

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL.

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

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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.

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SATURDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

THE result of the recent United States election was not a partisan victory. It was a victory for the people. It should strengthen the confidence of every man in popular government. When the people demand that their representatives perform certain work and enact certain legislation, and they fail, they are certain to be chastized at the polls. It shows that the people are honest; that the public conscience when awakened does its duty. The political cyclone was more of a condemnation of the party in power than an indorsement of the principles of the party that defeated it. The inefficiency of the present Congress disgusted the people, and men belonging to the party responsible for this Congress either remained away from the polls, or voted with the opposition party, as a rebuke to the men whom their votes had sent to Congress. The deep dis-

gust with the present Congress was apparent long before the last session adjourned. With a Democratic majority of ninety in the House of Representatives, the House was for weeks at a standstill for want of a quorum to transact business, while a few old fogies in the Senate, sticklers for precedent "senatorial courtesy" and moss-covered tradition, refused to permit a change of the rules so as to allow the Senate to do business. This was trifling with valuable time. The business of the country suffered. For six months the Senate held the business of the country by the throat, and almost stifled it. The people also fully believe that the sugar trust debauched the Senate and delayed tariff legislation. This election was a rebuke to demagoguery, idleness, inefficiency, and dishonesty. It will have a most wholesome effect, and teach both political parties in the United States a valuable and much-needed lesson. It is a warning to them that the people will not be trifled with. It is a notice served upon politicians and demagogues, in both parties, that the business interests of the country are paramount to party success, and that patriotism must mark the legislation of the country, and not partisanship.

The social evil question is a subject which THE HOME JOURNAL has no desire to discuss, not from any feeling of mock modesty, but rather believing that it is not well to advertise that which is a disgrace to our civilization. However, the following from "A King's Daughter" is so striking and to the point, that it is thought some real

good might result from its publication:

In your issue of last week, you spoke of the wise men of Victoria endeavoring to solve the social evil problem. Now this may not be to some people's minds a fit subject for a woman and a mother to write about; but I am of the opinion of Count Tolstoi and his noble wife, who believe this subject should be handled exactly as it is, and not coated over for virtuous women's eyes; while indulged in by men who are worse than even the lowest animals, under the pretence that it is a necessity.

If it is a necessary evil, then are not those women the saviours of society? Should they not be upheld for thus sacrificing themselves? Should they not be tolerated and made much of, instead of being as they are, the outcasts of society? And that they are living in sin, who can deny? Christ himself said to one of them, "Go and sin no more."

If there are men who cannot live without this evil, then there must also be women to whom it is a necessity. Why are they not disgraced together? But every good man and woman will cry out, no; a thousand times no; it is not a necessity, and should be put a stop to. Once let men see that their sin has found them out; once let mothers teach their sons to look upon it with the same eyes as they do their daughters, as a loathsome disease which should be gotten rid of; once let women stand shoulder to shoulder and cast out the men from their homes who are known to frequent these places, and the social evil problem will be closed.

God made man and woman that they might enjoy one another's society, and to be a little lower than the angels; but never intended they should sink lower than the brute creation.

Do I pity fallen womanhood? No; I loathe them, as I loathe a

running sore. They imagine they have everything they want, even to the love of some good woman's husband. It is she I pity—the wife and mother who has to suffer and bear sometimes not only her own cross of a forsaken wife, but often all through life the diseased body or brain of a luckless child, whose father's sin, even unto the third and fourth generation, will follow him.

Most undoubtedly the social evil should be put a stop to; but do you know how? I will tell you. By publishing the name of every man seen entering a house of prostitution—by our city fathers refusing to let them sell liquors on their premises, for they say themselves it were impossible to lead such lives except for liquor—by shutting up the saloons which are on every corner, so that a man once he starts drinking keeps stumbling up against them one after another until he cannot call his soul or even his body his own—and by teaching men and not women that pure lives can and must be led, and vile passions can be kept under.

“Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof.” Rom. VII., 12.

Your last remarks about the church being in the neighborhood of these fallen creatures, I think quite out of place. For my part, I think the church is just where it ought to be, and would like to see our churches unite and encamp around the doors of every one of these blots on the face of God's fair earth, and so sing and preach of God's love and pardoning grace, that they could not but hear and believe that even in them there still exists a spark of His divine light, which, if they would but allow to shine, would so encircle them that they would be made whole.

For many years, THE HOME JOURNAL has urged the necessity of something being done to make Victoria an inviting place for tourists. The many advantages possessed by this city over others on the Sound as a point of interest to tourists has frequently been pointed out, and it has also been suggested that in order to bring about the desired end, some

association should be formed with that object in view. It has always appeared as if the obligation to make a move in this direction was so general that no one felt himself bound in particular to undertake it. However, at last someone has come to the front, and an organization to be known as Civic Improvement Association has been formed. The objects of the association, although not altogether clearly defined in the constitution, are to promote the good government of the municipality, and generally the advancement of the city of Victoria. So far, so good. No one will deny that the good government of any city is a necessity; and no one will presume to say that Victoria is not in need of good government at the present moment.

The point taken by Mr. Templeman that without a specific platform the association could not last two months was well taken, and the following amendment moved by that gentleman should meet with general approval:

“The objects of this association are to promote good government of the municipality, and generally the advancement of the city of Victoria, in order that it may be made a clean, healthful and beautiful city. To this end, the association shall support measures for the systematic carrying out of the following:

“(a) For the completion of the sewers.

“(b) For the paving of all business streets and leading thoroughfares.

“(c) For the improvement of the water service.

“(d) For efficient street lighting and the proper regulation of electric wiring.

“(e) For the maintenance of clean streets, free from unnecessary obstructions or disfigurements.

“(f) For the improvement of the general sanitary arrangements of the city.

“(g) For the enforcement of existing by-laws and the amendment of those that are now defective.

“(h) For the improvement of parks and recreation grounds.

“(i) With a view to effecting

these reforms, to consult with, advise and assist the mayor and council for the time being, and generally to encourage and support every proposition having for its object the betterment of the city along the lines here indicated.”

This fully meets the situation, and it is to be hoped that the Civic Improvement Association will continue in the good work they have undertaken.

The price of wool in England, where this staple has obtained a market quotation for more than a century, is exceedingly interesting as indicating the variations that are likely to take place in an article of necessity due to a variety of circumstances. In 1784, according to the official reports in Bradford, England, the ruling price of “Down” fleeces was in its America equivalent 17 cents per pound. From that low range it went up during the latter end of the last century, and particularly during the early part of this, while England was engaged in the Napoleonic wars, to the equivalent of 72 cents per pound. Following that period there was a decline, so that in 1829 the price had fallen to 13 cents a pound. From that time onward there were fluctuations running from 36 cents to 18 cents up to the time of the civil war, which, together with the great influx of gold, tended to stimulate prices, so that at one period the price of fleeces was 48 cents per pound. From that time onward there was a more or less constant decline, the average price in 1894 being 21 cents.

A capacity for tears—abundant, warm, and ready ones—is, says a physician, in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, one of the surest preservatives of feminine beauty. They are the natural outlet of emotion, a sort of liquid lightning-rods in which excitement and passion are most easily and rapidly dissipated. Sweet Alice, who wept at a frown, retained

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until late in her career rounder contours, unfurrowed brows, and dimpled lips, shining eyes, and her hair so brown. So do nearly all weeping women who can let rivers of hot, salt tears course down their cheeks. It is she who keeps up a power of thinking, who has few tears to shed, and these flow with an effort, whose facial lines and gray hairs come early. A capacity for tears is worth cultivating, since not only does a lack of them score heavily against one's freshness of face, but has its marked effect in general temperament. The women who weep easily have correspondingly light hearts, tender, demonstrative and impulsive ways, and a charm the dry-eyed women lack.

It is not generally known that Lord Aberdeen may be styled a locomotive engineer, His Excellency having been possessed from boyhood with an intense love for everything relating to railways, and having on more than one occasion been allowed, under supervision, to drive an engine. Very soon after his maiden speech in the House of Lords, he was appointed a member of a Royal Commission which had been instituted for the purpose of enquiring into railway accidents; and shortly afterwards he was elected chairman of the same body. It is stated that one of the chief pleasures to which His Excellency looked forward on his coming to America was the study of the differences between the locomotives of this continent and those of the Old Country, with the intricacies of which he is well acquainted.

The reports from Washington of the issue of new Government bonds have been confirmed by the appearance of a circular signed by Secretary Carlisle. This circular says:

The bonds will be dated February 1, 1894, in order to make the proposed issue uniform as to date with the existing issue; but interest thereon will begin Novem-

ber 1, 1894, and bidders will be required to pay accrued interest at the rate of 5 per cent. on the face value of their bonds from November 1 to the date or dates of payment. The total issue of bonds in pursuance of this notice, will not exceed the sum of \$50,000,000.

Mr. S. D. Schultz, the author of "Collaborateurs," the highly interesting story which has been running in the columns of THE HOME JOURNAL for some months past, has made arrangements with a well known eastern publishing house to bring out his cleverly written narrative in book form, under a new title, some time early in the coming year. Consequently the author has been compelled to forward the manuscript of the concluding chapters to his publishers, and the many readers of "Collaborateurs" will be therefore under the necessity of waiting for the rest of the story until its appearance in the form indicated above. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Schultz to supply the book to readers of THE HOME JOURNAL at merely nominal cost. Those who have read this intensely exciting narrative will agree that it is original and the descriptive matter vivid. The concluding chapters will be found equally interesting. There is a graphic description of an Easter Sunday service in a Roman Catholic cathedral, some clever college theatrical and newspaper office scenes, and the finale is worked to an appropriate climax in the romantic surroundings of University life.

The members of the seventh Parliament of British Columbia may be said to have settled down to work. Without in any way wishing to say anything that would be construed into a reflection on the transcendent genius of T. Cicero Keith, Esq., the Nanaimo orator and general all-round political economist, the remark might be ventured that, from nearly every point of view, the members composing the new House are superior to those of the

last. With the exception of Mr. Beaven, the Opposition can certainly boast of better material, while on the Government side, there have been many changes for the better.

In speaking of the individual characteristics, and without separating the wheat from the chaff, it might be said of Hon. Mr. Martin, the successor to Mr. Vernon, that he is a gentleman who wastes few words. The legal aspects of the matter in hand he leaves to Messrs. Davie and Pooley, and seems thoroughly imbued with the oft-quoted trueism, "Silence is golden."

Mr. Rithet demonstrates his capacity for business, by sitting squarely in his seat, and on matters affecting the resources and progress of the Province speaks calmly and deliberately. The Opposition listens to his remarks with just as much attention as the members on his own side.

Mr. Bryden also means business, and although he has not as yet said much, it is quite apparent that he will not be the least useful member of the new House.

So far Dr. Walkem has missed no opportunity to make himself heard, and as the doctor comes from an old and distinguished political family there is a suspicion abroad that he may also make himself felt before the close of the session.

Mr. Braden, in the language of the street, "is saying nothing but sawing wood." He may become just as popular in the House as he is in his circle of intimate acquaintances.

Mr. McGregor has already displayed a marked capacity for committee work, and that he will become a useful member is admitted by all.

There is no reason to doubt that Capt. John Irving may become quite as proficient a navigator on board "the ship of state" as he is on board the C. P. N. but he has not as yet got on his sea-legs. There is a rumor that he is await-

ing the return of Harry Helmaken to "let things loose."

Of the leaders on the Government side, very little can be said that is not already known. Messrs. Davie, Turner, Baker, Pooley et al are old and tried men, and the phenomenal capacity of the Attorney-General for good, hard work is now a matter of history.

The peculiarities of Messrs. Rogers, Adams and Hunter are well known, while Mr. Kellie, when he is not harrasing the Government for a new wagon road in Kootenay, is engaged in reading tender epistles from the ladies, with whom he is an idol.

Major Mutter would be more at home on the tented field than on the less destructive battlefield of politics.

On the Opposition side, Mr. Semlin is, as heretofore, a prominent figure. His capacity to worry the Government members is not as great as that of Mr. Beaven.

Mr. Cotton, in his own opinion, holds the destinies of the Province in his grasp.

Mr. Prentice is the financier of the Opposition.

Mr. Hume is a man of business—and peace.

Mr. Kennedy says little, and there is very little in what he says.

Messrs. Foster and McPherson are boon companions, and take pride in pointing to New Zealand as an example of the beneficent effects of single tax.

Messrs. Sword, Graham and Kidd deal in hard facts, and are listened to with attention when they rise in the House.

Mr. Kitchen is the quibbler, and a sore-head of somewhat gigantic proportions.

Mr. Williams is the orator on the Opposition side, and will play a part on the political stage.

As was said before, the House is far ahead of any previous one in point of intelligence, and there is every reason to hope that much good will result to the Province from the deliberations of the seventh Parliament.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SUPPER.

One of those old-fashioned suppers was the chief attraction at the First Presbyterian Church last Wednesday evening. Four long tables were loaded with the most delicious viands the ladies of the church could provide, and those who had the pleasure of dining did not need to go away empty. About 200 thus enjoyed themselves, and about 8:15 p. m., moved into the auditorium of the church, where a number who had not partaken of the good things had already assembled to hear the programme of music provided for the occasion by Mr. Brown and his choir. The programme was as follows: Chorus, "Praise the Lord," Choir; Duett, "Shadow Faces," Misses Milne and Baker; song, "Loves Sorrow," Miss Bulman; trio, "Ye Shepherd Tell me," Messrs. Kinnaird, Fraser and Brown; song, "There is a Green Hill Far Away," Miss Russell; recitation, "And God made the Firmament," Mr. Brown; solo and chorus, "The Marvellous Work," Mrs. Cochrane and choir; song, "Flora Macdonald's Lament," Miss Robertson; duett, "I waited for the Lord," Mrs. Cochrane and Mr. Brown; song, "Oh Fair Dove," Miss Field; recitative and aria, "Rolling in Foaming Billows," Mr. Brown; chorus, "Damascus," choir. Senator McInnes kindly consented to act as chairman and at the close expressed himself as having enjoyed both the dinner and concert in a marked degree. The concert was a very enjoyable one, notwithstanding that many of the selections were of a classical nature but being so well rendered, were most acceptable to the audience, who only refrained from manifesting their appreciation much more than they did by the fact that they were in a sacred edifice.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Rowlands gave a popular concert in Central Presbyterian Church, James Bay, last Tuesday night.

THE RUGBY MATCH.

Despite the unfavorable weather, a fair crowd of Rugby enthusiasts attended the Caledonia grounds on Thursday, to witness the much talked of match against the Hornets. Any inconvenience was counterbalanced by the fact that the game was perhaps the most exciting ever witnessed in the city, and the supporters of the local club had the satisfaction of seeing the Hornets suffer defeat for the first time in three years. The game from start to finish was fought out with determination. In the first half, the Victoria forwards rushed the ball over the line, and Langley falling on it made the only score of the day. Being near the touch line, the kick was a difficult one, and the major points were not registered. During the remainder of the first half, Victoria again very nearly scored. Towards the end of the second half, Nanaimo did some very hard pressing, but the herculean efforts of the red shirts saved them. When the whistle sounded for no side, a wild shout of exultation went up from the crowd, for the hitherto invincible Hornets had been beaten.

There is scarcely any doubt that the championship will be settled by an Island team. We hope the Victoria team will keep in training and will secure their strongest team again for the struggle in Nanaimo.

Mr. Gilbert Burrowes and Miss Sarah Morrow were married last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. J. A. Clearihue. Rev. W. L. Clay performed the ceremony.

Mr. John Collins was married to Miss Annie Williams, at the residence of Mr. W. Gormason, last Wednesday evening. The Misses Hannah, Segred and Hilda Gormason supported the bride and Mr. Sheehan did a like service for the groom. Rev. S. Cleaver, M. A., performed the ceremony.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Rev. Father Nicolaye has gone to the West Coast.

Mr. G. R. Major, of Vancouver, was in the city this week.

Victoria Lodge No. 2, R. T. of T., gave a social Tuesday night in Sir William Wallace Hall.

The St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society's banquet will take place on the evening of the 30th.

Mrs. A. King, corner of Douglas and Humboldt, gave a party to several of her friends last evening.

Mr. Arthur W. Mesher was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Harris, by Rev. S. Cleaver, Tuesday evening. Mr. F. G. Sherborne and Miss Edmonds supported the couple.

Mrs. Philo left Vancouver last Wednesday for Altoona, where she will join her husband, Rev. Rabbi Philo, who has accepted a call to that important centre. She was accompanied by the Misses Philo.

The Willing Workers of Christ Church Cathedral intend holding their annual sale of work and entertainment on Wednesday, Dec. 12. The sale will take place in the afternoon and the evening entertainment will consist of an extravaganza entitled "Abou Hassan, the Wag," the characters in which will be sustained by the choir boys.

A very happy event in the lives of two young people occurred one day this week, at St. James' church, Vancouver, when Rev. P. D. Woods, of Sapperton, performed the interesting ceremony which united for life E. E. Taylor, one of Nanaimo's most promising merchants, and Miss M. J. Smith, who had just arrived on the Pacific express from Harvey, N. B. The bride was given away by John W. Coleman, of the E. & N. Railway, Nanaimo. The bridesmaid was

Miss Lela Coleman, and H. H. Layfield ably supported the groom. Congratulations were freely showered upon the couple, who will reside in future in the Black Diamond city.

The selection of books at Sampson's Book Exchange is continually being increased and constantly changing. The patrons of Sampson's are also increasing, for they find the choice current literature at half regular prices.

SYRIAN STORE

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Watches, jewellery, dry goods, fancy goods, notions, and Japanese silk.

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THE CASH GROCER,**

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—THE—

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George G. Meldram, Propr.

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DEEPDALE'S OPERATOR.

IT was difficult for society to acknowledge that Guy Hazleton was a man whose mental calibre was far above the average and did ample justice to the educational advantages that had been lavished upon him.

He was a handsome man and heir to the Hazleton property—two facts quite sufficient for society to receive him with cordial welcome, and when Irene Curtis accepted his hand society smiled approval.

Miss Curtis was acknowledged to be the belle of her circle, and being the only child of one of our merchant princes, the engagement, when announced, caused quite a flutter.

Mrs. Hazleton, Guy's mother, was the first to call upon the fair fiancee after her son's offer had been accepted. She found Irene, her hands idle, her large eyes looking far into the future.

One word roused the young girl. "Darling."

Then followed long, close caresses, that told how warmly these women loved each other.

"So I am to have a daughter?" the old lady said lovingly.

"And I a mother. I see so little of father, that he is more like a friend than a near relation."

"You know Guy goes to New Orleans next week, and will not return until May. He thinks it will take him three months, at least, to settle his affairs there; and he will be ready for Europe again. I shall be getting your house ready Irene, and you must aid me in trying to keep Guy at home."

"He has been home now, how long?"

"Not quite a year," said the old lady abruptly; "do you know how lovely you are? I know Guy could never have married an ugly girl. He worships beauty. I think there is something in his sensitive nature that positively recoils from defect."

There were other calls of congratulation, and a week passed swiftly over Irene's head before Guy started upon his journey to New Orleans, with the understanding that the preparations for a wedding in June were to be pressed forward during his absence. Irene found herself so busy and so happy that over her day dreams of future content not one foreshadowing cloud warned her of the storms

that were to break upon her life.

She had been spending a day with Mrs. Hazleton, and together they had visited stores and selected dainty goods for the beautiful trousseau in active preparation. When they reached home, a gentleman to see Mrs. Hazleton was announced to be waiting her return, and Irene ran lightly up the stairs to remove her hat and cloak, while her hostess went to the drawing-room. Her visitor proved to be the confidential clerk of Mr. Curtis, with an appalling story. Irene's father had heard that day of the utter failure of a speculation in which his entire fortune was involved, and had committed suicide. In the hours of grief Irene learned more fully the value of a friend who loved her as a daughter. She was not allowed to return home; the funeral, the sale of her father's house and property, the weary details of business were all taken out of her hands, and she was allowed to nurse her grief in seclusion.

Just one week after her father's death, Irene received a letter, which she took at once to Mrs. Hazleton. It was from a relative of whom she heard for the first time, a brother of her mother's. He wrote to her, informing her that her mother had been a poor factory girl at the time of her marriage, and that her family had never intruded themselves into her luxurious home.

"I am a poor man," he wrote, "earning my living as a telegraph operator, but I have a home to offer you. You will miss the luxuries of your father's house, but I will give you comfort. Come to me now, or at any time when you need a home."

"Am I very poor," the young girl asked, realizing for the first time that her father's death involved also a loss of property.

"Are you not Guy's promised wife?" said the old lady reproachfully. "Your home is here, Irene, until you leave it as Guy's wife. Write to your uncle, my child, and tell him your mother claims you until your promised husband returns."

But the letter was never written. It was long past midnight, on the night following this conversation, when Irene was aroused from sleep by cries of pain from Mrs. Hazleton's room. She ran at once to meet a sight of horror. Her old friend had fallen asleep over the

fire, and slept until her book had fallen upon the hearth, caught fire from a coal, and communicated the flame to her dressing-gown. When Irene reached her she was in a blaze.

One moment of hesitation increased the frightful peril. In an instant the little figure was wrapped in thick blankets from the bed, pressed closely by Irene's strong arms, while she cried aloud for help. The flames were subdued, a physician summoned, and the sufferer's injuries dressed before Irene thought of herself. Not then, not until days later, did she fully realize that she had saved a life, and lost her beauty. The burns were not severe, but one side of her lovely face was drawn out of shape. Mrs. Hazleton's injuries were serious, but not mortal, and Guy was not summoned home.

May had arrived with its balmy air and fresh foliage, and Mrs. Hazleton was able to sit up the greater part of the day. She knew well that much of her rapid recovery was due to Irene's careful nursing. Now, Guy was coming, and the tender nurse would have her reward. The noon train would bring her son home.

"Now, Irene, dress yourself. See, it is almost 11 o'clock, and Guy will be here by 12. Put on your white collars and cuffs, dear, to relieve this heavy black. You will not wear it much longer."

Irene made no reply. She knelt down beside her friend and embraced her lovingly and then left her.

At length the welcome sound of carriage wheels greeted the mother's ear, and a moment after she was clasped in her son's arms. Even then his eyes wandered round the room.

"Irene, mother?"

"She went to change her dress. You will not let her see, Guy, that you feel any alteration in her face. It was to save your mother's life she gave her own beauty."

"A note for you, sir. I was to hand it to you as soon as you arrived," said a servant.

"From Irene," he said wonderingly, as he tore it open. "Mother! read that."

"Dear Guy," the note said, "you are coming now to take my place, and I can leave your mother to your care. The Irene you loved is gone; only a hideous mask. My poverty your heart overlooked, but your mother said to me, on that

happy day when I knew you loved me, 'Guy could never have married an ugly girl. He worships beauty.' May some happier love replace that of

IRENE."

The servants were summoned, and could only say that Miss Curtis drove away in a hired hack.

Mrs. Hazleton thought at once of the uncle's letter, but she had taken no notice of the address, but remembered the name—Hugh Conway.

"It is a comfort to know there is a home open to her," he said sadly. "But she is mine. I have been a foolish fob, with my absurd talk about my sensitive nature recoiling from personal deformity. I will find her, I must."

One year passed, and in the little town of Deepdale, and the country seat of Col. White, a gay party had assembled to pass the summer. Clara White, a sparkling brunette, was the acknowledged belle of the gay circle; and rumor coupled her name with that of Guy Hazleton, one of her father's guests.

Those who knew Guy Hazleton before Irene Curtis fled from his mother's house would scarcely recognize him now. He had become an earnest, thinking man, something of a politician, and had resumed the study of law, meaning to adopt it as a profession. It was not an easy matter to coax him from his mother and his office, to visit at Deepdale, but he had consented to spend a month there, and the gossips had decided Clara's black eye to be the magnets that drew him from his seclusion.

"Will you ride to the village with me?" said Clara as she rose from breakfast one morning; "I have to buy some trifles, and want an escort."

"I am at your service," said Guy, readily. "This is my holiday. But I want to send a despatch, if you will go to the office with me."

The shopping over, the despatch came next in order, and the young people entered the little office where the wires connected Deepdale and the metropolis.

"How soon can I have an answer from New York?" asked Guy, as he handed a slip of paper to the lady who answered his tap at the office window.

Clara shuddered as she saw the face of the operator, and even Guy's heart thrilled at the painful spectacle.

"In about an hour," was the answer.

"Can we wait here?"

"Certainly."

The window was closed, and Guy placing a chair for Clara resigned himself to an hour of waiting.

In the little office, the telegraph operator sat down, faint and white, looking at the despatch, which was directed to Mrs. Hazleton, and worded thus:

"Went to Auburn yesterday. Hugh Conway is dead. No trace of I——. Have you any news?"

Answer. GUY.
Auburn! The village where she had sought and found a home with her uncle, learned his business, and left upon his death. How had Guy traced her there, and why had he done so? The message was sent, and silence reigned in the little office.

From the outer room, came a murmur of voices, and Irene heard Clara say:

"I have had no chance to speak to you since you came from Auburn, Cousin Guy. No success?"

"None! and a whole year has passed since Irene fled from me."

"And you love her in spite of that alteration?"

"Does it not make her a thousand times dearer?"

"I wonder if Charlie would love me as well, if I were to be disfigured," said Clara.

"If he would not, his love is not true. Did I love only Irene's beauty, my love would now be dead. But were she hideous beyond description, my heart will be hers till death stills its throbbing."

While he yet spoke, a gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he looked up. A tall, black-clad figure stood beside him; a pale, agitated face looked into his.

"Has my answer come already?" he asked.

A gentle voice answered:

"You see how fearfully I am altered, since you do not even recognize me, Guy."

In an instant, his arms were around her.

"How you have suffered, my darling. Your heart is unaltered, Irene?"

The carriage took two ladies back to Col. White's. The telegraph office had a new operator, and Guy Hazleton had a three-mile walk home. Did he know how he walked? Did he think of time or space?

Col. White claimed Irene as

Clara's guest, until Mrs. Hazleton could be summoned to a double wedding, when a young gentleman claimed Clara's hand, and Guy Hazleton married the only love his heart had ever known—Irene.

ADVICE FOR LOVERS.

Young woman, beware of the man who seeks to bind you to a long engagement. No matter what this pretext may be, his motive is almost always a selfish one.

He is either too lazy to work for a family and too fond of his bachelor indulgence to be willing to renounce them for the purer and calmer joys of a married life, or is a base scoundrel, seeking only to win your affections and your confidences by fraud of a promise which he never intends to make good.

Somebody will ask us what we consider a long engagement. We reply, a year is quite long enough for all purposes, and if it runs beyond that time, it is too long.

A girl "engaged" is subject to all the disadvantages. She must stay at home, except when her intended sees fit to take her out, and she must repel all courtesies from other gentlemen, because Tom will be jealous.

No man who is young and well and has a good moral character is too poor to marry a girl who is his equal in these respects, provided he loves her truly and is beloved by her in return.

For, if they do truly love each other, they will be willing to bear and forbear, to work for each other, to pull together, to paddle hopefully their own domestic canoe, and Fate, however relentless she may seem to be, seldom fails to yield success to those who toil for it with fearless hearts and willing hands.

You must be willing to bear reverses. You must expect disappointments. You must be ready to meet ill-luck and endure poverty if need be. Don't expect things to make themselves unless you help them. Whatever you have must be worked for, and if it is worth having it is richly worth working for.

So now, young man, this is our advice to you. If you love a young girl tell her so manfully, with no cowardly beating about the bush.

If she says she does not reciprocate your love it won't kill you. Not at all. There are others just as good as she.

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Young People Oct. 20th, at 2:30 p. m.,
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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A FEAST of fun, a jubilee of
jollity and jocundity, a car-
nival of comicality, and everything
else that can be used to signify
unqualified success, may be ap-
plied to the Thanksgiving enter-
tainment given by the Victoria
Amateur Minstrels. There was
not a sign of a drag—it slid along
on lubricated wheels. The jokes
were original and bright—as sharp
and penetrating as needle-points.

There was a swing and a go about
the show that carried everyone
along in a resistless current of un-
diluted joviality. THE HOME
JOURNAL considers it the brightest
and best amateur event ever at-
tempted in Victoria.

When the curtain went up, the
local burnt-cork artists were pre-
sented, seated in neatly arranged
tiers, with the orchestra perched
in the rear top rows. They were
attired in evening dress, and the
lappels of their coats were adorned
with chrysanthemums of sun-
flower dimensions. Mr. Martin
Egan, as interlocutor, was the
central figure of the overture.
The genial Mart surprised every
one by the cool, easy, natural
manner in which he handled his
share of the dialogue. Mr. Egan
is a comedian of no common
order, for whilst his hits were
mirth-provoking, he never for one
moment parted with a certain,
quiet dignity of manner. Mr.
Egan's humor hits without de-
scending to buffoonery. His
description of the experiences of
the Macaroni brothers was one of
the features—it was to the very
life—and an epitome of the style
and mannerisms of "de mon that-
a-keep-a-de-monk, and play-a-de-
muse-and make-a-de-mon."

Dave Patterson began the fun
with singing the "Lime Kilu
Club," and scored a distinct suc-
cess, the audience insisting on an
encore. Then W. Ralph Higgins,
as leader of the trio of bones, fired
off a gag, that burst and scattered
over the faces of the people in
sparks of mirthful illumination.
It was the flash, igniting a
train of wit and boumots, and
lighting up the auditorium from
parquette to the "gods" with
luminous scintillations of merri-
ment. Mr. Higgins was one of
the chief factors in the mirthful
melange, and did everything en-
trusted to him in a way that
scored points right along. "Do-
do-My-Huckleberry," was rend-
ered with snap and ginger. His
"Senator Dean," and singing in

the quartette was also above par.

To Mr. George E. Powell belongs the lion's share of praise. It was he, we understand, who broached the minstrel idea, and it has been largely due to his enthusiasm, suggestions and active interest that it culminated in such a triumph of flattering success. Mr. Powell's song, "It Hasn't Happened Yet," teemed with local hits, that were shot off with all the by-play and art of a professional. Mr. Powell's manner was specially noticeable for entire absence of anything savoring of affectation—he spoke and acted like a veteran of the boards.

Mr. Alf. Hood's "Whose Little Girl Are You" was a gem of pure, sweet melody, and his high tenor voice was heard with delight.

Mr. James Pilling's song "A Soldier's Sweetheart" was also appreciated, and the beautiful chords of the chorus were brought out splendidly by the company.

Mr. Richardson, as leading tamboro, bubbled over with infectious fun. There was no discount on his songs and gags. Ernest Pauline had the Ethiopian business down to a fine point—and his rendering of the negro dialect was perhaps the best of the end men. There were no "bests," though, where everything was superlative.

"Polly McGilligan's Band" was greeted with roars of laughter. It was new, and Mr. Richardson sang his song with zest and sprightliness.

"Hooroo for Casey," with its "one, two, three, four," as given by Messrs. McIntyre and Richardson, still reverberates in the ears of pleased auditors.

Messrs. Hood, Higgins, Robertson and Sehl gave some splendid part singing in their quartette numbers, the variety of pitch and compass being well illustrated in their attempted vernacular, descriptive of little Ah Kim's experiences with the American Butterfly—"Ki-yi-yi—Allee Samee Bee, Sabee."

But the Skirt and Serpentine Dance, with Mr. McIntyre as premiere danseuse, was voted by all as the star feature of the evening. The ladies unanimously declared that the make-up was perfect, and the way the airy voluminous skirts of floating white texture were handled would have been no discredit to up-to-date ballet girls.

Mr. McIntyre was as graceful and lissome as any maiden could well be, and the other gentlemen taking part—Messrs. Powell, Austin, Dowlen, Patterson, Howard and Brammer—glided around like woodland sprites, tripping it merrily and lightly through daisied dells.

"Tommy Atkins," the London success, sung by Gunner Ayton and squad of twelve from the Royal Marine Artillery, was presented with soldierly precision and certainty. The men were fine, strapping fellows—just the stamp that have contributed to Britain's glorious victories.

"The Alabama Cake Walk" was a leaf from the album of picturesque southern life. Messrs. Dowlen, Richardson, McIntyre, Howard, Patterson and Pauline were the mischievous picanninies, who delighted with some clever pantomime play. The quartette again rendered some catchy plantation melodies. George Powell, as the tough barber, had an attire that was sporty enough to win anything, and loud enough not only to rattle chandeliers, but rendering the blasts of the sewer contractors mere fly-buzzing in comparison.

Mr. Finn, under whose skilful management the young gentlemen have been training for the past few months, must be congratulated on the happy results attained, for the minstrels, one and all, unite in saying that he displayed infinite care through all the monotonous work of preparation, and that his patience was exemplary, sometimes under the most vexatious circumstances. Mr. Finn

insisted on frequent rehearsals and punctual attendance, and that accounts for the high degree of excellence.

Some comment having apparently been caused by an item that appeared here some weeks ago, with reference to the dress of guests at the Arion Club concert, the compiler of this column desires to say that he alone is responsible for the letter, that it was intended to treat jocularly of what he was informed was a fact; and that he is sorry to hear that the joke missed fire. No offense intended, gentlemen.

DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS,
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"THE AUTOCRAT."

Oliver Wendell Holmes. Born 1809. Died Oct. 7, 1894.

"The Last Leaf!" Can it be true,
We have turned it, and on you,
Friend of all?
That the years at last have power?
That's life's foliage and its flower
Fade and fall?

Was there one who ever took
From its shelf by chance, a book
Penned by you,
But was fast your friend for life,
With one refuge from its strife
Safe and true?

Even gentle Elia's self
Might be proud to share that shelf,
Leaf to leaf,
With a soul of kindred sort,
Who could bind strong sense and sport
In one sheaf.

From that Boston breakfast table,
Wit and wisdom, fun and fable,
Radiated
Through all English-speaking places—
When were Science and the Graces
So well mated?

Of sweet singers the most sane,
Of keen wits the most humane,
Wide, yet clear,
Like the blue, above us, bent;
Giving sense and sentiment
Each its sphere.

With a many breadth of soul,
With a fancy quaint and droll;
Ripe and mellow,
With a virile power of "hit,"
Finished scholar, poet, wit,
And good fellow!

Sturdy patriot, and yet
True world's citizen! Regret
Dims our eyes
As we turn each well-thumbed leaf;
Yet a glory 'midst our grief
Will arise.

Years your spirit could not tame,
And they will not dim your fame;
England joys
In your songs, all strength and ease,
And the "dreams" you "wrote to please
Gray-haired boys."

And of such were you not one?
Age chilled not your fire of fun,
Heart alive
Makes a boy of a gray bard,
Though his years be, "by the card,"
Eighty-five!

—London Punch.

MANY CURIOUS NOTES.

The largest nugget of gold ever found was taken out of the Byer & Haltman mine at Hill End, New South Wales, on May 10, 1872. It weighed an ounce or two over 640 pounds. It was slab-shaped, 4 feet 9 inches long and about 3 feet 2 inches in thickness. The finder sold it for \$148,000.

The largest advertisement in the world is in the shape of immense flower beds on the side of a hill near Ardenlee, Scotland. The beds are each gigantic letters, 40 feet in length, the whole forming the words "Glasgow News." The total length of the line is 123 feet; area covered by the letters, 1,845 feet. The letters can be distinctly seen from a distance of four and one-half miles.

The organ in the old Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City is one of the largest, if not the very largest, ever constructed in this country. It has 2,704 pipes, each 32 feet long and large enough to admit the body of a man of ordinary size. It also has two towers at either side which rise to a height of 42 feet.

The largest painting ever produced (not including panoramic views) is now in the Grand Salon of the Doges at Venice. It is

by the renowned Jacopa Robusti, and is 84 feet long and 34 feet wide. A panoramic view, called the "Frost King," now in Westminster, London, covers 20,000 square feet of canvas.

The largest hammer and anvil in the world are in use at the Krupp Gun Works, Essen, Germany. The hammer, which was made in 1886, weighs 150 tons, and the anvil and block 191 1-2 tons.

In 1889, before being reduced to its present proportions, Custer County, Montana, was the largest county in the United States. Its area at that time was 36,000 square miles, being greater than the combined areas of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island.

The three tallest trees in the world are believed to be a sequoia near Stockton, Cal., (325 feet) and two eucalypti in Australia, estimated at 435 and 450 feet, respectively.

Witches and Plants.

In all countries in which the witchcraft delusion now exists, or in which it prevailed in former times, we find folk lore stories connecting those mysterious bogies with the plants of those particular regions. Even the great Shakespeare causes his witches to discourse learnedly on the diabolical properties of "hemlock digg'd i' the park" and of "slips of yew silvered in the moon's eclipse." They are supposed to have had their favorite flowers as well as plants, and in England at the present time foxglove is spoken of as "witch bells" and hellebells a "witches' thimbles." The common ragwort is well known as the "witches horse," the tradition being that the mounted rank growths of that species of weed and "rode the skies," just as the game with the painted hat rides the broom in the familiar picture. In Germany and throughout Northern Europe it is the belief that witches float from place to place on beds of hay, composed largely of witches' blossoms and "devil spikes," this last being a species of dwarfed slough grass. St. John's wort, which is now so popular for shoulder and button-hole bouquets on St. John's Eve, was formerly worn for the express purpose of averting the crafts and subtleties of the witches, bogies, ghosts and spirits, which the European peasantry believed walked abroad on "that night of witching mysteries."

Lord's Prayer in 32 Languages.

The Russians now have possession of the Mount of Olives, the spot where the Lord's Prayer was first uttered. The apex of the mount is nearly 200 feet above the hill upon which Jerusalem is built, 2,700 feet above the level of the Mediterranean and about 3,900 feet above the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea. On this elevation, upon the exact spot which tradition says the Prayer was first spoken, the Carmelite Sisters have, through the kindness of Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who furnished the necessary funds, built a large convent. The exact, or what is claimed to be the exact, spot pressed by our Saviour's feet on that celebrated occasion, is marked by a pure white polished marble cross, and the walls of the convent have the Prayer inscribed upon them in 32 different languages. In some instances, the letters forming the prayer are engraved in marble panels; in others, they are letters of wood, glued to backgrounds suitable to their colors. The Russian portion of this wonderful collection of inscriptions is said to be in letters of pure gold, each capital stem being six and a fourth inches long and four-fifths of an inch in width. Among the languages which one would hardly expect to find represented are the Hebrew, the Chinese, the Coptic, the Tartarian, and the Japanese. The Arabian, as it had been

a task to relinquish Mohammedism, ends with "Great is Christ."

A Bridge 636 Feet High.

The highest bridge of any kind in the world is the Loe River viaduct, on the Antofagasta Railway, in Bolivia, South America. The place where this highest railway structure has been erected is over the Melo rapids in the Upper Andes, and between the two sides of a canon, which is situated 10,000 feet above the level of the Pacific. Counting from the surface of the stream to the level of the rails, this celebrated bridge is exactly 636 1-2 feet in height. The length of the principal span is 80 feet, and the distance between abutments (total length of bridge) is 802 feet. The largest column is 314 feet 2 inches long, and the batter of the pier, what is known to bridge-builders as "one in three." The gauge of the road is 2 feet 6 inches, and trains cross the bridge at a speed of 30 miles an hour.

Sporting Spurts.

Why do most Rugby foot-ball players wear long hair? and how is it that barbers are disgusted when the Rugby season opens, while surgeons are delighted? The answer to the last question is obvious, but I have never heard the first satisfactorily replied to.

"I want to give brother Tom some little gift before he leaves for college. What would you get?" "Florence—" "I saw some lovely hair brushes with silver monogram, and—" "You silly girl; don't you know he belongs to a football team?"

The first sportsmen's exposition ever held in America will take place at Madison Square Garden next spring. This exposition will embrace every department of field sport and will illustrate not only present conditions but the history of sport. Canada will be well represented, no doubt.

Largest Family on Record.

In the Harlein Manuscript, Nos. 980 and 78, in the library of the British Museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives), who were the father and mother of sixty-two children.

The majority of the offsprings of this prolific pair were boys, (exactly how many of each sex is not known) for the record mentions the fact that forty-six of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grown-up women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1630, the majority of them then residing in and about New-Castle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certyne gentleman of large estaytes" rode "thirty and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and that three other "landed gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of this extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.

How to Clean Oily Bottles.

To cleanse glass bottles that have held oil, place ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, then heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling an hour let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soapsuds and rinse in clear water.

A Desperate Effort.

Cobble—I put my best suit on last night and called on my girl's father.

Stone—Did he seemed pleased?

Cobble—He seemed pleased with the suit. He tried his best to get a sample

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SIFTINGS OF SCIENCE.

According to a French journal, a Geneva firm is manufacturing phonographic clocks which talk the hour instead of striking it.

Dr. Ehlers, of Copenhagen, has made a special inspection tour of southern Iceland to ascertain the number of lepers, and found fifty-three, or twice as many as was expected. A hospital is to be built to prevent further spread of the disease.

An analysis of water taken from the Great Salt lake, Utah, in August, 1888, showed that a ton of such water, would contain 391 pounds of solid matter, of which about 214 pounds would be common salt. Dead Sea water contains only 151 pounds of salt to the ton, but the proportion of solids is much greater, there being about 528 pounds to the ton.

It is reported that a lampwick of clay, that will give twenty-five per cent. more light than a cotton wick, has been invented. It is made capillary by incorporating with the clay, while still plastic, filaments of unspun vegetable fibre, which, burned out in the baking, leave minute tubes running through the wick, through which the flame draws the oil by capillary attraction. The flame thus fed, it is claimed, is white, odorless and smokeless, while the novel wick itself is almost indestructible.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

The gray-white and yellow tans are the shades for gloves in demand at the present time.

The use of lace, as a trimming, continues, and it will be used on the winter gowns as successfully as it has been on those for summer.

The newest winter chevots and diagonal serges appear with large checked patterns, and large plaids, both in silk and wool, are in favor. Velvetens will be welcomed again by many.

Fur capes, the length of the graceful Inverness ones, will be the popular fur garment this winter, although it is yet too early to say which of the many kinds of fur will be most commonly worn.

The new fall hats are pronounced very ugly in appearance. The crowns are high with narrow rims, and altogether unsatisfactory. The English walking hat is renewing its popularity, and will be much worn.

Black and white has lost none of its popularity. It is used for both old and young, and will be enlivened by the striking millinery on the hats and bonnets. Gayly colored, over-trimmed headgear is announced for the fall and winter styles.

NEWSY NOTES.

The phylloxera, or the vine pest, is making such ravages in the sherry wine districts of Spain that the government has appropriated \$100,000 for the extermination of the disease.

The Danish government has undertaken, during the years 1895 and 1896, a deep sea exploration in the Greenland and Iceland waters. The expedition will be accompanied by a botanist.

It is said that in the past ten years the city of Nashville lost \$10,000,000 in various boom schemes and wild speculation ventures, and of this vast sum not ten per cent was spent at home.

There are two small Jewish agricultural colonies in California, the first in Orange Vale, opposite Folsom, and the other in Porterville, near Fresno. Both have passed the experimental stage and promise success.

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MISS ESTES,

Fashionable : Dressmaking

Unequaled in style and finish.

93 FORT STREET.

R. RAY,

PRACTICAL HORSE SHOER,

GRIMM'S BUILDING,

131 Johnson Street.

W. J. TIPPINS,

Who has been away from Victoria for the last two years on account of sickness, has returned, and opened a new Candy, Fruit, Tobacco and Cigar Store,
114 YATES ST.,

ABOVE THE CLARENCE,

Where he will be pleased to see old friends and new faces, who will receive every attention.

Where Potatoes Can't Be Boiled.

When the barometer stands at thirty inches sea level, showing an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, the boiling point of water is 212 degrees Fahrenheit. When part of this pressure is removed by ascending to higher levels, water will boil before coming to a heat of 212 degrees, or if a descent is made into a level below the level of the sea the boiling point will rise accordingly. Thus it is plain to see that in highly elevated regions, where there is less atmospheric pressure upon the water, the boiling point is much lower than at sea level—in other words, it will boil before it is sufficiently heated to cook potatoes, beans, etc. An elevation of but 510 feet makes a diminution of one degree in the boiling point. At the City of Mexico, where the elevation is 7,471 feet above sea level, water will boil at 198 1-2 degrees; at Quito, which is 9,541 feet, the boiling point is reached at 194 degrees. It will be seen, therefore, that boiling is not always equally hot. At the places mentioned and in several localities in our own country, many articles of food cannot be cooked at all by boiling; or, if they can, it takes several hours, where a few minutes should suffice.—St. Louis Republic.

The Earth in Miniature.

Four leading French scientists, Villard, Cotard, Seyrig and Tissandier, have succeeded in making a wonderful model of the earth. It is a huge sphere, 42 feet in diameter, and has painted upon its outside all the details of the earth's geography. At Paris, where this pigmy world is being exhibited, an iron and glass dome has been erected over the globe. The building is eight-sided and is well provided with elevators and stairways, which make it an easy task for the visitor to thoroughly examine "all parts of the world." The globe weighs 13 tons, but is so nicely balanced that it can be easily rotated by a small handwheel. The entire surface area is 525 feet which is sufficient to exhibit all the mountains, rivers, islands, cities, etc., even to the principal thoroughfares the latter.

The Jenkins' Three-Eyed Cat.

The Jenkins family, who resides at Leesville, a village south of Massillon, are in possession of a cat which has three distinct eyes. The cat is near a year old and a great pet. People visit the Jenkins home daily out of curiosity, and the cat is the centre of attraction. The two eyes are in their usual places, but the additional one is directly back of the cat's left ear. The cat has perfect use of the three organs and blinks all at once. The cat is invaluable as a mouse catcher, for it can see before and in the rear at the same time.—Cleveland Leader.

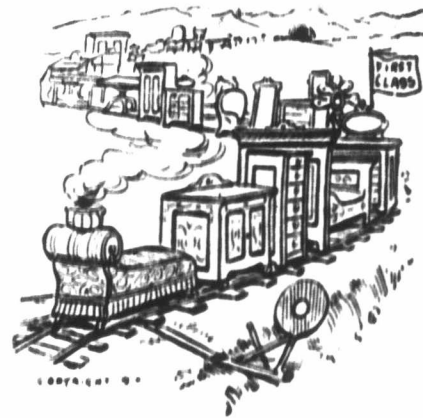
The Care of the Hair.

Do not use such mineral oil products as vaseline and petroleum jelly for the hair. Only good animal oils will improve the quality and supply the nutriment needed to quicken hair growth. The reason for this is obvious, since the natural oil of the scalp is of the animal nature.

Strange Properties of Cryostase.

A German chemist is reported to have discovered a new substance which has the remarkable and unique property of solidifying when heated and remaining liquid at temperatures below zero. It has been named "cryostase," and is obtained by mixing together equal parts of phenol, camphor, and saponine, and adding a somewhat smaller proportion of essence of turpentine. Certain substances, like the albumens, harden on heating, but this is the only product that again liquefies on cooling.

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— OUR NEW LINE OF —

Oak and Ash Bedroom Suites, Dining Tables, Hall Stands, Etc.

ARE GOING FAST
And Are Homeward Bound.

All like to see fine furniture where it looks the best—t home; and now here can you see so much for so little as in our store. Just look in when in ne d.

WEILER BROS.,

51 to 55 Fort Street. Victoria, B. C.

GOLDMAN

The Toronto Tailor

No 46 YATES STREET, next to Mr. Russell's Barber Shop,

Has received a large importation of fine Meltons and Beavers suitable for Overcoats, which he will make up in first class style, from \$18 upwards.

BLACK VENETIAN SUITS FROM \$25 UP. SCOTCH TWEED SUITS FROM \$18 UP. PANTS FROM \$4 UP.

Satisfaction guaranteed or the money refunded. Note the address—6 Yates Street.

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.

B C POULTRY AND COM-MISSION CO.

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 886. Telephone.

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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. 89 DOUGLAS ST., COR. PEMBROKE, VICTORIA

(:~:) "Puralis" Soda. (:~:)

THORPE & CO.,

(LIMITED.)

VICTORIA.

VANCOUVER.

Made From Distilled Water

TELEPHONE 435.

P. O. BOX 175.

OVER IN EUROPE.

Windsor castle has been used for a royal residence seven hundred and eighty four years.

The results of the recent expedition to the polar regions prove that north of seventy five degrees the ice over the whole surface averages six thousand feet in thickness.

The highest spot inhabited by human beings on this globe is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, Thibet, where twenty-one monks live at an altitude of sixteen thousand feet.

In a ton of Dead Sea water there are one hundred and eighty-seven pounds of salt; Red Sea, ninety-three; Mediterranean, eighty-five; Atlantic, eighty-one; English channel, seventy-two; Baltic, eighteen; Black sea, twenty-six, and Caspian sea, eleven.

A man in Germany recently bought one thousand cigars and had them insured against fire. Then he smoked them and demanded the amount of his policy from the insurance company. The company refusing to pay it, he brought suit and got a verdict.

According to Power, a foreign chemist has devised a sensitive paint which is yellow at ordinary temperatures, but turns bright red on reaching one of two hundred and twenty degrees. It is suggested that this paint may be used advantageously to indicate heat from friction in machinery.

One part of the wedding ceremony among the Babylonians was very significant. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride, and another from the garment of the bridegroom, and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot in regard to marriage.—Jewish Messenger.

FOWL, FISH AND SERPENT.

A boa-constrictor, which lives in the Adelaide zoological gardens, caught its fangs the other day in a rug. Being unable to disengage itself, it proceeded to swallow the rug, which was seven feet by six in size.

A sturgeon weighing 1,440 pounds was caught in the Caspian sea two weeks ago. The head alone weighed 228 pounds, and the fish furnished about 120 pounds of roe for caviare. The fish was sold for \$160.

The most formidable check to the increase of serpents and venomous insects in the tropical regions is the abundance of ants which, attacking in thousands, will kill and devour animals often of considerable size.

There is a mystery about the method of motion of condors that has never been explained. They have been seen to circle to and fro in the sky, half a day at a time, rising and descending without once flapping a wing.

NOW

For November.

In order to greet this Winter opening month in a manner befitting its importance to the dry goods trade, we propose to make prices on all heavy goods so low that buyers will not need to wait till shrill-voiced wintry winds draw attention to the necessity of warm clothing. You can't get ready too soon.

THIS WAY.

BLANKETS—Heavy Grey.....	\$1 00,	\$2 25,	\$2 90,	\$3 40
do Arctic White.....	2 50,	3 65,	4 75,	5 00
do Super " 60x80 in.....	3 45			
do Southdown, No. 200.....	3 00,	5 75,	6 50	

The above are direct from the mills, and are great value.

FLANNELS—The real McKay, heavy and soft.....	15 cts
do 28 in. wide, twill and plain.....	20 cts and 25 cts
do Best quality, 28 in., Chambly and St. Hyacinthe mill, regular 40 cts, now.....	30 cts

FLANNELETTES—Nice colors and fair quality, 15 yds.....	1 00
do good, wide, English make, twilled & plain, 10 & 12 1/2.....	1 25

QUILTS—Real Arctic Eiderdown.....	\$5 75 to \$25 00
do Cotton-filled, from.....	.75 cts to \$4 00

In our showroom on second floor, we have a fine line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Puritan Underwear, in vests, drawers and combinations. Also "The Challenge," the best 50 ct Black Cashmere Hose in the city.

J. HUTCHESON & CO.

THE WESTSIDE,
Nov. 3rd, 1904.

KINNAIRD,

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

THE CASH TAILOR

46 JOHNSON ST.

Frank Campbell



P. O. BOX 108.

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

THE POSTMEN'S CHRISTMAS

And still the Postmaster-General has given no sign of his intentions. It used to be said in connection with the tardiness of certain individuals "Christmas is coming." So it is for the postmen, whose Christmas-rejoicings with, to all appearances, have to be made up in a very small amount of money. But that does not worry Sir Adolphe in his warm and comfortable office and mansion, or as he rolls along in his carriage encased in the most expensive furs, his stomach with fat capon lined and all the elaborate and costly accessories. He appears—or rather those who belong to his staff—to have forgotten the duties that are owing to the public. What do they care so long as the school keeps for themselves how much the Victoria postmen may suffer or the public may be inconvenienced?

Meantime, though it is no new proposition, we endorse the suggestion of a correspondent of one of the papers that householders benefitted by the letter delivery make a little present about Christmas to the postmen on their route—we don't say for equal division among the staff, for that is none of our business, and, besides, a man's Christmas gift is not, as a rule, for those he does not know; but for those with whom he is acquainted. Let the postmen have a Christmas box from all who are willing to contribute, and, in addition for the needy cases which there are, let a subscription be taken up and handed for distribution to someone who knows the merits of each man.—*Commercial Journal.*

The Canada Paper Co. have appointed J. Johnson agent in Victoria.

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.

ALEX. STEWART,
Granite and Marble
WORKS,

Cor. Yates and Blanchard Sts.

Estimates furnished for all kinds of Cut Stone Work.

MONUMENTS, COPINGS, ETC.

Prices to Suit the Times.

CALL FOR PRICES BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.

THOMAS BRADBURY
Statuary, Monuments,
Tombs, Headstones, Copings,
etc., etc.

WORKS AND OFFICE:
COR. CORMORANT ST. AND BLANCHARD AVE.,
VICTORIA, B. C.

Before purchasing elsewhere get designs and prices.

W. B. POTTINGER
BUTCHER

STALL 17, CITY MARKET.

Will cater for family trade

COLUMBIA HOUSE.

MRS. M. A. VIGOR

Begs to announce the arrival of the latest styles in
MILLINERY,
also a full assortment of Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

165 DOUGLAS STREET, COR. CHATHAM.

My Annual Importation of

Dutch Bulbs

have arrived from Holland in fine condition. Also very fine new **LAWN GRASS SEED**, this year's crop.

WM. DODDS, (Florist and Seedsman,
207 FORT STREET.

SHERET & JOHNSON,

ORIENTAL ALLEY, bet. Yates and Johnson Sts

Plumbers and Tinsmiths,

All kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Ask your Grocer

Or Telephone 241

For

Paragon
Safety Oil

Address Box 216.

THE SPRINGFIELD HOUSE,

T. GOODMAN, PROPRIETOR, 27 GOVERNMENT ST.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION.

Rooms \$1.00 per week. Meals 15 cents.

TRIAL SOLICITED.

Excelsior Brewery,

(LATE FAIRALL'S)

O'Brien & Varrelmann,
PROPRIETORS.

THE NEW BREW

IS

NOW ON SALE.

Don't Fail to Sample It

Victoria
Steam Laundry

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

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

Goods called for and delivered free.

NEWBIGGING & ANDERSON,

B. C. NOVELTY WORKS.

Repairing of Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Typewriters, Lawn Mowers and all kinds of light machinery neatly executed. 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, Assurers, 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.

SALE ROOM:

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.

Our Jams and Marmalade have always 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.

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.

HOW to be successful and how **TO** make trade is one thing. To **MAKE** a name and also to make **MONEY** is another. It is our **EXPERIENCE** that a cheap article **IS** dear at any price, it is almost **NECESSARY** to stock goods which are cheap. But no one ever got satisfaction from cheap goods. Preserves to be good, must be made of full flavored fruit, pure sugar, and only the highest skill employed in its manufacture. 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 customers and make money yourselves.

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.

Adelphi House,

106 GOVERNMENT ST., has just been opened with a good class of **GENTS' FURNISHING**.
Maximum Quality and Minimum Price.

Special Agency for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Mackintoshes and Waterproofs made to measure. Good fit, shape and quality ensured. A female measurer will attend on ladies at their own houses. Underwear in all grades from \$1.50 to \$5 per suit. Linen Shirts, Collars, etc. a specialty. Up to date Hats, Ties and Silk Goods of the best English make. Visitors may use the waiting room for cars. A call invited.

James Clarke Brocklehurst, Proprietor.

AFTER THE EXHIBITION,

Everybody should **Smoke the Primrose Cigar.**

Manufactured by M. COHEN, 62 Wharf Street.

Enlarged Pictures (



Of Yourself or Friends **GIVEN AWAY** by T. N. HIBBEN & CO, 69 and 71 Government Street

See Samples in their window, and call inside for cards giving particulars.

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 at ways on hand. First-class Bakery and Confectionery in connection with the House. Lunches for Tourists supplied.

New Goods and New Prices.

The goods that will give you the best value for the money do this in every line but more especially in such goods as J. W. Creighton has now in stock. Don't fail to see them. See his

Tyke Serge, the only house that carries it in Victoria. Don't forget the place.

86 GOVERNMENT ST.

J. W. CREIGHTON'S FINE TAILORING PARLORS.

HALF A LOAF is better than no bread, these hard times. So we have put our prices very low, with a guarantee that your underwear will not be soiled with our process of dyeing.

Cleaning Gents' Clothes a Specialty.

T. W. PIERRE,

Jewell Block, 74 Douglas Street.

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, 242 Johnson Street, H. H. WRIGHT, Manager

THE VICTORIA TRANSFER COMPANY,

LIMITED.

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

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

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

BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO AND FROM STEAMERS.

HENDERSON, Supt.

F. S. BARNARD, Presd't.

ALEX. MOUAT, Secy

AMERICAN HOTEL,

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ALWAYS OPEN.

Rooms Rented at Reasonable Rates.

COLD LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.

Best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

JAMES WISHART, PROPRIETOR.

WONDERFUL!

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

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RUSSELL & McDONALD'S,

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FIT FOR A KING.

Like Your Mother Used to Make.

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