for the goozle of Moab. Balak, high muck-a-muck of the Moabites, realized that he was at the bottom of a 40-foot well with no ladder in sight. He was scared to death and afraid to run. Then, like the rest of us under similar conditions, he thought of the Lord. We always turn to the Almighty after all our friends have gone back on us. Balak felt that unless the Lord intervened in his behalf, the sons of Jacob would pass a decree changing his name to Dennis, so he bundled ambassadors off to Balaam with a hatful of shekels, asking him to come and curse Israel. He supposed that Balaam, like some of his sacerdotal successors, had the thunderbolts of the Omnipotent concealed about his person—that all he had to do was to turn 'em loose and Israel would wilt like a picnic dude in a thunder storm. Balaam said he would see about it. He knew how to play a sucker, and replied that the Powers above were not in a cursing humor. Than Balak bid higher. Balaam pretended to consent, but on the road his ass balked and Balaam made play for bigger boodle. I think the old duck, like many of the pagan priests, was a ventriloquist. He evidently got what he wanted, for he received permission to continue his journey, his burro quit blabbing and began to saw wood. But when Balaam saw the strength of Israel he realized that the jig was up. He was too smart to pray for rain when the wind was in the wrong quarter, too smooth to launch his thunderbolts at an army that could mop up the plain of Moab with Balak and his brethern, so he played for what spare cash was in sight and made a sneak.

A young lady writes me to know "what is love." What is it? I guess it must be electricity. Whenever we cannot understand exactly what a thing is, we class it with electrical phenomena. As we do not know what electricity is, such a definition is, about as satisfactory as saying that water is wet. At the banquet of Plato a number of distinguished Greeks talked very learnedly about the tender passion, but they do not appear to have known much more about it than the green gosling who is suffering with his first attack. I say first attack, for it is becoming quite fashionable now-a-days to experience the delightful sensation several times. But perhaps we are not more fickle than were our ancestors, for the

New Testament speaks of a woman who planted seven husbands, and Shakespeare makes Romeo change his sweethearts with almost as much facility as he would his shirt. But, really, I think that the love that flits from flower to flower must be the attendant of Venus Pandemos. It is of the earth earthy. It is the love that causes the widow to smile through her tears; that makes the funeral baked meats furnish forth the marriage feast. Lightning may strike twice in the same place, and the Uranian Venus may rear a second altar amid the ashes of a desolated shrine—I don't know; but I am not banking on it. Many people imagine themselves in love when they are only troubled with indigestion or a disordered liver, apply for a marriage license, when what they need is a full-grown buck-saw or a 44-calibre washtub. No, young lady, I cannot tell you what love is. I used to believe it the power that made the world go round—an emanation from heaven—a portion of that bright essence increate infused into the human heart; but, after watching its vagaries for half a century, I am inclined to believe it a disease of the blood, the mad work of some yet undiscovered microbe, which therapeutics may yet provide a panacea for.

THE PARSON.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

Can people be made good by Act of Parliament? We were under the impression that this question was decided long ago. Our attention was drawn to this matter by some items which appeared in a late issue of the *Colonist* about the grand success likely to attend the new steps lately taken with regard to what is called the social evil. A very vigorous crusade is to be instituted against all houses encouraging this evil, and all frequenters of the same. Better leave them alone. Drink, gambling, and women of a certain class will flourish in spite of enactments as long as human nature remains unchanged. Suppress by law you cannot. Cure the surface, remove the blotch from the skin, and doctors will you you drive the complaint inwards, to the destruction of the patient. Raid the houses and you spread the evil, with the effect of making that secret which is now patent. Remove the evil you cannot till, like the bodily complaint, the blood is changed, the mind altered and purified, and principle planted. Now the authorities are simply bringing about the ruin of the family. We have at present the safety valve. Remove that, and the disease will break out with violence and work insidiously to the peace of the family and the breeding of secret corruption.

S. F. McINTOSH,

ROCK BAY

Goal and Wood Yard

Telephones 470 and 512.

THE VICTORIA
HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.
SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.
Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to
THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE newsboys and bootblacks of Victoria are not all street Arabs. The latter are of Polish descent.

THE attention of the inspector of weights and measures is called to the fact that so far this season all the fish scales are light.

A recent arrival from the antipodes, who is chronically tired, accounts for his indolence on the ground that he is a-strav-lazy-'un.

"Ah," remarked a leading Government street merchant, as he gazed disgustedly over a lot of unpaid accounts, "These bills are like the weather—quite unsettled."

"Its very strange," sagely remarked Munroe Miller as he mused over his morning paper. "Its very strange indeed that all these foreign things happen away from home."

Corbett's triumphant vehicular progress through the country is apt to make him think he is "a bigger man than President Harrison." His wife has already expressed that opinion.

One of the unfortunate ticket-holders in Victoria, who after several month's regular investment has never drawn a prize, appropriately speaks of the concern as the Loose-iana lottery.

It is well to remark right here that the cholera epidemic of 1832 that raged on the American continent, never touched the city of Victoria. In fact the city's death rate in 1832 was 0 to 1,000.

So far, the year 1892 has been marked by two great events—the defeat of John L. Sullivan by Corbett and the overthrow of Prof. Foster by Reed. Truly 1892 will write its name in large letters on the page of history

It is stated on good authority that Mr. J. W. Bengough, the founder of Canada's *Grip*, is about to become the editor of a similar publication in Chicago. It is understood that the new paper will have big financial backing should Mr. Bengough decide to undertake the venture.

THE American hog has a grievance. After rooting his way along a path beset with thorns, soothed and sustained only by the encouraging tones of Minister Phelps, he arrives in Berlin to find the

butchers there trying to educate the local palate up to the appreciation of horse meat.

His visit to England is evidence that Sir John Abbott is not in imminent danger of breaking down, although there is too much reason to fear that his health is far from good. Pending his consultation with eminent London physicians, it is natural that he should be induced to withhold his resignation as Premier; but if these should be unable to hold out hope of a speedy recovery the country may look for his early retirement. Unfortunately Sir John has reached an age that does not often carry with it the power to resist disease. Men of all grades, however, will hope for the best.

WEDDING BELLS.



The announcement has been made of the engagement of Captain Clarence Cox to Miss Victoria Shaw, daughter of Thomas Shaw, of Chatham street. The wedding will take place on Wednesday, 28th inst., at Christ Church Cathedral.

Mr. John Cochrane, druggist, was married in Seattle, last Wednesday, to Miss Simon. Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane came over on the Kingston, Thursday evening, and are now receiving the congratulations of their friends, in which THE HOME JOURNAL joins.

Ex. Ald. J. C. Devlin was married, Wednesday, to Miss Margaret Clark, of this city. A number of friends and relatives of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony, and joined in wishing the happy couple enough happiness to last them until their golden wedding. The presents were both numerous and beautiful.

Mr. David T. Ballentyne, a compositor employed at the *Times* office, and Miss Allen were married, Wednesday evening, at the residence of the brides' parents, 31 Princess avenue. Rev. Dr. Campbell tied the nuptial knot in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, of the James Bay church, acted as best man, and the bride was supported by Miss Clara Edwards.

Last Tuesday, the Rev. Robert Maitland, at Vancouver, united in marriage Dr.

Albert Egbert Sparks, late of Carlyle, Ont., but now of San Francisco, and Miss Ellen Lavell, daughter of Dr. M. Lavell, physician, of Kingston Penitentiary. The wedding took place at the residence of Mr. J. E. Miller, Collector of Inland Revenue, Vancouver, and the happy couple left for their future home in San Francisco.

A unique and attractive ceremony was solemnized at Temple Emanu-El, Wednesday, Sept. 14th at 2 p. m., the event being the marriage of Miss Minnie, second daughter of Rabbi S. and Mrs. Philo, to Mr. I. A. Waxstock. The altar of the synagogue, over which was erected a canopy of white silk, was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens by the deft hands of the bridesmaids. As the bride entered the synagogue on the arm of her mother, followed in couples by the bridesmaids they marched to the right, the groom, entering at the same time with Dr. Philo, followed by the groomsmen, going to the left. This made quite an effect, and looked rather pretty. The benediction or afternoon service was then read, at the conclusion of which the bride and bridegroom, together with their supporters, ascended the altar, and the ceremony, which was very impressive, was then performed by Dr. Philo. The bride was given away by her mother, and the Rabbi acted for the bridegroom. The ceremony was performed according to the ancient Jewish custom and the Laws of Moses. The bridesmaids were Louisa Philo, Clara Phillips, Leah Phillips, Rosie Philo and Miss Donnenberg. The groom was supported by Messrs. I. E. Philo, F. Landsberg, D. Phillips, B. Phillips and A. Lewis. The bride was attired in white, India silk, trimmed with white lace and ribbons, and wore a wreath of flowers together with a long, white veil. The bridesmaids were attired in white silk trimmed with lace. After the ceremony, a repast was spread at Dr. Philo's residence, at which fifteen couples partook of the tasty viands and delicacies. In the evening, a public reception was given, which was well attended. Singing, dancing, recitations and toasts were indulged in till near morning, when the merry guests departed, wishing the newly married couple long life and happiness. The bride was the recipient of numerous handsome and useful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Waxstock will start housekeeping at 75 Pembroke street. Altogether the event was, in every particular, a pleasing one, and THE HOME JOURNAL joins in wishing them happiness and prosperity.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That many of the summer novels come under the head of demoralizing literature.

That a great many families when they go out of town leave their religion behind.

That many appreciate the social advantage of church-going more than the spiritual.

Neatly worked darns and patches have been discovered in the cloths used in swathing some of the Egyptian mummies.

The Home Journal is copied every week by over 100 papers in Canada and the United States.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

A paragraph on the script of notables says, "Lillie Devereux Blake writes a tangle of curls and whirls that defy translation."

A black pearl necklace worn by Lady Ilchester at a recent entertainment is said to be worth \$125,000. There is only a single row of the gems.

Ten-year-old Edith Brill, of Woolwich, England, has received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving one of two little boys who fell into King William's dock.

Mrs. Augustus M. Rodgers, the first woman inventor in the United States—is still living—a very beautiful and striking person, whose hair has been snowy white for many years. She lives with her married daughter in Jacksonville, Fla.

FASHION'S FADS.

High heeled shoes are now worn more than for years, and it is a fashion to be regretted.

The fancy for white ribbon ties around the braided knot of hair still continues. The ribbon should be about an inch wide, of grosgrain, with a corded edge.

Ecru linen batiste, scalloped and dotted with red or wrought with a Persian border, is used as a full vest, sailor collar and cuffs on dark blue English serge dresses.

Low necked bodices of many dancing dresses are trimmed with Recamier folds, draped berthas and long dainty scarfs of petit point, silk net festooned across the top of the back and carried in bretelles down the front.

Striped gauzes with a filet of thread of black in each stripe are very pretty transparencies for freshening the silk gowns of last summer. The gauze may be the color of the silk or in contrast to it, the latter imparting a shot effect.

A pretty trimming for white and light evening dresses consists of three rows of falling loops of baby ribbons, forming a band nearly nine inches wide. With the same on the waist and sleeves it is a very effective trimming and inexpensive.

The new Watteau hats have brims of even length all around, slightly curved in front and on the sides. The space where the crown should be is filled up with a mass of roses, orchids, or some other flower, with their foliage, which is held together by a bow of satin ribbons.

A CLEVER SUMMER GIRL.

Girls as a rule have an aversion for mathematics, but occasionally one is found who is able to distinguish herself in this difficult study. Old Orchard Beach has just such a girl this year, and she applies her knowledge in a most practical and interesting manner. With the knowledge of how much a young man weighs as a foundation, this bright miss can tell at a glance how long his arm is, how much pressure it can apply to the square inch, how slowly he can walk on a lovely moonlight evening, how strong a hammock will safely hold their combined weights, the length of his step in dancing, the power of his stroke in swimming, and many other useful facts.

JOAN OF ARC IN TAPESTRY.

The French Minister of Fine Arts has decided to send to the new museum now being formed of relics of Joan of Arc at

Domremy, in the house in which the heroine was born, an interesting tapestry representing Joan on the ramparts at Orleans. Its dimensions are small—3 feet by 2—and in execution it is somewhat cold, partaking of the taste of the period in which it was executed, 1829. It acquires its principal interest from the fact that it is the sole piece of French tapestry the subject of which has been inspired by the story of Joan. Louis XIV. had tapestries made representing episodes in his life only, and under Louis XV. the artists who worked for the state turned out hunting and court scenes. The great Napoleon followed the example of Louis XIV., and it was reserved for the Restoration to think of the valiant Joan. This example is without historic interest, and its value from an art point of view is mediocre.

In the museum at Orleans there is a tapestry dating from the time of Joan the historic value of which is considerable. This is a German creation, manufactured thirty years after her death. It represents her on horseback, with men at arms, en route for Chinon. She wears a suit of armor, with a coat of arms. Over her steel cuirass she has a short mantle, denticulated and without sleeves. Her neck is protected by a thick gorget (or neck piece) of armor, and she wears a head piece ornamented by a tuft of feathers which rounds off in the shape of a turban. A long and heavy lance is in position, to which the ancient royal standard of France, ornamented with the fleur de lis and embroidered with figures of male and female saints, is attached. The cortege, of which she is the centre, is wending its way toward a castle surrounded by a fosse, across the drawbridge of which the Dauphin, wearing a crown, is passing. This unique work offers great resources for a study of the costume of Joan.

A WELL-BROKEN HUSBAND.

They were certainly a very likely and respectable looking young couple, and they were as loving and tender toward each other as though they were not married. The probabilities are that in the early part of June, or, the greatest, not longer than the middle of May, they were made one and inseparable, and on this particular occasion they were to be parted for a few brief hours for the first time since their marriage day. At any rate, they were at the depot very early in the morning, and appearances indicated that the young wife was going home to spend the day.

"You surely will not miss the train to-night?" he inquired for the fifth or sixth time.

"Oh, no," she assured him, solemnly and impressively.

"If you should, I would just go about wild," he declared.

"So should I," she replied.

"Well, then, you must be sure and not miss it," he repeated with a scare look in his eyes.

"No, I certainly must not," she said, with an earnestness that carried conviction with it. Then she continued, "You will find me a real nice seat, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, I will get you a seat all by yourself," he said, with an assurance that meant that if he shouldn't happen to find a vacant seat in the car somebody would

be thrown out of the window to make room for his birdling.

"And you will not be afraid to kiss me good-bye right in the coach, will you?" she inquired, looking tenderly into his eyes.

"Oh, I guess I'd better kiss you here, before we get into the car. People always stare so," he answered evasively.

"But I like to have you kiss me the last thing," she pouted, "and I don't care how much people stare, do you?"

"N-no," he replied. "But I guess I'd better kiss you in the depot before we go out."

"Well, if you are ashamed of me probably you had," she flashed. "I didn't think you would be ashamed of me so soon," and her lips trembled.

"I am not ashamed of you, my dear," he began, "only I thought there might be some coarse persons in the car that would make fun of us if I should kiss you good-bye there."

"I'd like to know what that is but being ashamed of me?" she exclaimed. "I just don't care a snap whether you ever kiss me at all or not. I think you have no business to treat me so, and I don't care if I do miss the train to-night."

"Settle it! settle it!" shouted a voice over in the other corner, where a drowsy drummer was stretched out with his head on his grip and his legs over the end of the seat. "Kiss her in both places or else let me."

And the young people walked out on the platform and around the other side of the building. When the train was ready fifteen minutes later, he walked right into the car and found her a seat, and then bent down and gave her a smack that sounded like the blowing out of a cylinder head. As the train moved away the drummer turned around and said: "I congratulate you, young lady. You've got him well broke."

THEY MUST WASH.

Life has gone hard with the Russian of late. Taxed to the last limit, starved to death's door, smitten by the pestilence, driven from home a wanderer, deprived of the consolations of religion, buried alive by overhasty officials, life has not been passed on a bed of roses. And now, as he reaches the star of the hope of nations—America—as 100,000 of him did last year—he is confronted with a new horror—one that overbalances all the others; one that the Black Czar even never tried to inflict. He must wash. A new Czar, the health officer, descends upon him with ill-smelling chemicals, and among them one never known to him till now—Soap. Soap, with a large S. He must remove his clothes—which fact in itself is unusual and repellant to his mind—and bathe himself, using a certain ill smelling compound called Soap, provided by his thoroughly aroused Uncle.

Such is the law. No alien real estate can be imported into the United States. And with the dirt that is washed out into the harbor to form new sandbars to annoy Yankee skippers, goes many a germ of disease and death. Uncle Sam's first gift to the emigrant is hope; his second, soap; his third, opportunity. All that he asks in return is a good citizen. Will he get him?

s, late of Carlyle, Ont.,
elisco, and Miss Ellen
Dr. M. Lavell, physi-
Penitentiary. The
at the residence of
Collector of Inland
r, and the happy couple
home in San Francisco.

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I. E. Philo, F. Lands-
Phillips and A. Lewis
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The bridesmaids were
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will start housekeeping
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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Stowaway, an English melodrama, began a two-nights' engagement at The Victoria, Thursday night. The house was well filled, and a thoroughly enjoyable performance was given. The safe-cracking scene by the reformed burglars was not the least interesting feature by any means.

Sol Smith Russell's engagement at The Victoria has been limited to one night. He will appear in "A Poor Relation," which has been revised. Sol Smith Russell is undoubtedly the greatest comedian on the American stage, and The Victoria will scarcely be able to contain the audience that will be present on the evening of the 21st.

Nellie McHenry, the charming comedienne, who is making such a phenomenal success in her new and original comedy drama entitled "A Night at the Circus," achieved her first reputation in the profession in a production of the old time comedy "Green Room Fun." The performance of this lady and her clever company at The Victoria, Monday and Tuesday evenings, came up to the anticipations of the large audience that attended the first night.

The following are the plays for this week on the London stage:

Adelphi.....	The Lights of Home
Lyceum.....	Henry VIII
Haymarket.....	Peril
Garrick.....	A Pair of Spectacles
Gaiety.....	Faust Up to Date
Prince of Wales.....	La Statue du Commandeur
Toole's.....	Walker, London
Comedy.....	The Private Secretary
Court.....	The New Sub, Faithful James and A Pantomime Rehearsal.
Globe.....	Ned's Chum
Royalty.....	The Cross of Honor
Sadler's Wells.....	Sota
Surrey.....	The Trumpet Call

TALL MEN.

Turner, the naturalist, declared that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was twelve feet in height. M. Thevet, of France, in his description of America, published at Paris in 1575, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was 11 feet 2 inches in length. The Chinese are said to claim that in the last century there were men in their country who measured 15 feet in height. Josephus mentioned the case of a Jew who was 10 feet 2 inches in height. Pliny tells of an Arabian giant, Gabara, 9 feet 9 inches, the tallest man in the days of Claudius. John Middletown, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I, was 9 feet 3 inches in height; his hand was 17 inches long and 8 1-2 inches broad, says Dr. Platt in his "History of Staffordshire." The Irish giant, Murphy, contemporary with O'Brien, was 8 feet 10 inches. A skeleton in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin is 8 feet 6 inches in height, and that of Charles Byrne, in the museum of the College of Surgeons, London, is 8 feet 4 inches. The tallest living man is Chang-tu-Sing, the Chinese giant. His height is 7 feet 8 inches.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A. J. Blackwood, C. E., of Port Angeles, is in the city.

M. H. Cowan left for California, Thursday morning.

Dr. and Mrs. Stoell, of Kingston, Ont., are at the Driard.

W. J. McDowell, of the Attorney-General's office, is dangerously ill.

Mrs. and Miss Wilson were passengers from the Mainland, Thursday evening.

Rev. Canon and Mrs. Routledge, of Canterbury, Eng., are paying Victoria a visit.

Walter Oakes, secretary of the Puget Sound and Alaska Steamship Co., is in the city.

Miss Scott left, Wednesday night, on the City of Kingston to visit her mother in Tacoma.

M. M. Burns and P. Burns, well known stockmen of Calgary, are staying at the Oriental.

Mrs. E. E. Blackwood is visiting friends over the Sound. Miss Wallace accompanies her.

Henry Brooks, of R. P. Rithet & Co., Ltd., contemplates a visit to his old home in England.

Oscar Lucas, of the Colonist staff, returned from a holiday visit to Manitoba, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Campbell, wife of the new pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will join her husband in this city about the 1st prox.

John A Macdonald, editor and proprietor of the Arnprior Chronicle, was in the city Friday, en route to Portland, where he will attend the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

Rev. C. O. Kepler and wife, of Massachusetts, are paying Victoria a brief visit en route to the North China missions of the Methodist Church. They will sail by the Empress to-morrow.

Encouraged by the success attending the excursion last Sunday to Port Angeles, the promoters have determined to again charter the Joan for another excursion—this time to Tacoma. To-morrow is the day decided upon for the next excursion, and already enough tickets have been disposed of to ensure its success. These excursions should be well patronized, and no doubt they will.

For the past two years, Mr. J. Parfitt has conducted the Thanksgiving-day musical festivals in the Pandora Avenue Methodist Church, which have been gotten up under the auspices of the Sunday school. Preparations are now being made with a view of rendering the cantata "The Angel of the Harvest" by Simpson, on the coming Thanksgiving day. It is a new composition, and very beautifully tells the story of the seasons. The chorus will comprise some fifty voices.

The moonlight excursion, last Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Centennial Methodist Church, was a success. The Joan is most conveniently arranged as an excursion steamer and is already a favorite. The eventful feature of the evening was the sail around Esquimalt Harbor. The ships' crews all cheered the Joan. The Warspite band played a selection in their usual fine style. The Joan's engines were stopped, and everyone listened attentively to the sweet music that came from the quarter deck of the warship, and, when it was over, a cheer went up for the good ship's band and her obliging officers.

B. C. CUSTOMS RETURNS.

The following is a summary of the customs returns for the four ports of the Province of British Columbia for the month of August, 1892:

IMPORTS.

	VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
Dutiable Goods.....	\$198,883 00	\$ 84,220 00	\$ 18,512 00	\$ 12,328 00	\$313,943 00
Free Goods.....	23,673 00	17,715 00	5,394 00	816 00	47,598 00
Total Imports.....	\$222,556 00	\$101,935 00	\$ 23,906 00	\$ 13,144 00	\$361,541 00

REVENUE.

Duty Collected.....	\$ 68,700 47	\$ 21,314 18	\$ 9,067 57	\$ 3,556 59	\$102,638 83
Other Revenue.....	3,447 42	4,174 84	330 36	84 56	8,037 18
Total Collections.....	\$ 72,147 89	\$ 25,489 02	\$ 9,397 95	\$ 3,641 15	\$110,676 01

EXPORTS.

The Mine.....	\$ 23,301 00		\$ 1,479 00	\$144,272 00	\$174,052 00
The Fisheries.....	17,582 00	\$ 18,690 00	3,500 00		39,772 00
The Forest.....	103 00	30,542 00	669 00	6,868 00	38,182 00
Animals and their produce.....	51,640 00	231 00	664 00		52,535 00
Agricultural.....	5,161 00			1 00	5,162 00
Manufactures.....	6,971 00	1,059 00	1,562 00	45 00	9,617 00
Miscellaneous.....	434 00	36,576 00			37,010 00
Total Exports.....	\$110,192 00	\$ 87,078 00	\$ 7,874 00	\$151,186 00	\$366,330 00

EXAMINE THE SHIPS.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Will you permit me to call the attention of the authorities to the danger of the arrival of the cholera from Japan, the East Indies and China, where this and other contiguous diseases are well known.

The numerous vessels from those places that come to our shores may easily be carriers of what we can gladly dispense with, and I believe it behooves those concerned to establish a vigilant inspection of every vessel that comes in here. My wish is not to cause unnecessary alarm, but to guard against danger, as an ounce of precaution is worth more than a pound of cure.

Yours faithfully,

PROFESSOR TOTTENHAM.

Victoria, Sept. 14, 1892.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

From three to five per cent., of men who are capable of acting as pilots or engineers are kept out of the work through color blindness. Total color blindness is very rare, but the green-red blindness is very common. Unfortunately for these sufferers from the defects of nature, the signals on the water and railroads are always green and red, making it impossible for them to accept positions that they might otherwise be adapted to by nature. After examining several hundred patients, Hering concluded that while green-red color blindness was quite common, total color blindness or yellow-blue is very rare. It is suggested, then, that if red signal lights had a distinctly yellowish tinge and the green ones a bluish tinge, no accident from color blindness would ever happen.

THE EMPEROR AND THE LEGEND.

Heavy artillery firing, a couple of weeks ago, led the people of Berlin to think that the accouchment of the Empress had occurred. Later it was learned that the firing merely accompanied a sham fight on the outskirts of the city. The accouchment of the Empress took place a few days ago, the child being a female. Both parents were eager that the child should be a girl. The Emperor was especially anxious, as the peculiar prophecy on the subject by a Catholic monk was brought recently to his attention. The record of the prophecy was found in the Prussian archives.

It was made centuries ago and runs substantially as follows:

"After receiving a mortal blow from a conqueror who shall come from the west (supposed to be Napoleon I.), the German empire will be erected again two generations later by a monarch of a new dynasty (Emperor William I.), who will live to a great age, rule long, and, owing to the wisdom of his government, be beloved by all his subjects. He will be followed by a monarch who will have but a short reign (Emperor Frederick), and the latter will be followed by a third monarch who will have seven sons, none of whom will ascend the throne."

This prophecy is said to have taken a peculiar hold upon the Emperor's vivid imagination, and he fears that by becoming the father of the seventh son he will fulfil its condition.

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