

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

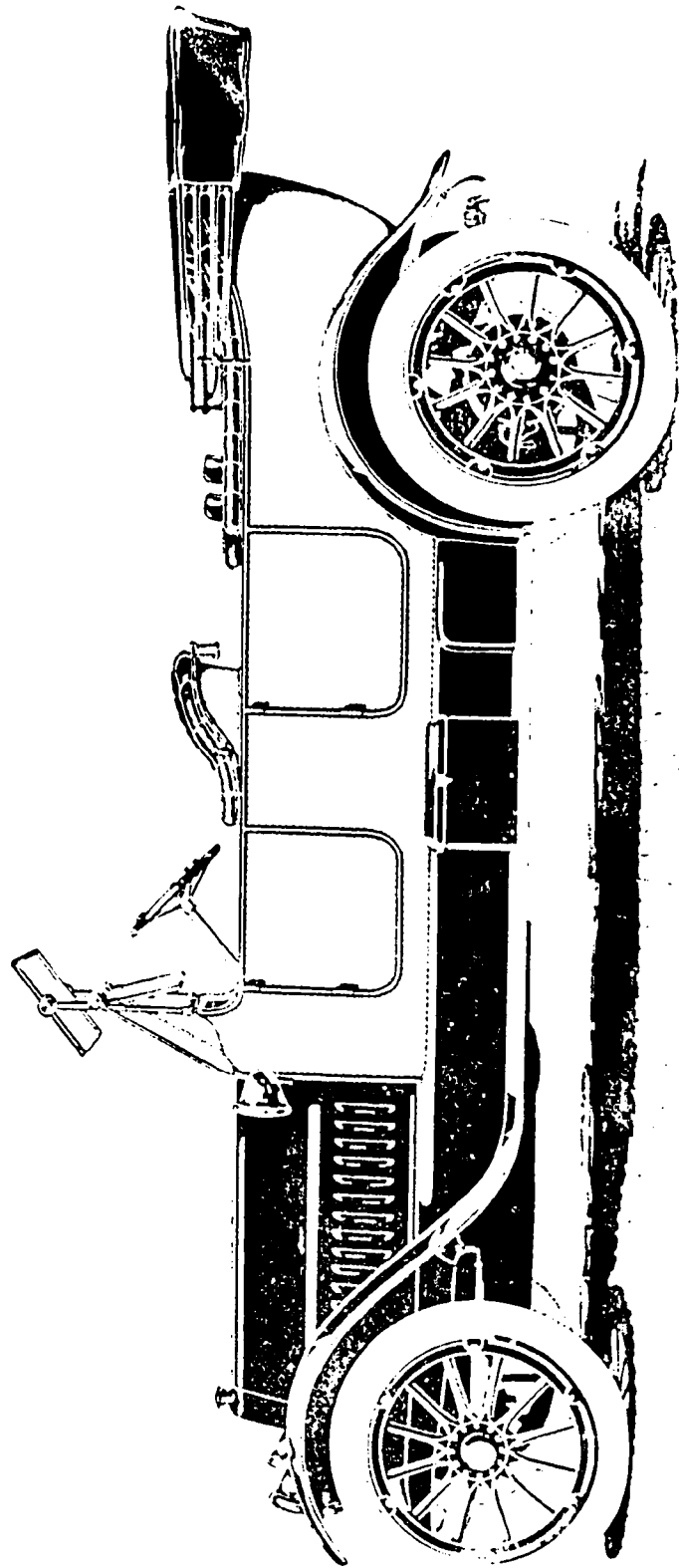
MOORE & PAULINE

Distributors, Cor. Wharf & Broughton, Phone 2527

Victoria, B. C.



See just that this is a six passenger car. Instead of the usual five passenger touring car, we have, to see this new but not in a conventional and formal place, making the "S" a six passenger car, with five seats of the disappearing coil spring type. The body is long and low bodied. The upholstery is in all the modern shades and materials. It is made in a style that they can be called on a Studebaker. With the Home, when you see the STUDEBAKER, you can see the Home. For we have had a long experience in the car business and we have a long experience in the car business. We have a long experience in the car business and we have a long experience in the car business.



Studebaker

STUDEBAKER is Famous for \$1000 Four Year



Miss LISTER

Daughter of the present Governor of the State of Washington

Home Portrait by Schumacher

Shortt Hill & Duncan

LIMITED



Sign of the Four Dials



Our large and select stock of set and unset gems is always of interest to the public and our friends from over the border can appreciate our prices, as well as the quality, as our diamonds enter Canada duty free.



We always carry a select stock of Yaeger diamonds (the highest quality). Also complete range of celebrated Wesseltons.

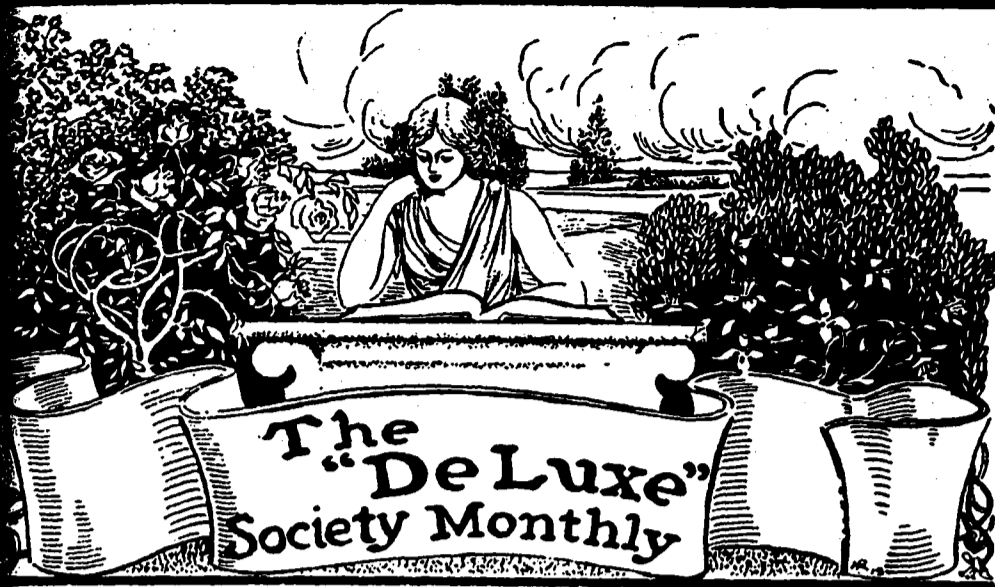


Our pleasure is in setting up and executing original designs of gem set platinum jewelry for your inspection.



CENTRAL BUILDING

VICTORIA, B. C.



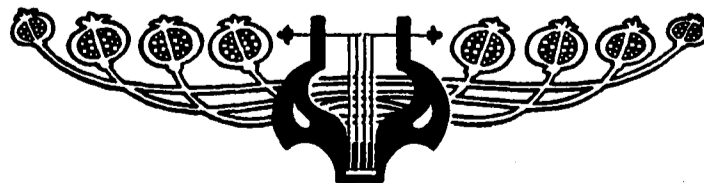
VL. II.

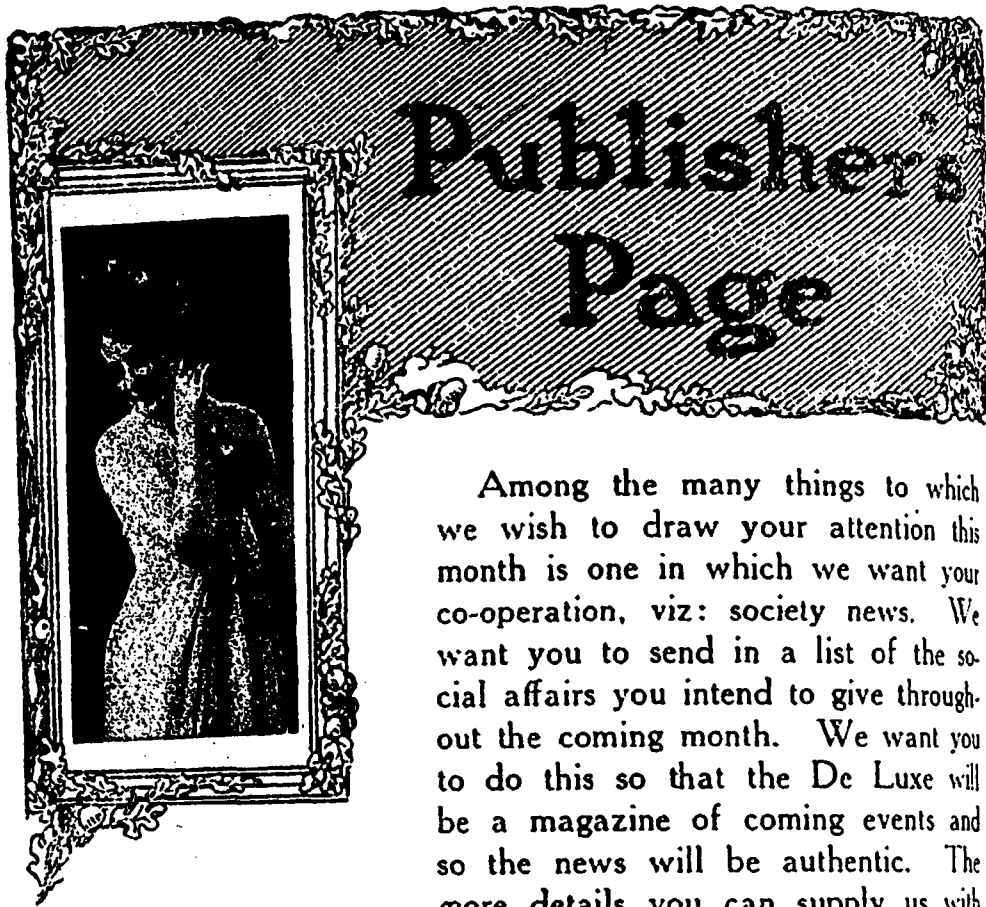
AUGUST, 1913.

NO. 1

CONTENTS.

COOPER, New York. Guest of Miss Droup, Victoria.....	Cover Portrait
LISTER, Daughter of the Present Governor of Washington.....	Frontispiece
PUBLISHER'S PAGE	4
SOCIETY	5, 8-21, 32
PORTRAITS—	
MRS. LISTER, the first lady of the State of Washington.....	9
MOTHER, Mrs. Werisby and Baby, Victoria.....	10
MISS HAY, daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of Washington.....	11
PRESENT REFLECTIONS, Photo Study.....	12
MISS LOEWENSTEIN, Atlanta, Georgia.....	13
SWEET INNOCENCE, Photo Study.....	14
MISS MARA, Victoria, B. C.....	15
POEMS—	
IN WOODLAND WAYS, by Earnest McCaffey.....	16
WINTER, by Ernest McCaffey.....	17
ILLUSTRATIONS OF VICTORIA. Beacon Hill Park and the Gorge.....	
PEGGY. Photo Study.....	19
HON. THOS. TAYLOR, M.P.P., British Columbia.....	19
MISS ROSS ARBUTHNOT AND MISS WINONA TROUP.....	20
SHORT STORY—"THE TRINITY OF LIFE".....	30-32
PEOPLE AND PLACES OF INTEREST—	
ESQUIMALT HARBOR, BRITISH COLUMBIA.....	33
INDIANOLA PARK	34
VICTORIA HARBOR, B. C.....	35
THREE STARS WITH F. STUART-WHYTE'S "VERSATILES".....	37
CONFESSIONS OF NERO. Illustrated Short Story.....	39-42, 50, 51
THE THEATRE—	
THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912. Illustrated.....	43
F. STUART-WHYTE	49
—By the Editor.....	45
STORING	47
THE OCCUPANT OF THE CARAVAN—CONTINUED STORY.....	52, 57
ENLARGE PHOTOGRAPH PAGE.....	59





Publisher's Page

Among the many things to which we wish to draw your attention this month is one in which we want your co-operation, viz: society news. We want you to send in a list of the social affairs you intend to give throughout the coming month. We want you to do this so that the De Luxe will be a magazine of coming events and so the news will be authentic. The more details you can supply us with the better notice we can give it in our columns and to insure it being in time for the current issue the matter should reach us by the fifteenth of the month preceding date of issue; the twentieth is absolutely the last day we can receive news.

We don't want you to think that because we are publishing "coming events" we shall omit accounts of those of the past month, we want the De Luxe to be the first society magazine of the Pacific Coast and to attain this position it will be necessary to have both the past and present of society functions.

When we brought the price of the De Luxe to fifteen cents and the subscription to one dollar fifty a year we are convinced that it would boost the circulation. It is doing so, sales have doubled and people are taking advantage of the low price to have the magazine sent direct to the home by taking a year's subscription.

The attention of our early subscribers is called to the fact that those who paid three dollars, the original price, will have their subscription extended to two years or twenty-four numbers, this we think you will admit is perfectly fair.

In our last issue we said we would make mention about our photograph contest that we published in our second number and which we reprint on page 59.

There are several reasons why we have awarded no prizes on those already submitted, the main one being that the selection was too small, therefore we have extended the time to September 1st, and trust all the ambitious amateurs of photography on the Pacific Coast will compete. The lucky contestant will have their names and the prize winning photographs published in the October number of the De Luxe. Remember it is not necessary for you to be a subscriber to compete.—*The Publishers.*

THE DE LUXE SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Published on the first of every month by
THE DE LUXE PUBLISHING CO., Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle.

A. F. WAKEFIELD, *Managing Editor and Proprietor.*

Advertising Rates on Application.

All news matter to be in by the 20th of month preceding date of publication.



SEATTLE

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitney Treat entertained at dinner on evening of July 8th, at their home on Highland Drive in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McAllister Wilcox, Denver, Colorado.

The table was attractively decorated with red snapdragons and lilies, intermingled with asparagus ferns, with the appointments all carried out in the same color scheme.

Miss Helen Perkins was hostess at a pretty luncheon July 10th at her home, 1317 Minor avenue, in compliment to Miss Emily Gatty, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Lea Gazzam.

The dining room was decorated with a pink color scheme, a beautiful basket of pink roses centering the table. The living rooms were arranged with red roses.

Additional covers were placed for Miss Gene Peters, Miss Melaide Heilbron, Miss Ella Downs, Miss Ruth Gazzam, Miss Marguerite Gaffney, Miss Elma Collins, Miss Molly Kittinger, Miss Madys Waterhouse, Miss Helen McEwan, Miss Dorothy Terry and Mrs. W. D. Perkins.

Mrs. Daniels, wife of Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, was guest-of-honor at a luncheon given Thursday, July 17th, at the Rainier Club by Mrs. William Pitt Trimble.

Covers were placed for sixty-five guests.

Mrs. Walter F. Foster entertained at dinner July 17 at her home, 1514 Eighteenth avenue, in honor of Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the secretary of the navy.

An artistic color scheme of blue and gold was carried out in table decorations and appointments.

Covers were placed for twelve.

Mrs. Daniels was the guest of honor at a luncheon given July 17 by Mrs. William Pitt Trimble at the Rainier Club.

Large baskets of pink sweet peas and snapdragons were used for the decorations.

Covers were placed for thirty-five. The out-of-town guests were Mrs. Ernest Lister, of Olympia; Mrs. John H. Williams and Mrs. S. Grosscup, of Tacoma; Mrs. V. L. Cottman and Mrs. Alfred Reynolds, of the navy yard, and Mrs. Richard H. Wilson, of Fort Lawton.

Mrs. Alvin Hemrich announces the engagement of her sister, Miss Helen Rutschow, to Mr. Alger L. Neill. The wedding will take place in August.

The officers of the Seattle Carnival Association gave the most brilliant ball of the season at the Armory, Friday, July 18, when they had as their guests the city's most distinguished visitors, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and Mrs. Daniels; the officers from the North Pacific army posts, Pacific Reserve fleet and the Puget Sound Navy Yard. More than 2,000 persons from Seattle's representative and most exclusive society set were present.

Long before the receiving line formed, a great, swaying crowd, sparkling with color, moved to the rhythm of the music. The city's fairest and best vied with one another in making the ball a sight not soon to be forgotten. Everywhere were loveliness and grace in plenty.

Secretary Daniels and Mrs. Daniels and their party arrived at the armory about 10 o'clock from a dinner given in their honor by Rear Admiral Reynolds on the flagship West Virginia. In this party were the secretary and Mrs. Daniels, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Reynolds, Rear Admiral and Mrs. V. L. Cottman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Treat, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Collins, Dr. Frank I. Shaw, Lieut. J. H. Klein, Jr., Mrs. Harriet Brown, Mrs. F. S. Hicks of Los Angeles and Lieut. Commander L. C. Palmer, aide to the navy secretary.

In the receiving line were Mr. W. E. Best, who presented the guests; Mr. Harry Whitney Treat, Mrs. Daniels, Mr. W. F. Foster, Mrs. Cottman, Secretary Daniels, Mrs. Foster, Rear Admiral Reynolds, Mrs. Treat, Rear Admiral Cottman, Mrs. Reynolds, Governor Lister, Mrs. J. D. Hoge, Lieut.-Commander Palmer, Mrs. George F. Cotterill, Col. W. M. Inglis, Mrs. Fred Ward Llewellyn, Mayor George F. Cotterill, Mrs. R. H. Wilson and Col. R. H. Wilson.

Music for the thirty-six waltzes and two-steps enjoyed was furnished by an army band from Fort Lawton and a navy band from the U. S. S. West Virginia, placed in the gallery at opposite sides of the hall. The bands played alternately during the evening. The programs, regarded by the dancers as ultra-smart, were embellished with a print of the American flag in a wreath of green, draped with gold braid.

Refreshments were served by Orth from a table at the south end of the hall. The decorations were unique. At the end were guns forming tripods. Potlatch daisies in tall baskets were elsewhere. Punch bowls, each hidden in flowers and greens, were placed in the various corners.

Mrs. Daniels, wife of Secretary of the Navy, wore a handsome gown of black chantilly lace over white chiffon and satin, with rhinestone trimmings, and corsage of the Potlatch flowers—the Shasta daisies.

Mrs. Walter E. Foster was gowned in cloth of gold, made with an over drape of brocaded blue cut velvet, and trimmed with gold lace.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of Col. Richard H. Wilson, U. S. A., of Fort Lawton—Gray embroidered crepe gown.

Mrs. George F. Cotterill—Yellow chiffon, over yellow satin, trimmed with gold passementerie.

Mrs. Cottman, wife of Rear Admiral V. L. Cottman—Imported gown of pink charmeuse with lace; diamonds.

Mrs. Reynolds, wife of Rear Admiral Alfred Reynolds—White embroidered crepe with a tunic of orchid colored velvet brocade.

Mrs. Orr, wife of Lieut. H. A. Orr, U. S. N.—White satin, with bird of paradise airgrette.

Mrs. McCormack, wife of Lieut. H. W. McCormack—Accordion-pleated blue crepe meteor.

Mrs. Gross, wife of Lieut. R. F. Gross, of the Colorado—Black and green chiffon spangled in silver, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Frank Silas Hicks, of Los Angeles, mother of Mrs. Gross—Pale pink chiffon spangled in pearls and pink rosebuds.

Mrs. Klein, wife of Lieut. J. H. Klein, Jr.—White crepe trimmed with touches of cerise and rhinestones.

Miss Cornelia James of San Francisco—American Beauty satin.

Mrs. Harriet M. Brown—Black heavy lace over green beaded tulle and black.

Mrs. Josiah Collins—Pink chiffon and satin.

Mrs. Frederick W. Llewellyn—Pink satin with shadow lace trimmings.

Mrs. Harry Whitney Treat—White velvet, veiled in cerise gown heavily shaded in pearls, and trimmed with French roses. Pearl necklace.

Miss Margaret Smith—Pale pink crepe embroidered in blue with white lace.

Mrs. M. J. Conell—Pink satin, veiled in pink dewdrop net.

Mrs. E. Heister Guie—Pink satin with an over dress of pink shaded velvet.

Mrs. Alice Sullivan—Cream crepe meteor, trimmed with black tulle and pearl passementerie.

Mrs. Byron Thorpe Carr—Lavender silk trimmed with gold passementerie.

Mrs. W. H. Potts—Old rose brocade with shadow lace bodice.

Miss Hanna—Black spangled net gown.

Miss Marie Tyrer—Pink chiffon over pink satin.

Miss Grace Tyrer—White lace over white charmeuse.

Mrs. Joseph Blethen—Lavender charmeuse with garniture ofroidery studded with rhinestones.

Mrs. Leslie Darwin, of Bellingham—Blue embroidered chiffon over blue satin.

Mrs. Galalgher, wife of Maj. Hugh J. Gallagher, U. S. A.—Gown of exquisite white lace and chiffon, with touches of green.

Miss Elizabeth Sander—Yellow crepe meteor, trimmed with tulle and blue.

Miss Mary Lee Gallagher—White chameuse, veiled in white embroidered chiffon.

Miss Eleanor Matthews—A quaint gown of rose pink charmeuse, made with the pannier effect of flowered radium. The bodice was formed of lace, embellished with tiny pink roses.

Miss Dorothy Terry—A French creation of pink charmeuse.

Mrs. George Hurd, of New York—Schrimp pink satin gown.

Miss Emily Beattie, of Washington, D. C.—Blue brocaded gown.

Miss Mary Louise Hoge—Pink satin, with an over-drape of blue chiffon embellished with pearl trimmings.

Mrs. H. S. Matthews—American Beauty satin trimmed with pearls.

Mrs. W. V. Rinehart, Jr.—A gown of pink crepe meteor, trimmed with a deeper shade of pink with touches of green, and a beaded with corals and rhinestones.

Mrs. Frank Walter Sullivan—Cream mull, trimmed with touches of pink and black.

Miss Margaret Webber, of Portland, Ore.—A gown of white tulle with an over-drape of flame colored chiffon.

Miss Marjorie Colmary—Lavender chiffon, over lavender charmeuse, with pearl embellishments.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Capt. C. B. Smith, U. S. A.—Black tulle net over green satin, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. John Miller Drake, of Jackson, Tenn.—Beautiful cream gown with touches of green; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. John Miller Drake, of Jackson, Tenn.—Beautiful cream gown with touches of green; diamond ornaments.

Miss Walker Nance, of Jackson, Tenn.—White charmeuse with touches of red; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Barlett, wife of Maj. C. J. Bartlett, of Fort Worden—Black satin with pearl ornaments.

Mrs. Dunwoody, wife of Capt. Harry W. Dunwoody, of Fort Worden—Parisian gown of Marie Antoinette blue, with embroidered chiffon, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Hughes, wife of Capt. J. L. Hughes, U. S. A.—White satin.

Mrs. Newton, wife of Capt. Harry W. Newton, U. S. A., of Fort Casey—Black embroidered chiffon, with corsage of red roses.

Miss Eisenbeis of Port Townsend—American Beauty crepe with silver lace.

Mrs. Daniel Kelleher—White satin, veiled in black lace with touches of silver.

Miss Theresa Thomsen—Brocaded blue chiffon, over white satin.

Mrs. George Steiner—Combination of white and black lace over white satin.

Miss Mary Louise Rochester—Pink satin trimmed with blue satin.

Mrs. George Butler Lamping—Black crepe meteor, embellished with shadow lace and rhinestone trimmings.

Mrs. F. W. Baker—Pale blue chiffon, over blue satin.

Mrs. J. F. Terry—A beautiful costume of white and black shadow lace over white satin with maroon velvet embellishments.

Mrs. David Whitcomb—White satin, with pink overdress.

Miss Mabel Chilberg—Pompadour pink silk over white satin.

Mrs. J. C. Haines—Black chantilly lace over white satin.

Miss Katherine Esterly—White chiffon with green satin trimmings.

Mrs. George Max Esterly—Black lace over blue.

Mrs. Francis Wall McDermott—White satin trimmed with white lace.

Miss Bessie Inglis—Yellow satin and chiffon gown.

Mrs. Dana W. Brown—Pink chiffon over pink satin.

Mrs. James S. Goldsmith—A most beautiful gown woven with silver, over white charmeuse and lace.

Mrs. O. Monroe Carrick—White satin, veiled in cerise chiffon with white marabou trimmings.

Mrs. Peter Bettinger—Dark green brocaded satin.

Miss Carolyn Gillespy—White satin and chiffon gown.

Mrs. Clara Weston—Pink chiffon over satin.

Mrs. John Slater—Pink chiffon and satin.

Mrs. Charles Saunders—Black and white chiffon over white satin.

Miss Margaret Geary of California—White accordion pleated chiffon.

Miss Alice Warner of California—White brocaded satin gown.

Miss Marguerite Gaffney—White shadow lace gown with sash of old rose velvet.

Mrs. Orton, wife of Capt. E. P. Orton, U. S. A.—Pink embroidered chiffon over pink crepe meteor.

Mrs. James F. Branigan—Black chiffon over white satin.

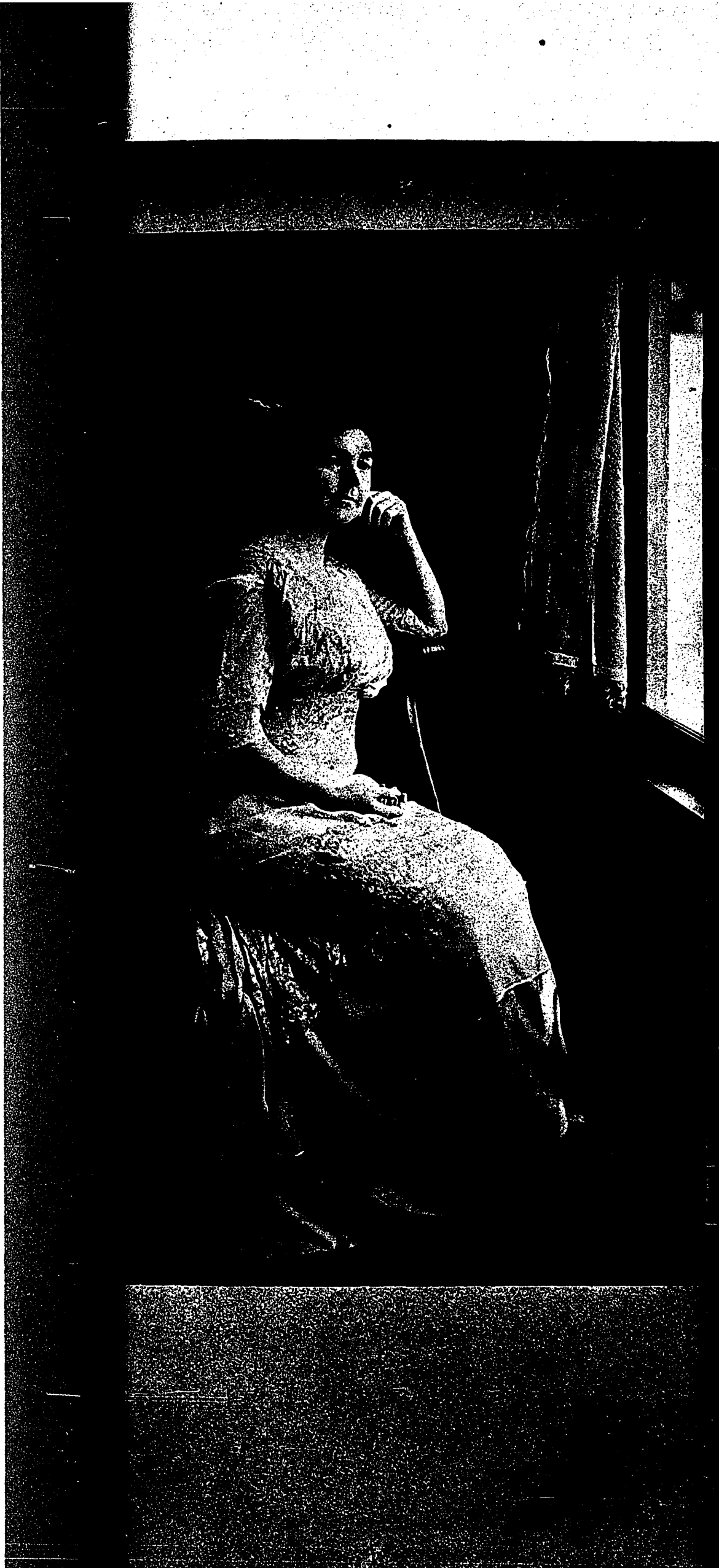
Mrs. Emmett Brown—Yellow satin veiled in dew drop net.

Mrs. A. H. Hankins—Blue satin trimmed with silver.

Mrs. George William Mertens—White satin veiled in green chiffon.

Mrs. Hamilton Coffin—White lace over white satin.

Mrs. Fred Hudson Baxter—Yellow satin trimmed with silver and princess lace.



THE FIRST LADY OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

Mrs. E. Lister, wife of Governor Lister

Portrait by Schumacher.



MISS HAY
Daughter of the Ex-Governor of the State of Washington



PRESENT REFLECTIONS

Photo Study by Mrs. Langton, Victoria, B. C.

*The
De Luxe
Monthly*



MISS LOEWENSTEIN
Atlanta, Georgia
Sister to Mrs. S. A. Rosenfeld of Seattle, Wash.

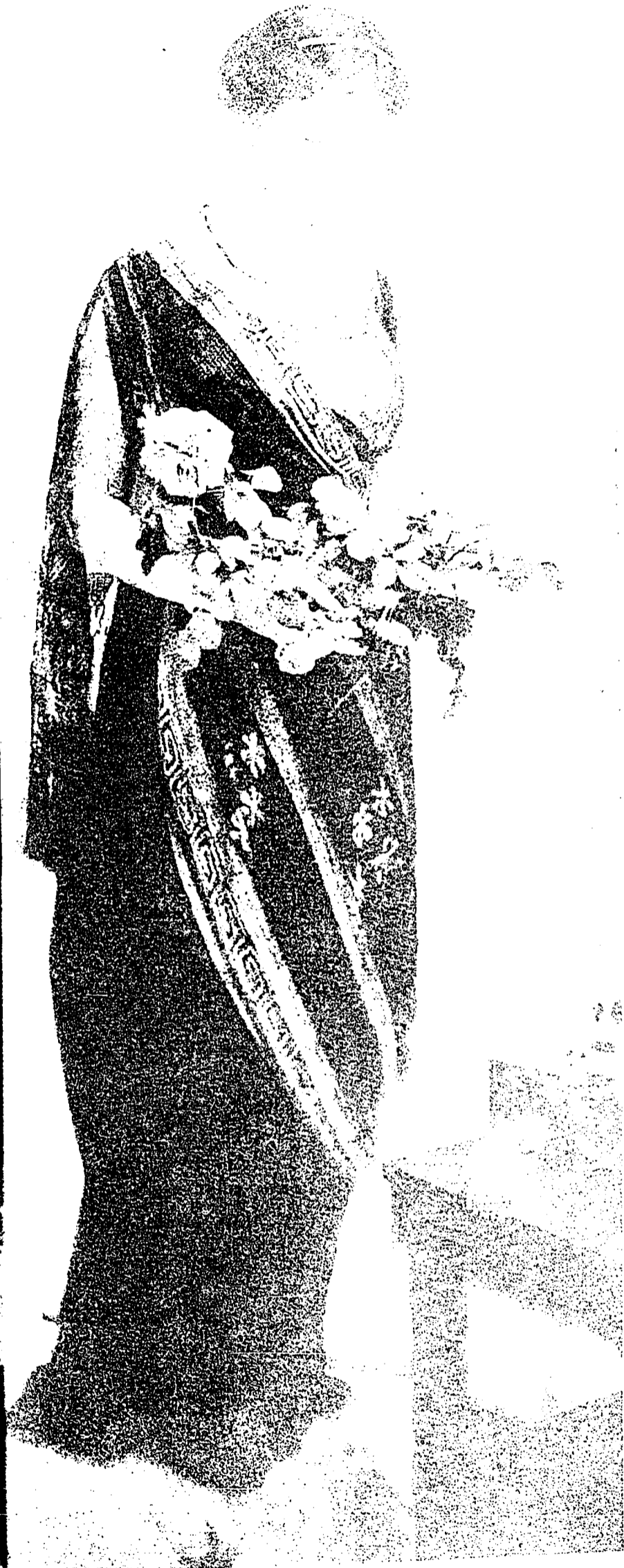
Home portrait by Schumacher, Seattle.



SWEET INNOCENCE

Photo by Mrs. Langton, Victoria, B. C.

*The
De Luxe
Monthly*



MISS MARA
Victoria, B. C.

Photo by Mrs. Langton, Victoria, B. C.

*The
De Luxe
Monthly*



WINTER

I had an image of a land of snows
 Of carved and fluted architecture white,
 Where fields and streams beneath the chill despite
 Of bitter days in gelid stiffness froze;
 And where amid the sheeted garden close
 No blossom nodded in the deadly blight
 Of winter's grasp; and shadowed from the sight
 Were memories of the lily and the rose.

But here December sunlight filters free
 Beside Shoal Bay; and balmy winds do blow;
 And sparkling up to us the wanton sea
 Paces a stately minuet below;
 And in the garden's burgeoning ecstasy
 Are wall-flowers, and a budding Jacqueminot.

Ernest McGaffey.

IN WOODLAND WAYS

We wandered down a crooked wood-land bight
 Where weed and bramble sparsely interlaced,
 A gorgeous China pheasant rose in haste
 And set the air on fire with his flight,
 The valey quail, dispersing left and right
 Whirred level-winged across a thistled waste,
 And pale Diana, crescent-slim and chaste,
 Smiled on us from the door-way of the night.

Ah! me, My Love, that was a day of days
 Clipped from the almanac of jealous Time,
 To wander mid the sylvan-shaded ways
 Where orange cups and honey-suckle climb
 With Bacchant tempters beckoning in the maze
 And taste the wine of Autumn at its prime.

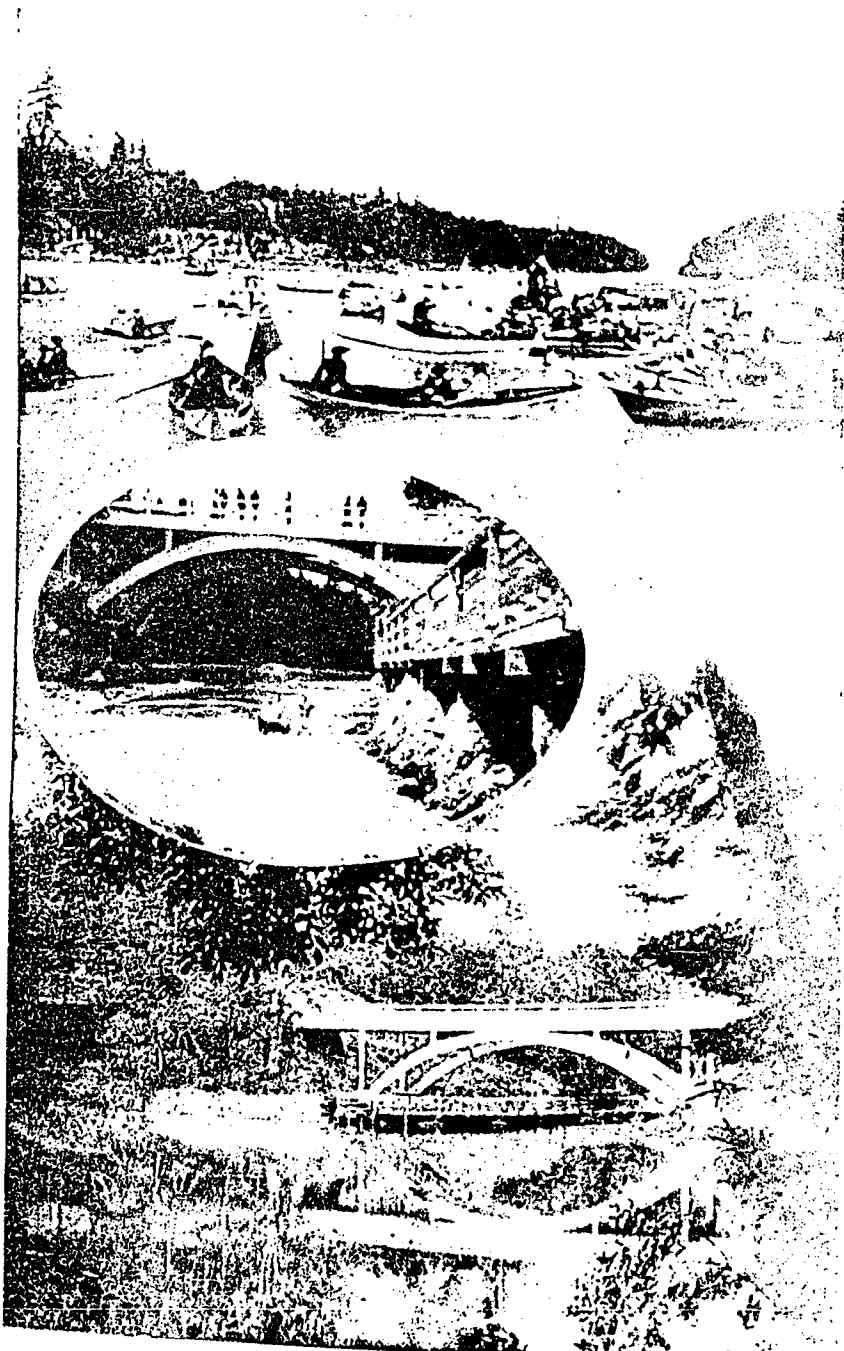
Ernest McGaffey.





"PEGGY"

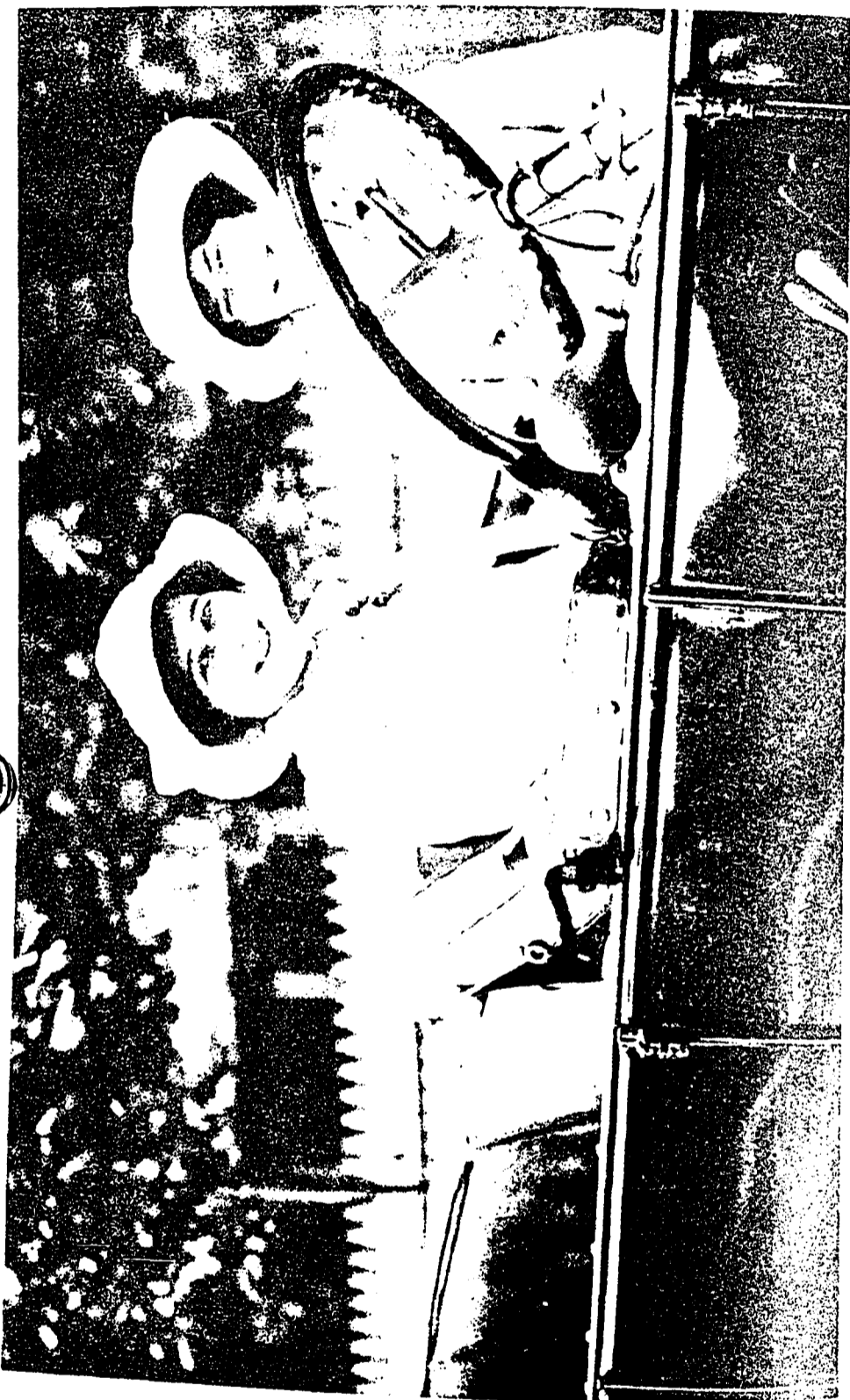
Photo by Mrs. Langton, Victoria, B. C.



THE HON. THOS. TAYLOR, M. P. P.
Minister of Lands in the McBride Government, British Columbia

Home portrait by Schumacher, Seattle.





Mrs. L. Hornberger—Black and white chiffon over white satin.
Mrs. Archibald De Voe—Pink chiffon drape over lavender satin and flowered silk.

Miss Marjorie Carter—White chiffon over white satin.

Mrs. Cecil Upper—Pink crepe meteor trimmed with pink chiffon rose buds.

Mrs. John F. Miller—Gray crepe meteor.

Mrs. B. L. Gates—White beaded chiffon over white satin.

Mrs. Alfred Raymond—Green satin veiled in heavy silk lace.

Miss Louise Raymond—White chiffon, with girdle of maroon velvet.

Mrs. George Leslie Hill—Pink crepe meteor.

Mrs. James D. Hoge—White princess lace, with burnt orange velvet trimmings.

Miss Louise Norton—Peacock blue brocaded satin.

Mrs. Homer F. Norton—Burnt orange satin with gold lace overdress.

Mrs. Wolf—Blue satin, covered in black embroidered net.

Mrs. W. T. Perkins—Black, brocaded in white, over white.

Miss Adelaide Allmond—Pink chiffon.

Mrs. E. P. Mulvey—White marquisette with girdle of blue.

Mrs. J. Seymour, of Victoria, B. C.—Pink crepe meteor.

Mrs. C. E. Farnsworth—Green satin embroidered in gold over white chiffon.

Among those present were: Miss Alice Warner of California, Mrs. Elton E. Ainsworth, Miss Marguerite Gaffney, Capt. E. P. Orton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Orton, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Branigan, Mr. Henry Frauenthal of New York, Mrs. W. L. Geary and Miss Margaret Geary of California, Dr. and Mrs. H. Logan Geary, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett C. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George William Mertens, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Coffin, Dr. E. B. Burwell, Mrs. John W. Considine, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hudson Baxter, Miss Dorothy Fay, Miss Alice Fay, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mohundro, Miss Louise Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Homer F. Norton, Mr. Scott Calhoun, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Kelly, Mrs. Hornberger, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Blackwell, Miss Lenore Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitney Treat, Gov. Ernest Lister, Mayor and Mrs. George F. Cotterill, Miss Millie Hansard, Miss Imogene Carraher, Miss Martina Henehan, Mrs. Seammell, wife of Lieutenant Seammell, U. S. R. C., Mr. Henry Ewing, Mrs. Smith of Mrs. Crisp, wife of Captain Crisp, U. S. R. C., Mrs. Chester D. Sewell, Mrs. B. O. Lenoir, Miss Jessie Beger, Miss Emilie Mitchell, Mrs. A. P. Spaulding, Miss Alice Dowden, Miss Elizabeth Dowden, Miss Edna Tibbitts, Miss Margaret Meany, Miss Bernice Sully, Miss Katherine Theiss, Mrs. W. A. Foster, Miss Madge Brace, Miss Leah Miller, Miss Anne Nelson, Mrs. J. S. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil H. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Thorpe Carr, Mr. and Mrs. E. Heister Guie, Dr. Walter A. Moore, Dr. F. E. O'Connell, Mr. William Gueble, Mr. and Mrs. George Butler Lamping, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Betts, Dr. R. V. Wurdemann, Mr. Theodore Haller, Mrs. S. Aronson, Mrs. Eckenstein, Miss Blanche Newberger, Miss Carrie Newberger, Mrs. Arthur Geirshofer of New York, Mr. Jack Grace, Maj. C. J. Bartlett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bartlett of Fort Worden, Capt. J. L. Hughes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hughes of Fort Flagler, Capt. Harry W. Newton, U. S. A., of Fort Casey and Mrs. Newton, Captain Dunwoody, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunwoody, Lieut. R. L. Jack, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jack, Miss Eisenbeis and Miss Josephine Eisenbeis of Port Townsend, Capt. W. H. Carpenter, U. S. A., of Fort Worden, Mr. James Haight, Mr. Hugh Kelleher, Miss Marie Tyrer, Miss Grace Tyrer.

WEDDINGS

SEVERYNS-MARTIN.

The wedding of Miss Frances Margaret Martin to Mr. William B. Severyns took place Monday evening, July 7th, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, 1425 Ninth avenue west. Only relatives and the most intimate friends were present.

The house was prettily decorated with cut flowers and ferns and palms. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. Major in the living room, before the fireplace, which was banked with ferns and delicate wild flowers. The dining room was in pink and white, the table centered with a mound of smilax and pink carnations.

The bride wore a traveling suit of heavy tan colored silk, with a hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. She was attended by Mrs. George C. Guthrie as matron of honor. Master Robert Hatch was ring bearer. She was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. George R. Martin.

Both the bride and groom are former students of the university. Mrs. Severyns is a graduate of the Illinois Women's College of Music and attended the University of Washington two years. Mr. Severyns was admitted to the bar and graduated with the class of 1912 at the university.

Mr. and Mrs. Severyns left for a wedding trip, and will be home after September 1.

HENDERSON-BETTINGER.

Miss Marion Elizabeth Bettinger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bettinger, was married to Mr. A. George Henderson Wednesday, July 9th, at 8 o'clock, in Bethany Presbyterian church, by the Rev. W. A. Major.

The church was beautifully decorated with roses and sweet peas and green foliage. The aisle and altar were massed with many blankets of pink rosebuds.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a beautiful gown of white embroidered net over charmeuse satin and carried a shower bouquet of orange blossoms, lilies of the valley and white sweet peas. Her veil was caught up with the orange blossoms.

Miss Olive Bettinger, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and wore pink embroidered chiffon over pink messaline, and carried a bouquet of pink Caroline Testout roses. Mr. Winfield Shattuck was best man. Two daintily-gowned little girls were Priscilla Benson, as flower girl, and little Amy Ellen Bartell, as ringbearer.

Miss Edna Grumwell, Miss Alma Yowell and Miss Myra Benson were the ushers.

Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 2839 Fourteenth avenue west. Beautiful combinations of roses and white sweet peas were arranged about the rooms, carrying out a pink and white color scheme.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson left for a wedding trip to the Orient and will be at home after October 1, at the Kinnear.

AT HOME.

Mrs. Kenneth Murdick Stewart, who has recently removed to this city from Port Ludlow, will be at home at 308 Sixteenth avenue north, the second Tuesday of each month.

GRANT-POTTS.

A beautiful wedding took place July 17th, at the home of Mr. Henry Broderick, in Denny-Blaine park, when Miss Eva was married to Mr. David J. Grant.

A large ball room where the ceremony was performed was decorated with a color tone of lavender and pink. Lavender tulle extended from the central chandelier to the mantel of the fireplace, forming a canopy, beneath which the bridal party stood. The canopy itself was banked with spirea and ferns and on either side were large crystal bowls filled with pink roses, with a crystal candlestick in the center.

The living rooms and reception halls were filled with a profusion of roses, red rambler roses for the hall and stairway and pink carnations for the living and dining rooms.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chine, en traine, with white and pearl trimmings and carried an arm bouquet of white sweet peas. Mrs. Paul Kennedy, of Tacoma, was matron of honor. She was gowned in lavender charmeuse and carried an arm bouquet of lavender sweet peas. Miss Eva Miller was bridesmaid. She wore pink brocaded crepe with a chantilly lace overdrape and carried a pink sweet peas.

Mr. Henry Broderick attended the groom, and Mr. Mortimer and Mr. Ivan Gladish sang "Because" before the ceremony and "O, Promise Me" during the service. A stringed orchestra played the Lohengrin wedding march.

About fifty relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. L. Fisher.

Following it a wedding collation was served. Presiding at the table were Mrs. Mark Porter, Miss Lueke and Miss Dorothy Benson. Miss Sadie Debett caught the bride's bouquet.

Mrs. Samuel Potts, of Minneapolis, mother of the bride, wore a white embroidered crepe de chine gown; Mrs. Mark Porter, sister of the bride, wore king's blue charmeuse with gold trimmings, and Mrs. Henry Broderick wore a gown of lavender charmeuse with gold lace. The bride's going-away gown was of blue and black striped tulle with a French hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant went on their wedding trip to Alaska, and will be home the latter part of July.

WICKERS-BEY

Miss Alice Annette Bey and Mr. George Todd Wickes were given in marriage at high noon, Wednesday, July 22, in Trinity Episcopal church. The ring service was read by Rev. Herbert Johnson in the presence of intimate friends.

The bride was given away by Mr. E. W. Andrews. She was attended by Mary Hart Andrews, as flower girl. She wore a traveling suit of Alice blue, with hat to match, and carried a large bouquet of Bride roses. Among those present was Mrs. Mary Benson, god-mother of the bride.

Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Wickes and the guests were entertained at a wedding breakfast given by Mrs. E. W. Andrews at her residence.

Mrs. Wickes has been the guest of Mrs. Andrews for several weeks, and Mr. Wickes has been entertained at the Rainier Club.

After a visit of several weeks on the Sound, Mr. and Mrs. Wickes will go to Toronto, Canada. Later they will be guests of Mrs. H. W. Winslow, sister of the groom, at her country estate Muskoka lakes, Ontario, Canada. They will be at home in Helena, Mont., after September 15.

Miss Bey was formerly of Ohio, and is a direct descendant of William Henry Harrison.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mrs. J. W. Allen announces the engagement of her daughter, Ruth, to Mr. Robert A. Geary, of Seattle, the wedding to take place in November.

Mrs. Louis K. Church, of Everett, announces the engagement of her daughter, Margaret, to Guy Abel Buck. The wedding will take place this month.

Mr. William T. Rodgers announces the engagement of his daughter Wilna to Mr. James Waltz, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Waltz, of this city.

VICTORIA SOCIETY

SUMMER FETE AT BURDETTE HOUSE,

The grounds of the Burdette House were brilliant with their decorations and groups of visitors to the summer fete July 16th and 17th which was held in aid of the home at the corner of Mason and Vancouver streets for young girls arriving in Victoria from old countries. The spacious lawns with their bright beds of flowers and grateful shade from oak and hedge, were crowded with people during the greater part of the day. Mrs. Paterson formally declaring the fete open early in the afternoon. She was received by the ladies of the Third Order of St. Francis, under whose auspices the function was held and who devoted the proceeds to the repairing and furnishing of the premises given by the Bishop of Victoria for the above-mentioned purpose. Little Miss Firth presented Mrs. Paterson during the afternoon with a beautiful bouquet of flowers on behalf of the ladies of the order.

A section of the grounds, set out with refreshment tables and gaily decorated with flags and colored lights, which gave the scene a very brilliant appearance in the evening, was provided with a stage, where the artists taking part in the excellent programme could easily be seen and heard. Several pretty booths, containing fancy work, sweetmeats, handkerchiefs, etc., also added to the beauty of the fete, the ladies having charge of these being Mesdames Burns and Stewart (in charge of the fancy stall); and Mesdames R. Mellor, M. Morning and the Misses Macmillan and Beaton (candies). At the former stall a beautiful cushion, donated by the Sisters of St. Ann, and a Battenberg lace handkerchief donated by Miss Dowell, were put up for raffle, the competition being very keen. Refreshments were in charge of the ladies of the Third Order, under the direction of Mrs. M. C. Brown.

One of the largest and most enjoyable events of the kind given this season was the garden party held on the afternoon of June 10th, in the beautiful grounds of Mount Adelaide, Esquimalt, at which Mrs. Henry Croft and Mrs. J. S. H. Matson were joint hostesses. Tea was served inside the house, the tea table being charmingly decorated with pink carnations. Among the many present were Mrs. Paterson, Sir Richard and Lady McBride, Mrs. W. J. Bowser, Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labor and Mrs. Crothers, Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, secretary of the Indian Lands Commission, and Mrs. Bergeron, and many other well-known people. The 88th Fusiliers band, supplied the music.

During the afternoons Piper Grant, who has just recently arrived from Inverness, paraded about the grounds in picturesque Highland dress playing the pipes, and Mrs. Morning gave a number of vocal

songs, Miss Tobin also adding to the programme some much appreciated pianoforte numbers. Many of the clergy were present and were the guests of the order for afternoon tea.

In the evenings lengthy musical programmes were given, among those taking part being many of Victoria's most popular artists, including Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mr. Sehl, Mr. Kenzie, Mr. Albert German, Madame Marie Wood, Mrs. Gibbins, Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Morning Mrs. O'Keefe who sang. The Misses Millington gave a piano "Il Corricolo," and Mr. Mittelstadt charmed his audience with his beautiful 'cello soli. Mrs. K. Robert gave a Spanish dance, and two talented young artists, the Misses Morton, gave an excellent vocal duet and a clever demonstration of the Highland fling. Miss Macfie, well-remembered for her pretty impersonation of "Butterfly" gave a pretty costume dance, and others who assisted were Mrs. Neal, Miss Wrigglesworth and Mr. Eastwood.

The fete was under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson, the Premier and Lady McBride, and Lordship Bishop MacDonald.

Mrs. Biggerstaff Wilson, Rockland avenue, was hostess in July of a very charming tea. Mrs. Wilson received on the lawn, where refreshments were served to a large gathering of guests. Among whom were:— Mrs. Hasell, Mrs. Beaven, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Henry Croft, Mrs. D. M. Eberts, Miss Eberts, Miss Isabel Eberts, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Helmcken, Miss Helmcken, Miss Edith Helmcken, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Richard Jones, Mrs. Janet Robertson, Mrs. Fred Jones, the Misses Jones, Mrs. Arthur Robertson, Mrs. F. Higgins, Mrs. Despard Twigg, Mrs. Geo. Johnston, Mrs. Goward, Mrs. E. G. Prior, Mrs. P. Lampman, Mrs. E. Wilson, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. A. S. Gore, Miss Monteith, Mrs. Burdick, Mrs. B. Hardie, the Misses Angus, Miss Lawson, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. E. E. Blackwood, Mrs. Chaytor Payne, Mrs. Jack Templeman, Miss Lucy Little, Mrs. David Ker, Mrs. Brett, Mrs. E. V. Bodwell, Miss Bodwell, Mrs. Campbell McCallum, Mrs. Herbert Gray, Mrs. T. O. Mackay, Mrs. Bernard Meisterman, Mrs. Stewart Robertson, Mrs. William Todd, Miss Gibson, Miss Dupont, Miss N. Dupont, Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Jessie Eberts, Mrs. Worlock, Mrs. Fleet Robertson and others.

Master Jack Matson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. H. Matson of Victoria, is to be complimented on winning the all-around championship and championship cup in sports at Rothingham School, near Brighton, England, from among fifty-five competitors.

LADIES' MUSICAL CLUB.

Among Victoria women's organizations none has carried out its plans more successfully than the Ladies' Musical Society. Through its efforts lovers of music have had the opportunity of hearing singers whose fame is world-wide. The professional side of the work has been for the past season in the hands of Miss Lillian Smith, who held the difficult position of secretary. It is very satisfactory to learn that the enterprising ladies have been successful, not only in giving Victoria people, who could afford it, the delight of listening to good music, but in coming through the season free from financial embarrassment.

Not less important, though much less ambitious, was the work done under the tireless and skillful leadership of Mrs. Nash in bringing before the notice of the public local musicians of note. Students of music had the opportunity of comparing their own efforts

with those of others, and of hearing singers and players who had advanced in their profession. When Victoria becomes, as it should, a musical city, much of the credit will be due to Mrs. Hermann Robertson and those other ladies, who as members or performers, have shown their fellow-women what a fine delight they can enjoy by cultivating their talent for music.

The officers for the coming year are: President, Mrs. Robertson; first vice-president, Miss Russell; second vice-president, Mrs. Harry Briggs; treasurer, Miss Green; secretary, Miss Helmcken; executive, Mrs. Henry Croft, Mrs. Macdonald Fahey, Mrs. Richard Nash, Mrs. Gideon Hicks, Mrs. Frank Bennett, Mrs. Duncan Ross, Mrs. Tilley, Miss Macnaughton Jones, Miss Nellie Lugin; professional secretary, Miss Lillian Smith.

The finals in the handicaps of the Victoria Tennis Club were played July 5 and 6, and the pretty grounds of the club were graced with a very large number of spectators, who thoroughly enjoyed the exciting matches.

In the men's singles, Archibald, winner of the Class B events, won from Eric McCallum, 6-2, 3-6, 6-1, 6-8, 7-5, and so becomes the holder of the Challoner-Mitchell Cup. This was a most exciting match, the winner being in doubt up to the very last stroke.

Miss Lawson won the ladies' singles from Miss Schmitz, 6-4, 6-1. The lady champion of the Maritime Provinces was in fine form, playing her opponent's backhand with unerring accuracy. Miss Schmitz is to be complimented on the game fight she made of it.

Miss Schmitz also suffered another defeat in the doubles with Miss McDermott, being beaten by Miss Lawson and Miss Bell, 8-6, 6-3. The first set was a determined struggle, but the driving of Miss Lawson and the steady play of Miss Bell were not to be denied. Rarely has a finer ladies' doubles match been seen on the Victoria courts. Miss McDermott is suffering from a strained arm, and must be congratulated for her fine play under such trying conditions.

In the men's doubles Messrs. Thomson and Dickson defeated Garrett and Wheatley, 6-2, 13-11, 1-6, 6-2. The latter pair showed the effect of their previous matches, which combined with their heavy handicap, was just too much for them. Miss Pitts played with her usual vigor, her treatment of loose balls being very noticeable.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. J. F. Foulkes, wife of the president of the club.

Mrs. Kinlock entertained a few of her friends at a very enjoyable tea on July 7th. Among the guests were: Mrs. Mitchell Innes, Mrs. Pemberton, Mrs. E. A. Thomas, Mrs. William Holmes, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Garnett Hughes, Mrs. Geo. Johnston, Mrs. Henry Milman, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Monteith and Mrs. Phillips.

The marriage has been arranged to take place shortly of Miss Kate Isabel Guillod, second daughter of the late Mr. H. Guillod, of Alberni, B. C., and Mr. Herbert Mayer, of Punjab, India.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Macdowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Macdowell, Pemberton Road, and Mr. Clarke Gamble, son of Mr. F. C. Gamble, the well known Public Works' engineer, of Victoria, B. C.

BROWN-NUNN.

One of the most interesting as well as one of the most beautiful of the June weddings took place June 28th at Christ church cathedral, in the presence of a large number of the friends of the two principals, Edith Florence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percival R. Brown and Staff-Surgeon Gerald Nunn, R. N., were united in holy matrimony. The Very Rev. Dean Doull, assisted by the Rev. D. Dawe, officiated.

The service was fully choral, and the church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with quantities of white marguerites, roses and white sweet peas, which almost concealed the chancel rail, the altar and altar.

The bride, who was met at the door of the cathedral by the surpliced choir, passed up the aisle by the side of her father, who gave her away. Her gown of white Duchess satin was greatly admired, the full court train, fastened at the shoulders with pearl ornaments, and borne by the little page, giving a dignified effect. The bodice, with dainty chemisette and undersleeves of ninon, was fastened off at back and front with a gabochon of hand embroidered lace which gave a charming high-waisted appearance. The edges of the bodice and round the sleeves were threaded with pearls, and where the draped skirt was caught up over the knee a pearl brooch held the folds in place. The train was embroidered with silver knots worked in silk, with an oriental silver design interwoven in this again, while over all fell the soft veil of white tulle embroidered at its points with sprays of orange blossom, a wreath of the same encircling the veil and hair. A sprig of orange blossom was also fastened in the corsage, while a shower bouquet of white roses and lillies-of-the-valley was carried, her only ornament being a gold wrist watch given her by the bridegroom.

There were two bridesmaids, Miss Mary Boggs and Miss Madge Wolfenden, each of whom wore a dainty rosepetal pink satin frock, with bolero of lace, the skirt being draped and caught just below the knee with a pink rose. With this pink tulle hats with large white bows of the same color were worn, each of the bridesmaids carrying an enormous nosegay of pink roses and sweet peas.

The bride's small nieces, Winifred and Beatrice Wolfenden, made charmingly picturesque flower girls dressed in pale blue Kate Greenaway frocks with mob caps frilled with lace, the sprays of flowers which they carried being pink sweet peas. A courtly sailor page was made by little Richard Wolfenden, the bride's nephew, who wore a dapper white sailor suit, and did duty as train bearer.

The best man was Lieutenant Fraser, of H. M. S. Shearwater, while Lieutenants Montague and Wharton, and Assistant Paymaster Milmann, also of H. M. S. Shearwater, and Lieutenant Chalmers, of H. M. S. Algerine, acted as ushers.

Mrs. P. R. Brown, the bride's mother, looked well in a satin gown and coat of dove-grey satin, with which she wore a grey hat to match trimmed with a mauve plume. Mrs. Wolfenden, the bride's sister, wore a handsome apricot gown with hat to match faced with black, and trimmed with apricot-shaded plumes.

Two hymns, "The Voice that Breath'd o'er Eden," and "O Perfect Love" were sung during the services, while Mrs. Hinton gave an exquisite rendering of "O Fair and Sweet and Holy," while the bridal party were in the vestry signing the register.

The happy pair stood under a bell of wild marquerites to receive the congratulations of their friends, while Nagel's orchestra, which was present, dispensed appropriate music. In the gardens a big marquee had been erected, where refreshments were served, the

tables having been exquisitely decorated with white sweet peas, roses, and streamers of tulle. Following traditional custom, the bride cut the wedding cake with her husband's sword, and felicitous toasts were drunk, that to the bride being proposed by Dean Doull, responded to by the bridegroom, and "The Bridesmaids," responded to by Lieutenant Fraser.

Dr. and Mrs. Nunn left by the afternoon boat for Sol Duc, the bride wearing a modish costume of brown cloth with hat to match trimmed with velvet and pink silk roses. An exceptionally smart touch was added by the little pink ruffle worn round the throat. They have taken up their residence at Esquimalt.

Among the numerous beautiful gifts received by the bride and bridegroom were two handsome silver salvers, engraved with the initials of the recipients, from the officers of the Shearwater. The bridegroom's gifts were: To the bride, gold bracelet watch; to the bridesmaid, crescent pearl brooches; to the flower girls, silver bracelets; to the page, gold scarf pin; best man, cuff links and stick pin. The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a monogram watch.

BLAKEMORE-BRIN.

The wedding of Mr. William Blakemore, of this city, editor of The Week, to Mrs. Mary Catherine Brin, took place at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. Dr. Campbell, July 2nd. Mrs. Brin was given away by her son, Mr. Arthur Brin, and Mr. Blakemore was attended by his son, Mr. Shirley Blakemore, of Vancouver. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Blakemore left on a motor trip to Alberni and Campbell River, which extended over several weeks.

MACKENZIE-MACDONALD.

A home wedding was solemnized on Wednesday evening, June 18, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Macdonald, 1503 Chambers street, when their daughter, Miss Jean, was united in marriage to Alexander Mackenzie, son of the late John and Mrs. Mackenzie, Quadra street.

The drawing-room, where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Warnicker, was tastefully decorated in green and white, the colors of the Polo Club. The bridal party stood beneath an arch crossed with the groom's polo sticks and a large bell of daisies. Green and white electric lights also illuminated the arch.

The bride looked charming in a gown of ivory satin, draped with embroidered chiffon and orange blossoms, her wedding veil being trimmed with orange blossoms and white heather, which was sent from Fauchabers, Scotland. She carried a bouquet of cream roses and ferns. Her only ornament was a beautiful pearl necklace, the gift of the groom.

The bride was attended by Miss Laura McGee, of Vancouver, as maid of honor, wearing a pink satin, with lace overdress, carrying a bouquet of pink carnations. The bridesmaid, Miss Maggie Mackenzie, sister of the groom, wore champagne satin, with pearl trimmings, also carrying pink carnations. Baby Jean Weaver, niece of the bride, made a charming little flower girl in an organde frock and white veil. Master Edgar Mackenzie also assisted as page.

The bridegroom was supported by the brother, Mr. Lem Mackenzie, and Mr. George McMorran.

The bride and groom were the recipients of many gifts, among them being a fumed oak and leather upholstered chair from the Polo Club, of which Mr. Mackenzie is a member.

SPENCE-SHARPLES.

Vancouver on July 3rd, in the presence of a few relatives and friends of the bride and groom, the marriage was solemnized at the First Church of Miss Mabel Spence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spence, Shaughnessy Heights, and formerly of Victoria, and John Wilson Sharples, of Vancouver. The bride's matron of honor was her sister, Mrs. William Lloyd Grundy, and she was given away in marriage by her father. Mr. Henry Sharples acted as best man, the service being performed by Rev. R. B. Day. Immediately after the close of the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Sharples left for a moon trip, and, on their return, will take up residence in Hampton.

SMITH-JOHNSON.

An interesting wedding took place July 10th, at Nanaimo, when Robert Smith, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Smith, and Kitty, daughter of the late Mr. A. R. Johnston, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The marriage was performed at the home of the bride's mother on the Newcastle townsite in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives. Miss Charlotte Smith, of Victoria, and Miss Effie Johnston, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaids, and the bridegroom was supported by Mr. B. C. Douglas of Victoria. Both the young people are well known and very popular in Nanaimo. The bride is particularly well known in musical circles, of which her talent has made her a valued member. She will be greatly missed by the various musical societies of the city. The bridegroom is connected as a partner with a well known firm in Vancouver, and his many friends believe that he has a bright future before him. Among those who attended the ceremony were, Mr. and Mrs. David Spencer, the Misses Sara, Charlene and Flossie Spencer, Mr. B. C. Nicholas and Mr. and Mrs. Carr, all of Victoria.

VICTORIA

The marriage of Mr. Elias James Tingley, of Queenstown, Graham Island, B. C., formerly of New Brunswick, and Ruth Hilda Wood, third daughter of Mr. Thomas Wood and the late Mrs. Wood, of this city, formerly of Wood Lake, Okanagan, took place on the morning of July 14 at the home of the bride on Fort Street, Victoria, B. C., Rev. William Stevenson officiating. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room, which was charmingly decorated with sweet peas and roses, only the most immediate friends and relatives of the happy pair being present. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in cream satin, with a corsage of ninon, trimmed with silver lace, and a wreath of white flowers in her hair. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and white flowers of the valley. Her sister, Miss May Wood, acted as bridesmaid, being daintily attired in white lace. Mr. J. S. Patch was best man. The happy pair left for Sol Duc and the Coast cities on their honeymoon, and on their return will reside at Queenstown, Graham Island, B. C.

No longer is it necessary for women troubled with hair on their faces or arms to submit to the torturous electric needle, or experiment with injurious preparations, for powdered delatone, mixed with water to form a paste and spread on the hairy surface, will quickly remove every trace of hair or fuzz. After leaving the delatone on the face or arms for three minutes, it should be rubbed off and the skin washed. Not only will the hairs vanish, but the skin will be left white, soft and firm.

Our Short Story: "The Trinity of Life"

The Man was shy, and withal of a temperament difficult to understand.

The Woman was shy also, and this particular temperament that belonged to the man was an utter puzzle to her for a very long time—until Love's insight relieved the dense darkness. But that was only when the man's shyness had taken unto itself a persistent moodiness, because he could not make his meaning understood clearly.

The Woman had been brought up in a simplicity altogether behind the times, and she was possessed of the archaic idea that a man ought always to take the initiative, and that the future happiness of two lay in his hands. Moreover, she was very conscientious.

The Other Woman was not shy. With her it was an everlasting Leap Year. Little by little she wove her web and wrought subtly to separate the Woman from the Man; and he, in his blindness, suspected nothing.

The Other Woman was of the type known in youth as the Kitten. Somewhat further along the line she would be known as the Cat. In craftiness and knowledge of the world she far surpassed her rival, though in actual years she was younger—young enough to be counted free from guile.

From the very outset she had marked the Man for her own, and in course of time she married him.

He was in a dark mood, despairing of the Woman he had never asked. The Other Woman did not need asking! And so the way was easy, and he fell into the snare.

The Other Woman coveted him mainly because he belonged by right to her rival, and over her she ardently longed to triumph.

She hated the faithful grey eyes, the nut-brown hair, and the sweet Irish voice—all contrasts to her own charms. But it was with smiles and honeyed words that she made the announcement, wondering greedily what the effect would be.

The grey eyes never wavered, the sweet voice never faltered, although such treachery was blazoned before them.

"I hope," she said, "that you will make him very happy." If the Man's happiness were compassed, what did her misery matter?

The demon of jealousy leapt up to answer in the Other Woman's heart:

"If it added more to your pain, I'd take care to make him very unhappy!"

A few good resolutions called into being by the solemnity of a new relation were soon stifled by this self-same jealousy. Every dark mood or unexplained action was seized upon as a hint that the Man's mind and heart had gone out after the Woman he had never asked—the faithful woman to whom of late he had seldom spoken kindly—whose delicate reticence he had so misunderstood.

Then the Other Woman grew weary of playing a part and of foregoing so much of her revenge. His indifference should be punished and her spite indulged.

The Man was standing before a portrait in an art gallery. Some turn of the head, some gleam of expression was arresting his attention. The Other Woman saw it and sneered.

"Not at all unlike our mutual friend!"

Something in her tone made him glance at her sharply.

"She was your friend."

She laughed.

"Oh, yes, if it pleases you to say so. A shy simpleton! I hate modest violet type of woman!"

"What do you mean? You professed to admire her; you often spoke of her kindness to you—and to everyone!"

"What an accomplished actress I must be," while marking his forehead. "Don't you know the line women have to take some— with a rival? Couldn't you see that the simple little thing seduced you? But I kindly relieved her of the care of such a—"

"What " stopping short against one of the velvet padded seats, and making her halt before him.

"What right have you to say such a thing—of her?"

"The right of knowledge," recklessly outspoken in her evil exhibition. "Haven't I seen her crushed and bewildered by your strange behavior scores of times? Haven't I kept you away from her—frustrated her desires—cheated her—and at last won the prize—such a prize! Then you see I had the pleasure of telling her so!"

He stared at her mocking face.

"What did she say?" he asked mechanically.

"Say? Oh, she meekly dared to hope that I should make you happy! No doubt her inmost thoughts would make very interesting reading, but—"

He pushed her away from him, fiercely.

For two days he would not speak to her. But she was not at all deterred by his silence. She had not meant what she said. It was only to ease him out of his ill-humor. There was nothing to be gained by recalling the past.

"Then don't remind me of it again," he said. "If your words are true—"

"Silly boy!" she answered, "I don't intend to repeat them."

In a few days this promise was broken. Then again, and yet again, as the disease of jealousy gained on her. She had given the reins to revenge, and that fiery steed scorned control.

The Man wearied of the sharp eyes and still sharper tongue. The little petulancies that had seemed charming once lacked grace when they became his daily meed.

He was driven into retrospect to avoid the wretchedness of the present, and in that light of memory he saw things clearly.

Work was his best refuge, but that did not meet all his needs. Neighbors pitied him in his loneliness; but they could do little where the "vixen" was as those who knew called her.

At the end of three years the Other Woman left him.

"I shall enjoy life better away from you," she wrote; "my dear has come into a fortune. Don't forget that you are not free. I mean to live a long time!"

But Revenge was also weary of his race. Within a month she had passed over into the Silent Land—this Other Woman who was young in years.

They said it was heart disease, and in the Man's home the servants recalled her frequent fits of passion that had lately left her with a curious color and gasping hysterically for breath.

The months went by heavily for the Man. He was alone, and the only voice that came across the gulf was the voice of the Woman. And then it was but a few grave, kindly written words that all the world might have read; with no shadow of any claim beyond that of a bygone friendship.

"It isn't possible she thinks of anything more—now. I have missed my chance!" he said, as he locked the letter away in his desk.

One night the Man had a dream—a dream of a woman with faithful grey eyes who loved him still, and he woke up in the morning strangely happy.

"I will go to her and ask her if she can forgive me!"

He went on his journey of a hundred miles like one who makes a pilgrimage to some holy shrine.

The Woman was sitting alone in the twilight. She had nothing to cherish of a material kind, for he had never given her a gift or written her any letter in all their nine years of friendship.

But when he brought her what she wanted—himself—she turned to him and smiled; held out her arms, and received without question and without reproach!

GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE VICTORIA

The beautiful grounds of Government House, of which every British Columbian is justly proud, were filled with several hundreds of guests on the occasion of the annual garden party given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson. Good weather favored the gathering, which proved as successful and enjoyable as in former years. Beautiful costumes were to be seen throughout the grounds. Mrs. Paterson was becomingly gowned in deep turquoise blue satin souple, relieved with mauve, with a draped skirt and train, the bodice made in tunic effect. Her hat was of white straw, faced with black velvet and trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

Mr. H. J. Muskett was in attendance on His Honor, and announced the guests. Tea was served in a large pavillion in the grounds, the tables having been charmingly decorated with scarlet poppies and gylardias by Mr. Richards, butler at Government House.

Throughout the afternoon the High School Cadet band in their smart khaki uniforms, dispensed attractive music under the skillful guidance of Bandmaster Plowright, and, in spite of the youth of the performers, they gave a most enjoyable programme, which was much appreciated. The kind thought which singled out the lads for this honor was characteristic of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson.

CARING FOR STRANGERS

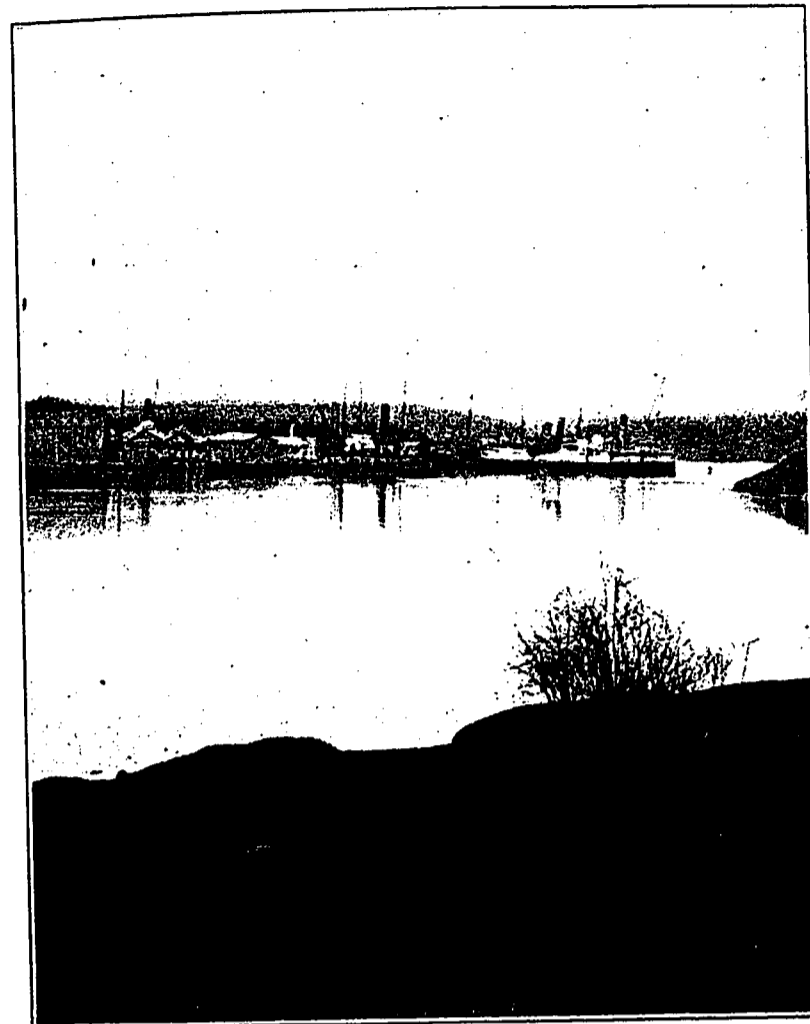
A great deal of quiet but very valuable work has been carried on for many years by the immigration committee of the Women's Council, Victoria. Information and advice have been afforded to women who needed, and there are many mothers in happy homes, who can thank the convenor of that committee for showing them the way to prosperity.

But the growth of the city has made it necessary that greater efforts shall be made, not only to welcome new arrivals, but to keep in touch with them till they are well established and understand their new environment.

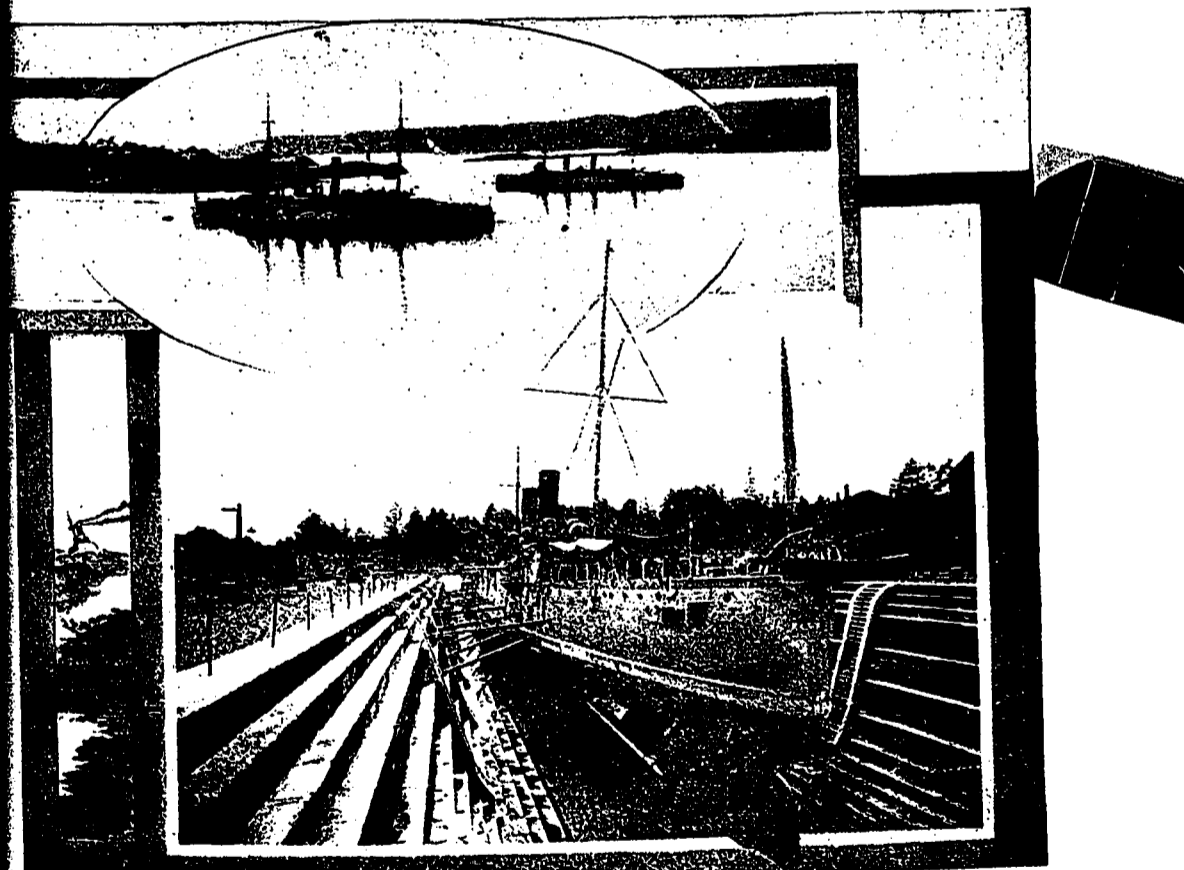
Some of the young women coming to the city are quite able to look after themselves. Even they need welcome and comfort during the first few weeks of loneliness.

There are others, however, to whom city life or any life away from home, is strange. These need care, advice and protection, not only for a few days, but for many months. Under their new organization it is hoped that Miss Schofield, of the Y. W. C. A., will be able to direct the extension of this work. Every one who is familiar with what, as matron and as Traveler's Aid, this lady has already accomplished, will be sure that she will not fail to be a help and comfort to all who need her aid.

Eyebrows can be made to grow thick and glossy by rubbing a little pyroxin on each day. Short, straight eyelashes will come in long and have a beautiful curl if pyroxin be applied at lash-roots with thumb and forefinger. Be real careful and won't get any where no hair is wanted.



ESQUIMALT HARBOR, V. I.
Where the new drydock will be built



THE PRESENT HARBOR AT ESQUIMALT, B. C.
Showing cruisers in the insert

INDIANOLA PARK
 CADBORO POINT
 Victoria, B. C.



Douglas Avenue Leading to the Sea.



Overlooking the Straits of Georgia.



Beautiful Parklike Property.

One of the Properties of
THE WOODWORTH COMPANY
 See Outside Cover.



THE INNER HARBOR OF THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—
 VICTORIA, V. I.

A WELL-STOCKED
CABERET
IS A NECESSITY IN
THE HOME

The Wines and Liquors should be purchased from a first class reliable firm and the same care should be exercised in regards the Cigars and Cigarettes.

We sell Cigars in single boxes at wholesale prices.



For Your Next Order
Phone 4253

HUDSON BAY Co.



The Hudson Bay Retail Liquor Store

1312 Douglas St., Victoria



THREE STARS IN F. STUART-WHYTE'S "VERSATILES"
from top; Miss Edith Fawn, Mr. Billy Oswald and Miss Zara Clinton,
Victoria, B. C.

Phone 271

Phone 272

EVANS & COLEMAN & EVANS (LIMITED)

The Finest Selection and Show Room in the
City for

MANTELS GRATES AND TILES



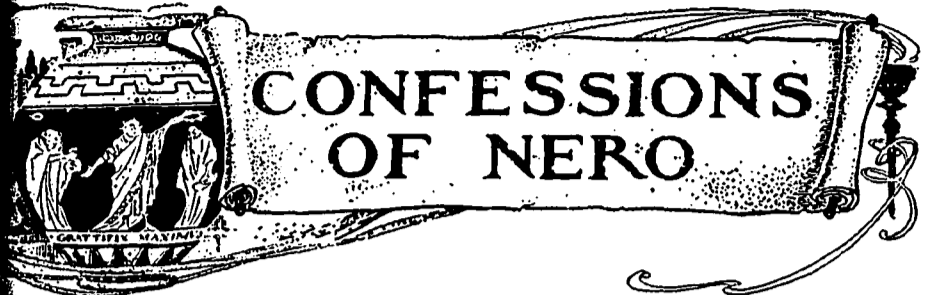
Office and Showroom: 613 PANDORA, VICTORIA, B. C.

All Kinds of High Grade

Builder's Supplies

Including
Reinforcing Steel
Bar Iron
Blacksmiths' Coal
Blacksmiths' Coke
Building Paper
Waterproofing Paper
Roofing Paper
Drain Tile
Cement
Lime
Plaster
Common Brick
Pressed Brick
Fire Brick
Flower Pots
Plaster Board

MANUSCRIPT RECENTLY UNEARTHED FROM THE RUINS
OF ROME.—EDITOR.



FROM NERO, IMPERATOR AT ROME, TO MARCUS
CLAUDIUS RHINO, GOVERNOR OF LUSITANIA

Friend of a thousand cocktails, I salute you! In the red eye
of imagination I see you crowned, like Dionysius, with a chaplet
of leaves covering your bald spot. I see you threading light
wires from Thracian musical-comedies. I can feel the soft and
warm hand-clasp with which you stimulate love and sympathy
in the classes you plunder. I can hear your glutinous laughter
as you slap the back of Prosperity and wink the other eye to the
bankers and usurers who farm your province. Marcus C. Rhino,
I thank thee for thy talents; thou art what Big Tim Sullivan would
call a Good Fella! Get thee to a Caucus, thou politician!
When you ask me how I fare—rather nice of you, isn't it, to worry
me about the health of so obscure an individual as your Emperor. To
thy kind enquiry I reply, "I am dangerously well." Friend, I
do not think I am long for this bitter world. No, no, not poison.
I am no longer afraid of that—I am having my nightingales' tongues
broiled in a chafing dish before my eyes. But a strange languor
oppresses my blood and I am haunted night and day with the abom-
inable thought: So Much to Spend, so Little to buy. Friend, I
leave to you one dying request. If I am found some morning with
my head resting lightly on an empty wine-cask, a peaceful smile upon
my good-like face, tell them to plant me just as I am and carve upon
my mausoleum the following simple inscription:

HERE LIES NERO
HE WAS BORED TO DEATH
IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY

We have just moved into the Golden Palace, me and the Missus
and five or six thousand Hired Help. You should see the place.
The outside of Pittsburgh has wealth been lavished with such a
generous hand. Even as I write I recline on a solid gold couch in the
center of a pavilion of similar material. Everything, from the pillars
that support the roof to the cuspidors under the benches, is of the
finest Klondyke stuff—with the exception of the door-knobs and
nails on the furniture, which are composed of diamonds and
are the size of hens' eggs. In addition I have installed a few
interesting novelties. Hard by the couch on which I dine I have had
constructed a champagne geyser which spouts the effervescent liquor
brilliantly into a 40-foot basin of the yellow metal. I tried the
experiment of introducing gold fish into the champagne tank, but
the results were not, on the whole satisfactory. The scaly beauties
glowed, at first, uplifted, elated, charmed by their new environment.
The finger of Bacchus seemed to tickle their gills. They swam
in mad circles, in fanciful pursuit. With fins interlocked they
moved in curious zigzag fashion, poking each other roguishly in the
middle from time to time. Anon they stood on their heads striking
the surface of the pond with their foolish tails. How I envied them
their zest—it is good to be young! But even as I looked a change

seemed to come over their fishy dream. Their rejoicing became less and less strenuous. Their eyes became dull, their gills green. Gradually they turned over on their backs and lay floating in the presence of their Emperor, their gilded stomachs pathetically uppermost. They were dead. What a fascinating study is Nature!

I have composed the following ode, in love for its ostentation. It is the marvel of rich tourists from Scythia; but the Good Government Leaguers call it the Temple of Frenzy, and the sight of its gilded domes makes them so darn sore they'd like to give me what Phil Knox gave Zelaya—and they will, too, if they ever get a chance to elect their Senators by the Direct Primary Law.

You ought to see it when it's lit up—the Palace, I mean, not the Direct Primary Law. It glares and flashes and glitters, reminding one inevitably of the interior of a popular Broadway restaurant. It's so bright that I have to provide myself and guests with smoked goggles or we'd all die of sunstroke.

Maybe my solid-gold outfit isn't making a hit in the Smart Set! And yet it's queer. Gold is really quite unsuitable for furniture. It's so hard and metallic—and when you hit your elbow on a sharp-cut diamond every time you turn around, it's apt to bring some tall cuss word into our pure Latin vocabulary. Also, when a solid gold chair gets well chilled through it's about as soft to sit on as the marble lid of Grandpa's sarcophagus. But the servile Patricians of my court are crazy to have their apartments furnished with tables and chairs just like mine. I sometimes think that the early manner of Pindar, pointing the moral to this tragic situation. It is called "Moderation".

When Trouble is down and Joy's on top
There's a time to Drink and a time to Stop.
As the Flagon calls and the Bubbles wink,
Then you sort of feel that its time to Drink.
But the time to Stop-ah, Fish and Men,
Ticks there a Clock that will tell you when?
For the crazy old Clock in Pleasures tower,
Never strikes at the Quitting Hour.
But its hands beat time to our midnight glee
Till its works run down-and so do we.

This Golden Pavilion of mine shines over the ruins of fire-swept Rome like a brass thimble on a niggers thumb. Rome is a jay town. I even noticed that the department stores are exhibiting what they call Nero-style furniture in their windows this week.



"WE HAVE JUST MOVED INTO THE GOLDEN"



"WITH A CERTAIN COLD SNEER, WHICH I HAVE BEEN USING A GREAT DEAL LATELY, I HANDED MY SWORD TO STRANGULARIUS!"

anted since Mission oak went out, he replied."

With a certain cold sneer, which I am using a great deal lately, I handed my sword to Stranguarius, my executioner. Cynicus Rubus wore a deadly pallor mounting to the apex of his hairless head. He divined the meaning of my jaunty act.

"Brother of Apollo, he stuttered, "am I to be stabbed by the sword of the Emperor? I scarce deserve such an honor."

"The honor is being thrust upon you," I chuckled, as my faithful executioner delivered the fatal poke. This little quip of mine got quite an ovation from the assembled courtiers. I don't think Rome can be degenerated so long as her People continue to have such a wholesome sense of humor.

But how I rattle on!

Now hark you, dear friend, we are going to talk business with you. (By the way, why does a King usually refer to himself as "we"? Answer: Because he is usually leading a double life. Not poor for an Ancient Roman—eh, what?) We are going to discourse with you on the unpleasant subject of Accumulated Wealth. In your last letter you spoke of turning your province over bodily to the Water Power Trust, the Coal Combine and the Timber Monopoly, those three concerns being now masked under the name of the Pluto Improvement Company. You mention working the scheme on a 50 per cent basis, half of which swag you were to turn over to your beloved Sovereign. I like your spirit. You are learning to take things in a large way—a knowledge essential to either a philosopher or a Graft. But I must chide you in one respect. You are selling out too cheap. Remember, an official should be well paid for a Public Service—especially when he is rendering it to Private Interest. By all the Muses, you are too modest. Raise your divvy to 75 per cent and render unto Caesar the share that is Caesar's.

You ask me if what you do is wrong. My boy, my boy! In the bright lexicon of Graft there is no such word as Wrong. The only man who is Wrong is the man who is In Wrong. Go to the law, thou sluggard, consider his ways and get wise.

Speed, noble Roman! Borrow the wings of Mercury and beat it to the Land Office!

You remember old Cynicus Rubus, often called the Chauncy M. Depew of the Quirinal? He is no more. He never was much. Here's how it happened:

Cyrus dropped in to lunch yesterday and looked over my gilded luxury with the show-me expression peculiar to Romans of the old school.

"How like you my golden chairs?" I asked him, as I toyed with my latest table-delicacy—ostrich eggs stewed in cologne.

"Nothing more uncomfortable has been in-

Many muckrakers are arising among the Soothsayers and howling ruin for Rome. The woods are full of evil portents, according to the Evening Journal. Last Wednesday the Oracle of Apollo went into a trance and delivered the following utterance: "A starved Cow gives no Milk." An Augur interpreted this epigram as meaning that Rome, if plundered dry, would cease to be a money-making investment to its owners. How irritating! Last Monday, when Senate was in session, a tabby cat was heard howling dismally in the basement of the Capitol. This prodigy was witnessed by a passing Augur who read the portent as meaning that Women would be in politics ere the Ides of March blow in again. These Augurs are great bores. I trust them not. They are like Eskimo guides in a Polar controversy. For \$5 they would say anything.

In the Senate recently Scragulus Juniper, Insurgent leader from Gaul, arose and criticized my administration as "a period when Vice is a Captain of Industry and Virtue has the hookworm." The gray-haired Senator from the Island of Rhodes retorted with the now famous remark, "Hush! Such talk will hurt business."

Our well-wishers are chiling our Administration for its lavish waste. Somebody in the Board of Supervisors has leaked on my deal with the Contractors in the Temple of Minerva building scandal. Critics seem to be rising up faster than I can kill them off. Gifford Pinchotus, a barbarian wood-chopper, ran amuck in the Forum last week and would not be silent until he was buried in mud, head down. As far as I could see, he seemed to have the Conservation Bug, too.

"Where," shouted this misguided slave, "Where shall our happy Country find new forests, new waters and new mines after what we now possess have been ruined and drained by the greed of a debauched nobility? Harken, ye people of Rome—Greed must be supplanted by Wisdom and Frugality or we must perish utterly!" Just then the Cous came up and the Boy Reformer took a ride in the Trouble Cart.

Wisdom and Frugality! My old teacher, Seneca, encouraged me to admire wisdom and frugality, and I do admire them—in others. Like all the Virtues, they should be enforced among the lower classes. I do not mind seeing millions of merry beggars wearing rags in a worthy effort, no doubt, to save their Sunday Clothes. I even like to see the Nobles pinch a little, so long as I and my Gang are permitted to make a Roman holiday whenever and wherever our sporting blood dictates, to turn our working-classes into gladiators and flood the corn-fields of Italy to make artificial lakes whereon the Big Boss may float his pleasure-barges of ivory and amaethyst. When I discourage Greed in others I remind myself vividly of John D. talking to his Bible class.

Said the Big Hog to the Little Hog, "Don't be a Hog."

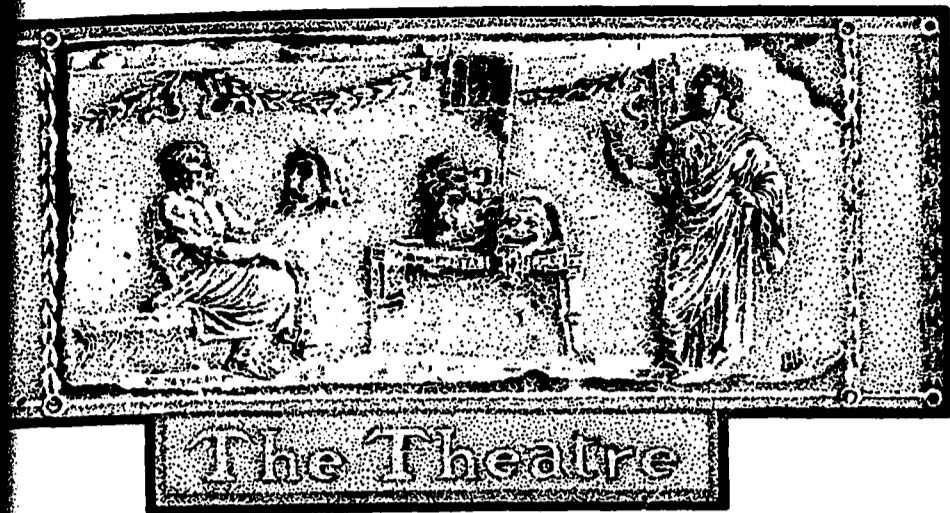
Philadelphus the Thespian blew in recently from the Provinces where he has been making short stands in all the Syndicate theatres. You know Philadelphus—took the comedy part in my great dramatic effort "Tessie of Troy." Philadelphus came up to the Palace for lunch and stayed a week. Did we have a good time? Don't mention it, my head aches.

He has been running around with a lot of Mystic Shriners during his trip, and he naturally picked up a few Literary Treasures. Here's one of 'em:

The Tale of Johannus, the Johnnie, and Calliope of the Chorus.

Now this befell in the reign of Caligula. There dwelt in Rome a certain young Patrician who was not only a Pinhead, but a Walking Wad as well. He was, by name, Johannus Simplex; and to say that he was Theatrical in his tastes would be merely expressing

(Continued on page 50)



"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"

"The Passing Show of 1912," which will be seen here, on August 10, at Moore Theatre, is the first of the regular New York inter Garden shows to be presented in this part of the country. The organization is in every particular the same as the one that was seen at the home theatre in New York for six months and which played for seventeen weeks straight at the Garrick Theatre in Chicago.

This show is a genuine theatrical review, the gamut of most of the successful plays of the entire season and poking fun at the characters therein and at some of the principal scenes of each, with considerable wit and humor and some little satire.

There is no end of ginger and girls and the piece is really a melodramatic, for, with the exception of ten minutes between the



TRIXIE FRIGANZA

no acts, there is not a moment when it is not going at the speed of light and drifting or jumping from one idea into another.

The plays burlesqued include "Kismet," "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "Bought and Paid For," "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "The Return of Peter Grimm," "The Typhoon," "The Quaker Girl," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Oliver Twist" and "Officer 66," with allusions to politics and events of the year.

Most of these burlesques are clever and interesting with many an amusing turn on the idea involved and there are moments when the entertainment is quite brilliant and none when it is dull.

In the many and varied characterizations involved there are

(Continued on page 49)

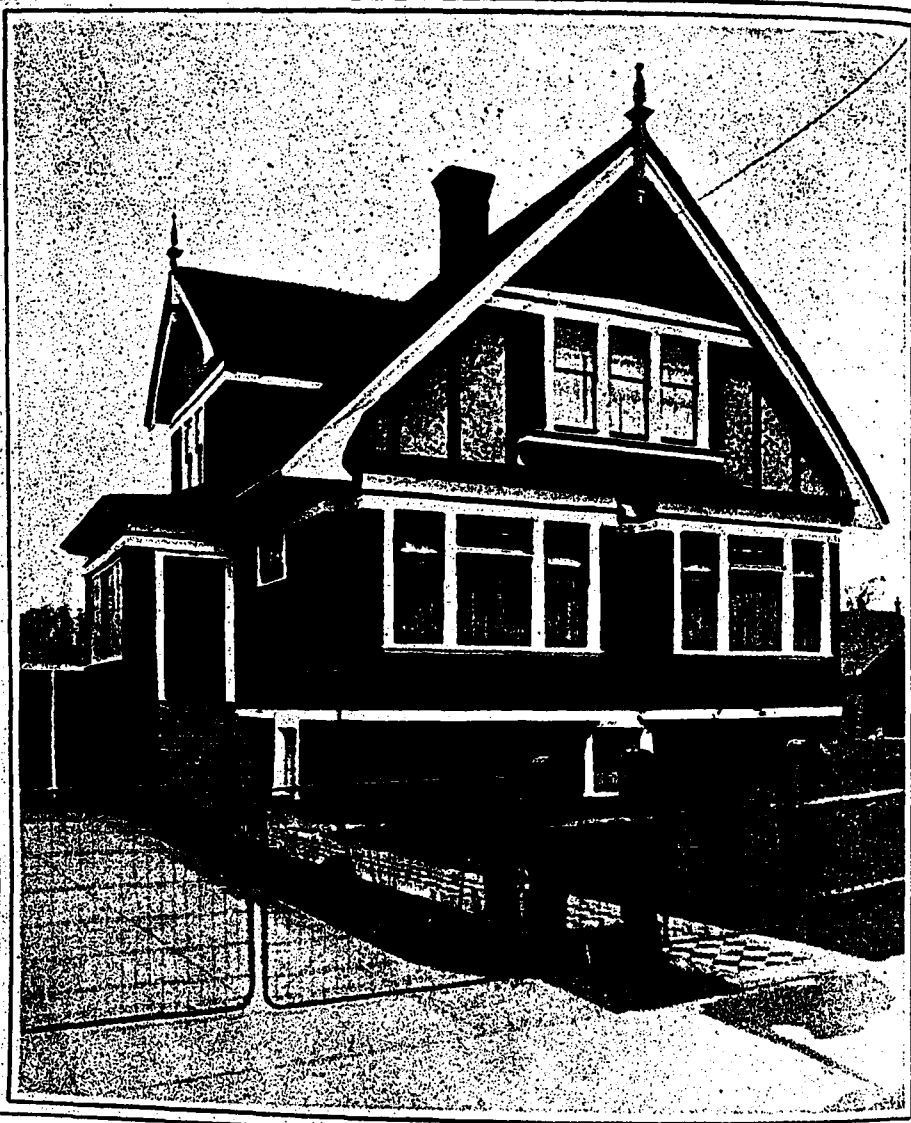
Canada Mosaic Tile Co.

(LIMITED)

MANUFACTURERS OF

"Argilla" Mosaic Flooring Tiles

Office Phone 1045
Factory Phone M2413



Garden Walk, tiled by Canada Mosaic Tile Co., Ltd.

DON'T ADVOCATE ENCOURAGING LOCAL ENTERPRISE

Unless you are consistent, and when building see that all the floor tiling is manufactured in Victoria.

Our tiles are adaptable for PUBLIC and PRIVATE buildings, in the Vestibule, Corridors, Halls, Verandahs, Bath Rooms, Conservatories, Kitchens, etc.

Tiling GARDEN WALKS is our specialty.

Call us up and we will be pleased to take you out to the factory, and show the process of manufacture.

P. O. Box 1171. VICTORIA, B. C.
OFFICE, Metropolitan Block, opposite P. O.
FACTORY, E. & N. Ry., Lampson St., Victoria W.

POLO

VICTORIA VS. DUNCANS

Outriding their opponents and rushing the game at a faster clip than the visitors were apparently used to, the Victoria Polo Club distinguished itself and administered a sound defeat of 11 goals to its up-Island opponents from Duncan, on July 5th, at the falls. The game was fast and interesting. The visitors played a steady and pretty game, but failed in putting it to the final test by getting goals. There was little to choose between the ponies, although popular opinion may go to Victoria. It must be considered, however, that the field was not in the best condition and the Duncan players and horses may have found difficulty on this score.

There was a very good attendance. Sir Richard McBride made a short address prior to placing the ball in play, and stated that he saw no reason why this interesting sport should not flourish in this city, as had other games which are played here. It gave him pleasure to hear during Carnival week there would be more teams and more games in the city, and he knew that the sport would attract the best support from Victorians. The Premier then pitched the ball into play and the game commenced with a rush.

It was but a few minutes after the start that Dr. Richards scored the first goal. Kennington, the outshining star of the Duncan team, soon evened up matters and took the game along in fine fashion. Irving, however, gave Victoria the edge before the period ended and the home team was never headed again.

Victoria scored two goals in the second period and Irving's work was responsible for both of them. His left-hand driving put the ball in front of the goal, and Dr. Richards scored. The second one was not in by Irving himself, who scored after another fine run. In this period the play was fast and snappy by both teams, the Duncan team being dangerous on several occasions. Gunn did some fine riding during this period.

There was no score in the third period, and the play was nip and tuck, the visitors making many gallant efforts to equalize, all to no avail. At the conclusion of this period the members of the teams were served tea, a ten-minute interval being allowed.

In the fourth period Victoria ran away with the game. They outplayed the Duncan men at checking and straight hitting, and also cleared from the scrimmages in fine order. Victoria's nearside strokes were remarkable considering that this is the first year the members of the team have been in the game, with the exception of Dr. Richards. Victoria had most of the play. Mackenzie scored the first goal, Irving's daring work allowing the same, when he overtook and hard checked Gore-Langton. Irving scored the next goal from a scrimmage and Mackenzie scored once more. Knight was successful in making a good clean shot and scored Duncan's second goal.

With three Victoria men on the field at the start of the fifth period, Duncan scored their final goal. Mackenzie had trouble in getting his saddle changed, and during his absence Kennington put the ball through the bars. But as soon as Mackenzie got back in action he evened this up by scoring one himself. Gunn made a couple of good runs in this period, but did not connect with the scoring stations. The score now stood 9 to 3, with one more period left, and the Duncan men slowed down in the last period. Three goals went in in succession, and the last of three scheduled games and the Island championship came to Victoria.

The Melbourne Theatre

The Photo Play House Beautiful

We have Exclusive Rights on all Features and show nothing but the highest class productions such as Cleopatra, with Helen Gardner; Resurrection, with Blanche Walsh; Camille, with Sarah Bernhardt; Oliver Twist, with Nat C. Goodwin; the Star of Bethlehem or the Birth of Christ.

Always a good clean show for ladies and children.

Eugene Levy, Prop.

Geo. M. Teel, Mgr.

2nd and University Sts.

MOTORING

WOMEN IN MOTORDOM.

By Frank T. White

"Woman demanded and has been accorded her place in motor-just as she has demanded and been given nearly everything necessary to her comfort or well-being."

"Because of her unflinching success in taking what she desires, man has wrought a revolution in the motor car industry. Because of her, the day of complete equipment for automobiles was materialized and she may sit back now in complacent satisfaction having accomplished an important achievement.

"There is not an automobile manufacturer or dealer today who would dispute the statement that woman is one of the largest factors in the task of selling cars. In a majority of cases, it is the persuasion of his wife, sister or sweetheart, that settles for a man the question which car he will buy when making his first purchase. The number of women drivers of every class, size and style of car, is growing by leaps and bounds. Therefore, it is no more a matter of course that the desires and needs of the woman must be considered in manufacturing and marketing a car.

"In these days the gasoline automobile manufacturer who produces a car without a reliable self-starter loses much business. A woman cannot and should not be expected to crank a motor every time she wishes to drive. To them a motor that requires hand cranking is a relic of those barbarous days of automobiledom. Therefore, all high grade cars are equipped with self-starters. Without a speedometer, to tell how fast and how far she goes, the top of the windshield to protect her from the sun, storm, wind and dust, and all the other appliances which go to make up complete equipment on the new car, the average woman will feel that she is being cheated. And her aversion to the car without such equipment is not a mere whim; it is a good sound, sensible attitude. There is more reason for extra cost of equipment on an automobile than there is for extra cost for buttons on clothing."

A SPEED INDICATOR FOR AUTOMOBILES.

The Chief of Police of Los Angeles, California, has recommended to the police commission that an ordinance be passed requiring all automobiles in that city to carry a speed indicator to warn the driver and the public, as well as the police, when speed regulations are exceeded.

The invention which has been thoroughly tried out by the police department is an electric lighting device to be placed on the front of the car. It contains three lights, a red, a white and a green, placed one above the other, and the mechanism that switches on the current to the various lamps is connected with a speedometer shaft. When the car is making ten miles an hour or less the white light shows; at twenty miles an hour, the green light is thrown in; at twenty-five miles an hour, the red lamp is lighted, and at speeds in excess of this, various combinations are flashed on. Thus an officer can tell at a glance just how fast an automobile is traveling by night and can make arrests if necessary.

Mild: "Why don't you take your eye off that woman in the box?"

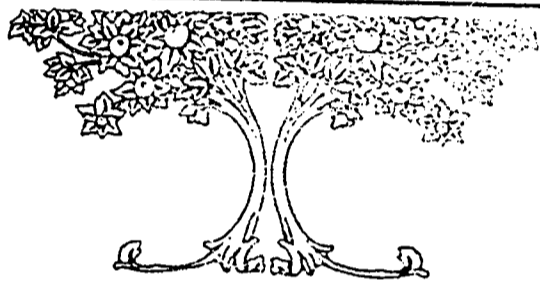
"Meek: "Because I think she should have something on her."



To Our Many Patrons in Victoria:

We want to bring your attention to our new
address

1218-1220 Douglas Street



We have endeavored to give you the best of
service in the past, and trust we shall be honored
with a furtherance of your good will.



Spence, Doherty & Co.

Exclusive Hatters and Furnishers to

"MEN WHO CARE"



"STUART-WHYTE'S VERSATILES"

The "Versitiles" at the termination of their 16 weeks season, Vancouver and Victoria, are to tour the Dominion for the second time from Coast to Coast. They are scheduled to make Halifax, Nova Scotia, in February next, sailing from that city direct to the West Coast. These Old Country entertainers, who have proved themselves great favorites in the Coast cities of British Columbia, are equally as popular on the Prairies, and it is no uncommon experience for them to make sleighing parties, and drive over the distances of 20 or 30 miles on a winter's evening to hear the "Versitiles." Stuart Whyte assures us that arrangements have been practically completed for the two companies who come out in 1914. These will include some of the best known artists in their own particular line of entertainment, who have made big names for themselves in such companies as Pelissiers "Follies," Harold Montague's "Vagabonds," etc. In bringing out artists of this calibre, Stuart-Whyte depends on the ardent support of the "Versatile" enthusiasts, both in Vancouver and Victoria, in the future as in the past, and should there be any falling off in the receipts, it will not be on account of lack of enterprise, in giving to us here in the West an Al-Fresco entertainment, equal if not better than any we may see in the older provinces.

"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"

(Continued from page 43)

There are some decidedly clever people who sing, imitate, burlesque, and make continuous fun, and there are no end of songs and sketches, most of them new, and others imitations of well known successes, but all of them marked by ginger and snap and the kind of touch and go humor which properly belongs to a review.

Trixie Friganza is one of the principal funmakers who "gags" through the evening, managing to achieve a fair proportion of real hits and she is ably abetted by Willie Howard, whose Peter Grimm is a masterpiece of burlesque, who sings many songs admirably and does other imitations in a superior manner; Ernest Mare who does bully work in impersonation; Charles J. Ross as Roosevelt, and in an imitation of John Bull as the tippling husband; Texas Guinan and Edward W. Galt, as Bunty and Weelum; Clarence Harvey as Carnegie; Eugene Howard, whose David Belasco is excellent; Jerry Childs, Albert S. Howson and others.

There is some expert dancing by Adelaide, who used to be known as "La Patite" with J. J. Hughes, and more of an eccentric character by Daniel Morris and George Moon, this being but an continuation of the one, long continuous dance by chorus and principals which fills in the evening.

The chorus is graceful and nimble and is seen in a variety of costumes, most of them including bare legs, and there is diving and swimming in the tank of the "Kismet" scene.

The runaway, introduced in "Sumurun," is employed and the performers use it for various purposes while they sometimes work the aisles introducing all the fifty-seven varieties of novelties which have been devised by Ned Wayburn who staged the piece.

It is all nonsense, of course, and it is certain that there is not a serious moment in the entire performance, but it is clever nonsense, for the most part, and well done, having particular appeal to the theatregoers familiar with the season's hits, so that the entertainment is of the kind which sustains its interest and sends its audiences away satisfied.

The eternal triangle: One obtuse angle and two cute ankles.

CONFESSIONS OF NERO

(Continued from page 42)

in terms of Skimmed Milk. He was a helpless Moth who fluttered around the Footlights for the pleasure of getting his wings singed. And whenever he saw a Stage Door he froze to it so Tight that you couldn't pry him away from it with the sharp end of an Adze. What little he knew of Life could easily be printed on the back of a Theatre Program and still leave plenty of Space for General Advertising Matter. He combed his hair before a photograph of John Drew and he copied the cut of his Toga after the kind Faversham wears.

When the good road show slid into the Old Town from Athens, one with half an Eye could see a certain Limousine Chariot drawn up to the curb nearest the Stage Door, and after the Grand Finale, Our Hero could be seen in the Foremost Ranks of the gilded youth of Rome, wig-wagging out and quoting from the poet Flippicus, "O ye gods, O you Kid!"

No one, it is said, since Marcus the Easy, has lavished so much Substance in riotous Chariot Rides or rich Collations, including Lobsters from Brittain and Falernian cocktails. In the best Restaurants of Rome you could always tell when Johannus was coming by the Way the Head Waiter acted. There was almost a riot among the Chauffeurs whenever he rang for a taxi-chariot. But the sober-minded Conscript Fathers, at his approach, combed their long, white Chin Drapes and remarked in the words of Plato, "There's no Fool like a Darn fool."

About this Period of Antiquity there swung into Rome from the Western Circuit a tuneful Athenian skit entitled "The Diana Darlings." It was one of those shows we do Often see—the kind that haven't anything Good in them, but remind you Vaguely of Something you have heard last season. The Chorus was not exactly hideous, nor yet did it contain sufficient Beauty to sink a Roman Galley. And 'way at the End of the Third Row, Rear, stood Little Calliope holding a Spear.

It is needless to say that Johannus, the Walking Wad, occupied an Aisle Seat on Row One and that several Sandals were kicked in his Direction during the course of the Performance. It is also needless to Add that, about the Point in Act III when the Comedy King is saying, "Well, now that all is settled so happily, I hope you will all join me in a pleasure cruise," Johannus had moved Outside to Peach Lane where he stood Carelessly Chatting with the Property Man and pretending not to Notice.

O *Fortuna semper mutabilis!* By what whim-wham of Fate did it chance that, when the Nifty Baby-Talkers emerged from the Temple of Thespis, our Friend Johannus was introduced by the Property Man to Little Calliope of the third row Rear? For Calliope was neither rich nor beautiful, as so many Chorus Ladies are. Her eyes were a washy blue and her Hat was so plain that she was often mistaken for the Star. Yet there was about her Voice and Bearing a vague, indefinite You Know What that sort of got At you.

"Maid of Athens," said Johannus, removing his laurel-wreath politely, "Wouldst thou goest to sup with me at the restaurant of Rectorius the Epicurean?"

"I wouldst not!" replied Calliope firmly. "I regard such frivolity as a waste of time."

"The Chori who have supped with me previously have never complained on that Score," said Our Hero with a certain touch of Pride.

"I am not like Other Maidens," cried She, "I have entered the

serously and systematically with an eye to Advancement. A Chorus Girl, to succeed, should be like a Bookkeeper or Stenographer, sober and industrious. Art is more difficult than a Trade, is it not? Yet any Plumber's Apprentice who partook of Lobster Bubbles Night after Night would lose his Job in a Week. Reformers are constantly Crying that the Stage should be Elevated. It is more fitting Elevator for the Stage than the Chorus Girl, if any form is to begin at the bottom and work Up. Let the Frivolous Girl. But I, I am a Girl of Ideals and Ambition. By constant application to Study, by Self-denial some day I may succeed, nay I may even touch the pinnacle of Art and be offered a Thinking Job in the New Theatre."

At the end of this utterance Johannus nearly Swallowed his Bitterette.

"I have followed the Show Business from Macedonia to Ultima Thule," he Gasp'd, "but never Before have I heard Conversation like that coming from the Chorus."

So he offered to See her as far as her Hotel, and as they Walked by one who stood near might have been Aware of the following Dialogue:

"How do you like Sudermann?"

"Fried."

Well, Johannus Simplex was seen no more at Cafe Rectorius. The Chori at the Center Table vainly turned their golden Psyche for the approach of One who Did Not Come. The Head Waiter died of Grief because the Profits dropped off so.

But every Night Johannus walked beside Calliope to her Hotel carrying her copy of Aristophanes and conversing earnestly on such topics as What would G. Bernard Shaw Have Done to the Greek Drama had he Been There at the Time? She even convinced him that he had a Voice and induced him to take Lessons of a Cousin Hers.

The Gossips of Rome said, "We knew Johannus would go off with the Knob some Day, but didn't think he'd go That way!"

Finally it got so thick that, ere the Month of Augustus, Johannus had bought up a Show by Sophocles and put Calliope in the Star. After a Brief Week in Rome the production Blew to the Wall Circuit in Cis-Alpine Gaul. Johannus followed as a matter of Course. And the next real Chatty News in the Papers was to the effect that Mr. Johannus Simplex of Rome and Miss Calliope formerly of Athens had applied to a Justice of Peace for the privilege of placing their Signatures on Adjacent Lines in the Hotel Register. And the Younger Set were heard to Remark, "What does he mean by Tying Up to such an Unworldly Child?"

Marcus Claudius Rhino, before closing, I again urge you to sell your Province with all possible haste—while our friends are on top in the Senate. I'll see Senators Brutus and Cassius tomorrow, so that when the Timber Scandal comes up it can be hithered to death in a quiet committee room.

By all the Furies, Marcus, I charge you with another precaution. When you read this letter, burn it and destroy the ashes. Because you don't who knows but that it may be discovered by a reporter and subsequently published in the Hearst papers, even as the private correspondence of so many other venal Politicians has been.

May Pluto keep it dark.

Vale!

NERO, Imperator.



The Occupant of the Caravan

By LANGHAM COUCH

The caravan had halted in a shady wood, a few miles from the village. Its occupants had kindled a fire, and were now preparing the evening meal. They made a lovely picture, these true children of nature, with their apple-brown faces, dark eyes, and jet black hair. Full of laughter and song, as can only be found in true sons and daughters of sunny Italy.

Now, alas! that laughter and song was suddenly flushed and silent. Death was near them, and, with her keen sickle, was about to gather one of their little band. Poor Mother Therese; it was hard to lose her, who had been a mother to them all. Even Francisco, their leader, could not save her. On his broad shoulders he carried all their troubles and cares, but this was beyond him, and now he was as helpless as they.

As he leant gracefully against a tree, striking now and again idly a chord from the violin which hung loosely from his shoulder, one could hardly believe that this was only a travelling gipsy. He was a true Italian, tall, dark, and finely built, with raven hair slightly curling upon the broad low brow and dark, melancholy eyes. He was dressed in a velvet suit, which had seen its best days, and was now covered with a thick powdering of dust from the road.

His companions were vastly different to him, and seemed to show to better advantage his refined and noble bearing. One was a woman small and stoutly built, with a plain yet homely face, and the other a young lad, with the eyes of a dreamer. Both were talking in a subdued whisper.

The violin twanged out a chord, dismal and out of tune. It quivered for a moment upon the summer air, seeming to utter a strange and heartbreaking cry. The little woman stopped abruptly in her conversation with her companion, and put her little brown hands to her ears to shut out the sound.

"Francisco, why will you play those dreadful chords? I am so sad and you make me more miserable," she cried petulantly.

Francisco laughed harshly.

"When my heart is sad, Marie, the violin feels so, too."

He slipped the violin round to its place on his shoulder as he spoke.

"I will go and see how Therese is," he said.

He moved towards one of the caravans, and, knocking softly on the door, entered.

On the bed lay the dying woman, and by her side knelt a young girl. The last rays of the sun shone through the little window upon her amber curls, the lovely face with its large sad eyes—as dark a blue as the ever changing blue of the sea—the small curved mouth now drooping pitifully.

"Well! Therese, how do you feel now?" he said gently to the dying woman.

She shook her head wearily.

"They are a long time coming back, Francisco," she said.

"Merino has not yet returned. They will be here soon now," he replied.

The girl burst into a fresh flood of weeping.

"You have told Naomi all, Therese?" Francisco queried.

"Yes, I have told her," she smiled pitifully, and drew the girl closer to her, "and you have forgiven me. Carina mia."

"I love you all the more, Mother Therese," Naomi sobbed.

Beppo here entered with a drink for the sick woman. Francisco bent over the girl, and gently lifted her to her feet. The old man nodded her assent, and the two left the caravan together. For a moment they walked on in silence. Naomi's head rested lightly on Francisco's shoulder, and he held her tightly so. Why could he not, was he not her own dear brother, who had been so good and kind to them in their time of need.

They had wandered away from the caravans, and stood looking down upon the broad valley which lay at their feet, with a glimpse of the sea in the distance. Naomi drew in a deep breath as she fell upon this scene of loveliness.

She was sad—yes, very sad, but after all the word was very lovely, and she was going to be rich. Never in her wildest dreams, which she so often weaved for herself, had she imagined that one day she would leave the caravan and become a great lady, but it was so.

The thought took her breath away—yesterday she had thought that she was only a poor gipsy girl, the daughter of Mother Therese, wandering about the country singing and playing for a living. To-day Mother Therese had confessed that she was the daughter of a nobleman, and fate had brought her to die almost on the doorstep of the people she had so much wronged.

Years ago the Conte Phillippo had travelled to the south of Italy for his wife's health. They had taken with them their children, amongst which was Naomi, then a child of a few years. The Countess was a proud, haughty woman, who cared little for her children; pleasure and gaiety appealed to her more than her own name or family.

Therese, who was passionately fond of children, often saw the lovely golden haired child, sometimes playing in the castle garden, accompanied by her nurses going for her afternoon walk. She was so beautiful, this loving, winning child, so like one of the angels over the painting of the Madonna, that she often thought that she was one of them stepped out of the canvas. Many an afternoon she hid in the castle grounds watching the child. How the dark gipsy face would soften, the eyes shine lovingly, as the child played innocently with her toys.

She heard that the family were about to return to their northern home, she could not bear the thought of her life without the child, who she had stolen her. She took refuge in the hills until the hue and cry had died down. But fate had not treated Mother Therese well, and it seemed as though the child she had risked so much for must die of starvation.

One day, weary and footsore, she sat, sick and weary at heart, on the roadside, torturing herself with the thought that she had taken this child from every luxury, only to see her fade away before her eyes. It was the good God punishing her for her wickedness. She had meant no harm, the grand Contessa did not love her child more passionately than she, the gipsy Therese.

When her hopes were at the lowest, a caravan had come around the bend of the road, and with it Francisco. He had helped them, given them food and money, and ever since they had remained part of his little band. She had kept her secret, and not until today had they thought that Naomi was other than the rightful daughter of Mother Therese.

"Well, Naomi, you are silent." Francisco brogke in upon her thoughts. She turned her eager, lovely eyes upon him, bright with the thoughts of the coming meeting between herself and her parents. The welcome she would receive, she, the long-lost daughter, who was now to return. "Oh, Francisco! Who would have thought that I, the little gipsy, would one day become a great lady?"

Exclusive Paris Head-dress

THE LATEST CREATIONS IN PARISIAN
MILLINERY

at prices that are not extravagant

PARISIAN MILLINERY AND HAIR SHOP
725 Yates Street

Realizing the necessity of having a Hair-Dressing and Beauty Parlor in conjunction with the Millinery Department, we have recently installed a thoroughly up-to-date Beauty Parlor, with competent attendants.

Hair-Dressing Manicuring Shampooing
PHONE 1145

Open
Evenings

TAKE
TEA AT

Rest Room
For Ladies

The Zetland Tea Rooms

Afternoon and Evening Receptions Arranged For
Card Parties a Specialty

Mrs. W. B. McMicking, Prop.

647 FORT ST.

DERMATOLOGIST

MRS. STANNER
HAIR-DRESSING PARLORS

Watch this space for
Important Announcement

VICTORIA, B. C.

729 Fort Street

Phone 2135

He looked thoughtfully at her.

"You will not stay with us, Naomi?"

A frown gathered upon her smooth, white brow.

"I shall be sorry to leave you, Francisco, for I love you all dearly; but I long so much to see my own father and mother. See the great lady—my mother," she replied.

"Perhaps she will not be what you imagine her. They may love you as we do. Look at what you will leave behind! Have you not been happy?" Francisco asked.

"Yes, I know; but you do not understand, Francisco. Do you remember the carnival you took me to at Florence, and the 'battle' of flowers? Do you remember the lovely lady who smiled upon me and threw a rose to me? She was dressed in blue satin, with diamonds in her hair and on her neck, and how they flashed on her white hands? Francisco, I think that my mother is like that and she is waiting for me to come to her. I, too, shall have many dresses and jewels. I am going to Fairyland, Francisco, a land I dreamt of, but never thought would come true."

Her eyes were shining with excitement, and her voice eager.

"Perhaps your fairyland will not be what you expect. Perhaps you will find it a sham, like the jewels upon the lady at the carnival."

"One day you will, perhaps, wish yourself back again in the caravan." His voice was scornful and sneering.

She turned angrily from him. He was jealous of her good fortune. She was a great lady—the daughter of Conte Phillippo, and after all, Francisco was only a poor man, and not her equal. Although he had helped her once, now, her father, the Conte, would help her.

Francisco suddenly caught her in his arms, and kissed her passionately. He had never kissed her before; she resented it now. Today was different from yesterday—yesterday she would not have allowed, for Francisco was her brother, and she, Naomi, the gipsy girl, she was the daughter of the Conte Phillippo.

She thrust him from her. Her cheeks crimsoned with anger; her eyes flashed angrily.

"How dare you touch me. I hate you," she cried, walking away from him.

He laughed harshly.

"So soon you forget me? I never thought it of you, Naomi!"

"Forgive me, Francisco," she cried, quickly turning back, tears of repentance in her eyes; but she stood alone.

At her feet lay a tiny bunch of violets, which she remembered Francisco had worn. She picked them up tenderly. They were fresh and fragrant, and her tears fell upon them as she fastened them into her bodice.

She ran lightly toward the caravan, and opening the door softly entered. A tall, aristocratic man was standing by the bedside, looking calmly down upon Therese, his face hard and unforgiving. Naomi crept softly up to the bed and took Therese's hand in hers. The dying woman looked up at her.

"Naomi, this is your father," she said.

For a moment they looked at each other; this proud nobleman with the bluest blood in all Italy flowing in his veins—looked at her, his daughter—this wild gipsy girl in her peasant dress of fantastical colours. There was no love or tenderness in the look, and proudly Naomi returned it.

"Show me the birthmark which was upon the arm of my father," he said at length.

Mother Therese turned to the girl. "Show your arm, Naomi." Naomi lifted the sleeve of her dress and showed upon the snowy whiteness of her arm a faint yet distinct red mark.

Schumacher



Art Photographer

I Make a Specialty of

HOME PORTRAITS
AND WATER COLOR WORK

Picture Framing
Art Supplies

Phone East 7252
for Appointment

Studio 1610 Broadway, Seattle, Wash.

T. N. Hibben & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1858)

Booksellers and Stationers

GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

Agents for

City Maps

Read Maps

Nautical Books

Admiralty Charts

The Latest Fiction

Ideal Fountain Pens

High Class Stationery

Government Publications

Prayer and Hymn Books

moment the man was silent. Upon the bed lay some thing, and in his hand was a little locket, which his had worn when she was stolen. He turned to Therese—"at you are dying and beyond punishment is the only re— saved you from imprisonment. Tomorrow my lawyer will investigate this case for me. In the meantime you had bet— back with me to the castle," he said, turning to Naomi. He cloak over that ridiculous costume; no one must see you at the castle."

moved towards the door. Naomi threw herself to the bed—"Mother Theresa, I will not go. I will stay with you," she

Mother Therese was silent for the first time to her cry— quietly slipped away.

father caught her roughly by the arm. She arose to her and saw Theresa was dead. Sobbing quietly, she left the carriage with him.

had not thought her father would receive her like this. She thought she would have the same loving tenderness and care she received from Therese and the people of the caravan. When she was better, perhaps he would love her more. Her mother would be different; she would love and welcome her, soothe her sad heart.

From far back in the forest came the sobbing sound of a violin. It came from the darkness—a cry of some one in pain. She was irresolute. It was Francisco; he was calling to her to give up the people—the father who was so cold to her, and the mother she did not know—and go back with him to the old life.

She paused—she would go back. The man at her side paused, and looked at her. She looked so beautiful with the silvery light of the rising moon, shining softly upon her sad, white face, like the beautiful tragedy queen in the Opera Comique—but more beautiful. There might be possibilities, in her; she might marry. He caught her gently by the arm.

"Come," he said, softly, "you are tired; the carriage is waiting for us."

He allowed him to lead her to the waiting carriage, in silence. He put her in—and they drove on. She leant back in the carriage. Her father sat opposite; he had shut his eyes and she could see upon his face did not invite conversation. Naomi wondered if her mother would receive her like this. She felt so sad and broken, and with difficulty kept back the sobs which arose in her throat.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER NECESSITIES

IVEL'S ICE CREAM
AND ICE CREAM SODA

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Toilet Waters
Toilet Creams
Creams and Powders
Manicure Goods

IVEL'S PHARMACY

1415 Government Street
Westholme Hotel Building

VICTORIA

COUSINS SHOES

Made in New York

FOR WOMEN



Summer fashion fairly sparkles in every one of the smart summer shoe styles we are now showing—Pumps, Oxfords, Boots—all Cousins, New York made, which means, of course, authoritative Fifth Avenue mode. Your exact size is here in precisely the style you fancy.

The Button Oxford is the latest word with tailored costumes



CATHCART'S

PEMBERTON BLDG.

621 FORT ST.

The De LUXE Monthly

Published by

THE DE LUXE PUBLISHING CO.

310 Jones Blk.
Victoria.

316 Bank of Ottawa Bldg.
Vancouver.

Twenty-five cents a copy

One year one dollar fifty postage paid

Foreign subscriptions, one year, two dollars

A. F. WAKEFIELD, Managing Editor and Proprietor

The De Luxe Monthly is for sale at all prominent news stands, book shops, hotels and steamships in Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver.

Address all communications and make cheques payable to The De Luxe Publishing Co., 310 Jones Blk., Victoria, B. C.

OUR PRIZES

FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

For the Best Out-Door Photographs

made by amateurs, received at this office before SEPT. 1st, 1913, we will forward the following prizes and publish the winning photographs in the October number of THE DE LUXE MONTHLY.

(Any size or finish eligible)

FIRST PRIZE\$10.00

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

For the FIVE next best photographs, \$2.00 each

Special—\$25.00 PRIZE

For the best OUTDOOR FIGURE WORK sent in before Sept. 1st, 1913, a special prize of \$25.00 is offered. Mark these photos Special.

Write the name and address of photographer plainly on back of each photograph.

This competition is open free to any one who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. The contestants need not be subscribers to THE DE LUXE MONTHLY in order to be eligible to compete for the prizes offered.

No photographs to be returned unless accompanied by stamps. THE DE LUXE MONTHLY will not be responsible for photos lost.

Photographs must be submitted with the distinct understanding that if they do not win a prize they may be used for publication in THE DE LUXE MONTHLY upon payment of our regular rates, and the management reserve the right not to award any prize, if the photographs are not considered of sufficient merit.

Address all photographs intended for the contest to

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH EDITOR

De LUXE MONTHLY

310 Jones Block
VICTORIA

Comfy Upholstering.....

Customs upholstering is acknowledged in every city as the De Luxe of Comfort.



Mr. F. Kroeger

of 721 Courtney Street, Victoria

has an extended experience, and is always ready to adopt your design, besides carrying a special line of materials, does not confine himself thereto.

Tel. 1148

P. O. Box 1277

A NEW ERA IN LAIDIES' TAILORING

in Victoria and vicinity. The latest and Best of New York and Parisian styles in the new Fall Effects.

Expert Designing

Perfect Tailoring

SUITS from \$22.50 up. COATS from \$20.00 up.

Come: See: Believe:

Your own people make up these garments under healthy conditions
We can fit you by mail. Call or write at once to.

The Davidson Co.

Gallery, in. Rear

742, Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

Island Hardware Co.

begs to announce a clearance sale of Refrigerators, Screen Doors and Windows, Ice Cream Freezers.

AT LEAST A THIRD OFF FORMER PRICES

Quality is paramount at the quality store.
All this season's goods—bright and new.

717 FORT ST. (Jones Bldg.)

PHONE 2440

15c

ANY SIZE FILM
Carefully Developed

15c

Prints, Fifty Cents Dozen; Post Cards, Seventy-Five Cents per dozen. Our ECONOMY DEVELOPER does the best work and is the cheapest method of developing.

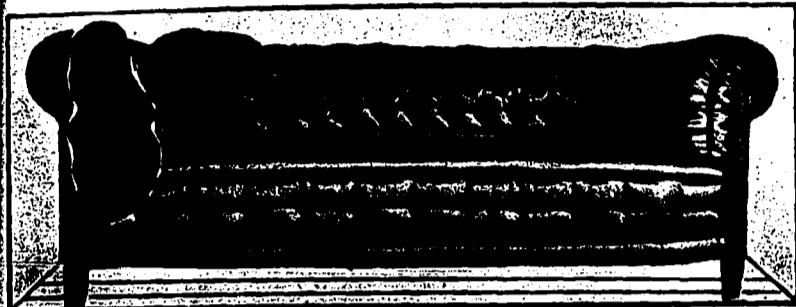
All Kinds of Photography Done

C. J. BROWN

1123 1/2 Quadra Street

Victoria, B. C.

Made in Victoria



We Manufacture

Davenports

Chesterfields

Box Ottomans

Bed Lounges

Cosy Corners, etc.

We shall be pleased to offer suggestions and give an estimate on any class of cabinet work or upholstery.

None but experienced and competent workmen employed.



The Capital Furniture Co.

1221 DOUGLAS ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

Next Door to Merchants' Bank