

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. III., No. 47.

VICTORIA, B. C., SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Published every Saturday morning at 77 Johnson street, Victoria. Subscription, \$1.00, invariably in advance.

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

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

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

*"I must have liberty.*

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

TO "hit the nail on the head" is an act which the sages advise, and a difficult little operation which most men aspire to. This, of course, is the figurative nail. The real article is to be found in abundance on the sidewalks of Victoria, projecting in the most tempting fashion. Long, long ago, our footpaths were constructed of wood, immense nails being used to keep the planks in position. Now, without in the least casting a doubt upon the durability and excellence of quality of British Columbia's forest product, it must be admitted that the wood is not as durable as iron. The sidewalks are badly worn out, while the nails remain almost intact, peering up an inch or two above the even surface. I had my new boots on the other day, when I started on my tour of inspection around town, and when I returned—oh, those new boots! How those nails did tell on them! In every other community I know of, in which the plank sidewalk is used, a man is occasionally sent the rounds to drive down the nails, so as to keep them level with the boards. In these days of municipal offices, would it not be well that yet another official be appointed to be known as the Nail Inspector, whose duty it would be to see that the sidewalks are kept clear? It is claimed for a certain county in Ireland that the soil is so productive that a four-penny nail inserted in the ground would develop into a crowbar

within three days. But in our case, it is not the nails that grow; 'tis the planks that wear.

I once heard a play upon words which ran somewhat as follows: "I know my nose; you know I know my nose, and you know I know, I know my nose." Since the sewerage works have been begun on our leading thoroughfares, I will venture to say I know my nose, and that everyone else knows his nose. Such foul, disease-producing gases as are emitted from those excavations can surely be rendered less obnoxious in some way. The stench is simply intolerable and positively dangerous to health. I noticed that a few of the storekeepers along Government street closed their doors to keep out the smell, nor did this unusual procedure keep out the customers also. It rather improved trade, for people rushed in to avoid the foul air without, and no doubt became purchasers. Would it not be well that some cheap disinfectant be used during sewerage construction, or must we have an epidemic in the city?

In spite of severest censure and trenchant anathema from every quarter, the city fathers continue in a blissful state of serenity. After the persistent attempts of the press of this city to arouse them to a sense of duty, to a perception of the urgent needs of the city, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the council are stolidly indifferent to our interests. To put it positively no one by the wildest flight of imagination could justly accuse our civic solons (?) of manifesting an enthusiastic interest in our welfare. It is useless to discuss causes, when effects are obtrusively palpable. Be the fault where it may, this city is wretchedly governed. There is something wrong, either in our system of civic polity or body elect. I am inclined to think that our present system is susceptible of the highest economic results. The municipal machinery, from a theoretical standpoint, is invested with potentiality. Is the fault in the running? We are prone to blame men more than things, because intelligent direction can always devise ways of making a creditable show even with faulty material. Questions and difficulties are not taken up in the manner of shrewd, confident business men. No matter how insignificant the subject, the action of our aldermanic

board is characterized by an absence of definiteness. There is too much vacillation, with the result that in no direction do we perceive policy, by which, I mean, each separate act, not isolated and viewed from the aspect of the present, but considered as a unit in many and varied factors of symmetrical development, each precedent link fitting in with and strengthening its consequent. The local dailies furnish constant instances of municipal bungling, negligence and lack of forethought.

The council have been so dilatory that I feel it would be useless to schedule, much more to detail and animadvert on all the grievances which can be directly traced to aldermanic responsibility. Criticism is wasted effort. It has the permanency of water poured on a duck's back. How long will patience tolerate such a state of affairs? The ultimate blame rests with the people. Here is an opportunity for the Citizen's Association to demonstrate its usefulness. I wonder if it is possible for the people of Victoria to get really angry. Their equanimity is astonishing, considering the provocation. Would it be a difficult matter for a representative body of our citizens to make a list of wants, and present some well-considered manner in which they could be satisfied? It is contended by some that it is a misuse of the term policy to apply it to city government. I cannot help thinking that better results would be obtained, if the mayor and council were bound at the beginning of office to succinctly and clearly declare what they intended doing. At present we are in the dark. Could any one of the council conscientiously say that our questions are being dealt with in relation to the future. There is too much haphazardness, too little method. Civic inertia has become chronic. Take the hack nuisance for an example. The council have absolutely ignored the question. Who are the masters of the streets? If left to the council, the cab-drivers will be left in undisturbed possession. Shall the capital city of the Province present to visitors a main street polluted with ponds of fetid excretion? The city fathers deserve great praise for their attitude in this matter! Perhaps when the elections are in sight, a feeble effort may be put forth. During the summer months, whilst fumes of foulness have saturated the air, whilst street-goers have been forced to hold

their nostrils through dread of contamination and inability to stand the sickening odors, the council has been idle. This week, excavations on Government street brought to the surface heaps of soil, filling the air with poisonous gases. Here is another instance of civic short-sightedness. I understand that no attempt is being made to enforce connection with the sewers. What economy! When connections are made, the streets will be torn up again. The work on Government street shows that the city council are doing the job with perfect knowledge of the relation in which it stands to sewer connection and pavement. Would it have depleted the exchequer to scatter chloride of lime along Government street? Both hospitals are full. A meeting was held on Thursday to arrange for additional accommodation. Ye gods, what a spectacle of a city Victoria presents with its grass-grown streets, its microbe incubating water supply, its incomplete, botched sewage system, and over all the superlative enlightenment and incarnation of collective wisdom of the council board!

Fires have been so frequent in and around the city of late that we are almost hourly in expectation of hearing an alarm sounded. The code is an excellent one, and one which is so thoroughly understood that, the number once obtained, the seat of danger can be immediately located. With the object, no doubt of facilitating the brigade and the general public in proclaiming the danger, the good people of the Victoria-Phoenix Brewery set their steam whistle a-tooting; but, unfortunately, they do not always get the correct number, and so far from rendering a service, they do the reverse. By all means, let us have the advantage of the whistle, but I would respectfully suggest that it should not be sounded until the series of alarms from the Fire Hall have ceased.

The Guardian Publishing Company, an enterprise which is understood to be in process of incubation, has approached His Worship the Mayor and City Council with a proposition to aid in the establishment of an independent daily paper to be run for and in the interests of the City of Victoria. The Guardian Company, in return for supplying the city with such a paper, ask that the Council guarantee the interest upon \$30,000 for a period covering twenty years. In support of the scheme, the company submit that the city will have security for the interest as follows: "The publication may be made the official organ of the city, and from the advertising bill (which is to be paid for at the present rates) the interest can be deducted monthly."

The petitioner may be a madman or an

idiot, as the *Times* insinuates, but many will be inclined to believe that there is method in his madness. It has cost the City of Victoria a large sum of money in the past for its advertising, and an official organ under the control of the council would receive the profit which now goes to the two daily papers in the city. Besides, there is a well defined suspicion that Victoria is in dire need of a newspaper or so more. The publishers of the papers already here have grown enormously fat and sleek from their monopoly, and, it is believed, suffer from that disease which is known to medical men as *caput magnus*.

All this admitted, I must, however, take exception to one statement of the petitioner. He says: "Your petitioner submits that there is not a journal published in the City of Victoria which dares call a spade a spade without first consulting with Tom, Dick or Harry—in other words, the profits which measures are to yield to certain persons are always considered, and the poor sheep that yields the wool is never thought of."

In this respect, the petitioner is in grievous error. THE HOME JOURNAL, which is now the recognized leading moulder of public opinion in Western Canada, is not skilled "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." I only speak for one paper. There are publications in this city of whom it can truthfully be said they dare not call a spade a spade without first consulting Tom Dick or Harry, but this great family newspaper is not one of them.

While on the subject of newspapers, the following from an exchange may not prove uninteresting: "Were there among journalists some infallible pope, who could define plainly and clearly just where the boundary line between liberty and license lies, it would then be an easy matter to consign to purgatorial and other fires the newspapers that lay on the license side of the line. It is only when the liberty of the press runs riot into extreme license that a sleepy public rubs its eyes, awakening with a determination to stop that noise and to restore order. Were a choice imperative between resigning complete liberty along with the abolition of liberty's misdirection and misapplication, or retaining full liberty along with the attendant evils of unrestrained license, there is no doubt more evil would result from the curtailment of the liberty of the press than good could come from the prevention of possibilities of wrong. Without any subtle distinctions of right and wrong, there are some newspaper sins so startlingly prominent as to stand condemned from their very nature. No one would hesitate to de-

nounce using a paper as a vehicle of personal spite, inflaming class, sectional hatred, the sensational lie, the cloaking of wrong, the ridicule of right, the circulating of slander, and especially the reporting of horrors, misdeeds and vices in such a way that sympathies are brutalized and evil is stimulated in the heart of some readers. Whether newspapers mould or reflect public opinion is immaterial. What is important, whether they mould right principles or reflect the best and most elevated kind of public opinion. Under cover that they are only reflectors, many a scurvy column is printed. This is but a poor excuse whereby a poor paper tacitly confesses that it reflects only the meanest of human thought and caters to only the lowest of human emotions. Not going into poetic flights over ideal duties, thinking people can yet appreciate the first-class work and understand how important are the functions of a good journal; to turn on the light in haunts of vice and wrongdoing and yet not scatter the germs of vice nor reveal the mysteries of evil, to be uninfluenced by the corruption of bribery and gain, to be perfectly just and yet a terror to wrongdoers, to give an impartial statement of facts, to supply interesting accurate news, either to mould public opinion to the highest standards, or to reflect the best public opinion—to do all this fairly and promptly, to present the whole in attractive simple style; such are some of the aims of a good journal."

There is a screw loose somewhere in business law or business economy, when a man can deliberately run bills, and deliberately refuse to pay them, still keeping himself at a safe distance from the clutches of the law. An aggravated case of this kind came under my notice this week. A merchant of this city, whom I will call Smith, sold flour to a bakery run by a firm whose name for convenience will be Brown & Green. The firm was well recommended to Smith by a merchant whom he knew. The baker asked Smith to let them have flour on thirty days time, and everything seeming fair, he did this. The pay came promptly for a long enough period to put Smith off his guard, when the bakers asked the favor of paying but half of the money due, and continuing for another month. This was done, as the circumstances seemed to warrant an extension. At the end of the next month an arrangement was made to pay the whole bill in a few days, but it was not paid, and Smith shut off the flour supply, with a slow account of \$115 to collect. Then Brown dropped out of the bakery quietly, and stole off to some other town to begin business in another name. Green declared himself not responsible for the debts

Brown, and the latter being found, delivered himself of the following remarkable declaration of independence: "I'll be damned if I pay you another cent of that bill. What are you hounding me around for? I've got a wife and a child to support, and if I pay you I'll not be able to save a cent for two years, and dashed if I will work two years for nothing for anybody."

It will be said that Smith should have been more cautious in making his sales. But it is altogether probable that he used ordinary caution. Where is there a merchant in this city who has not with the best of caution, run against such a scoundrel as this? The fellow knows that with impunity he can dead beat out of a hundred dollar bill, for he has nothing but his worthless hide upon which his creditors can make an attachment. It will not pay the creditors to send him to jail, and he can change his business as often as his debts accumulate to such an extent that he is badly harrassed by them. During these hard times, the latent dishonesty in a man is certain to come to the surface, for many a man who would be honest when money is plenty will lie and steal when times are hard. The closest attention should be given to the publication and constant revision of a dead beat list, and also to a list of men who live close to the line of dishonest dealing. Every merchant body, and not alone the grocers, should combine to ferret out these bad men, and they should be forced to be honest, because they cannot be otherwise.

There has been a great deal of discussion in private and in public—about suicide. To my mind all comes of the denial of a Personal God. I preach no sermon, but simply desire to say that organized life must be a resultant of organized design, and that no man and no woman has a right to take life, because he or she is not its author, save for personal defense. The universal instinct of human intelligence is in favor of a continuance of our present life in the same or some other form. Christians say we shall have a spiritual body. Theosophists say we have an astral body—a distinction without much difference. At any rate, we shall live in a hereafter life and recognize each other. The infidelity of to-day is not a whit in advance of that of the blatant demagogues of the French Revolution. This infidelity is increased by preachers who delight in mere secular topics and spend their vacation in fishing for sport, and yet denounce horse-racing or other popular sports. Just here it may be said that the disciples of Christ, who were fishermen, when called to follow Him left off fishing, and became, as Swedenborg happily says, "fishers of men." Every animal save man seems to

enjoy life. Man would enjoy it in a lofty sense were he not given to set his reason against that of the Diety when he really knows nothing of the great mystery of cosmic and physical existence. Be content with life. It will end here soon enough by the natural wearing out of its wonderful machinery. Contentment brings longevity and venerable birthdays.

It is observed in the New York *Sunday Mercury* that Marcus Mayer, the guiding spirit of the International Theatrical Agency, with offices in London, Paris and New York, will control the best foreign attractions to be brought to this continent the coming season. Jean Gerady, thirteen years of age, is considered the finest cello player in the world, Freida Simpson, nine years old, it is claimed, is a wonderful pianist, and Miss Nethersole, the great English actress, are all included in Mr. Mayer's list of celebrities.

I mention the above, as it will be a matter of interest to old time Victorians to learn that Marcus Mayer, a former resident of this city, has reached the highest rung in the theatrical management ladder. Mayer is a son of Alex. Mayer, of Nanaimo, and also brother-in-law of Marcus Wolfe of the same city. While yet a boy, he learned the printing business in the old *Victoria Chronicle* office, owned at that time by the Hon. D. W. Higgins. Even then Marcus Mayer took great interest in theatrical matters, and when he had completed the time required to learn his trade he left for San Francisco, where he embarked in a theatrical venture. Since that time his record as a manager is an open book. In 1866 he began the career that now in 1894 has placed him among the foremost managers in America. In the early days traveling was usually accomplished on horseback, and it needed all the energy of his strong will to stick to it. Many of those whom he had heralded at that time afterward became prominent stars. Among them may be mentioned Charles Kean and Ellen Tree, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Forrest and John McCullough. In answer to inquiries as to his age, Mr. Mayer says he is "neither as young as Orlando nor as old as Lear, somewhere between, you know."

The *Ottawa Citizen* is waging furious warfare against careless writers. It asks, why do people write illegibly on hotel registers, and then proceeds to answer the question by saying that in business a man ordinarily exercises a certain amount of care in the delineation of his signature, but even the person who most affects the distorted array of characters which passes among some for the sign manual of distinction, rarely manages to conceal his identity so securely in his regular signature as he does in the inscription of his

name on a hotel register. It cannot be that concealment is the covert design of this habitual rockiness in writing. Most travellers would be seriously inconvenienced by the failure of the hotel clerk to recognize their signatures. Yet even the hotel clerk, adept though he be in the solution of autographic problems by reason of long practice, must often resort to other means of identification rather than trust to the rendition of some scrawl on the hotel book.

But it is only when these ill-written names have gone through the successive stages of transcription and composition that intervene between the hotel register and the personal column of the daily papers that the deadly result of illegibility is really exposed. If any reader doubts it let him watch the hotel arrivals in two or three successive issues of the papers which publish all the arrivals at the leading hotels. Out of a score of people mentioned they will find that the names of many will be mis-spelled, half of them beyond the possibility of recognition. Nor is this preponderance of error the fault either of the hotel reporter or the printer. Between them the reporter and the clerk decipher the registrations as carefully as they can, and when it comes to setting names, the printer, you know, is supposed to "follow copy" if it flies out of the window. No; the fact is that while the signature of your intimate acquaintance with all its defects, is as plain as the proverbial pike-staff, the superscription of the pilgrim and stranger usually passeth all understanding.

An eastern exchange believes that as between the farmer who drives his team to church on Sunday, and the wheelman who takes himself there by his own muscle, the advantage in a moral sense is with the last named. He keeps himself only from the Sabbath rest; the farmer keeps his horse at labor. There was a time—when the bicycle was looked upon as a useless or even ungodly toy—that many not noted for narrowness of mind, frowned upon its use for church-going purposes. They preferred that the man who believed in the wheel should walk, use his horse or remain at home. With wider knowledge and enlarged experience, this narrow belief is passing away. The bicycle has taken its place as a vehicle of practical use in the work of every day life—why should it not become a servant to those who would worship? There are many signs to show that this idea is finding general acceptance. The liberal minded among the clergy are opening the doors of their churches, not only to the wheelmen, but also to their wheels. Dr. Scudder, of the Tabernacle, Jersey City, has announced from his pulpit that storage would be provided for the wheels used to convey members of his congrega-

tion to church. A minister in Newark has taken the same position. For a long time the ministers have themselves been riders; they are now taking a step in advance, and giving to the wheel the broad endorsement of the church. This, Toronto *Hardware* regards as a sign of the times, and a good one.

On the subject of thistles, I beg to direct the attention of the city fathers to a fine crop, blooming on the street, just outside the Market Hall. It is presumed these are kept for a sample to show the victims what they are fined for in allowing them to propagate.

I am informed that the Union Club, on account of hard times, has called upon delinquents to pay up, and a demand is also being made for additional fees from the members. The club, it is understood, has been losing money for some time, and this action has been found necessary in order to preserve its good credit.

J. Molyneux Smith, the well known and highly respected purveyor of milk, desires to inform the public that in future he will not dilute the lacteal fluid with Victoria city water. Mr. Smith has arranged with the owners of the Esquimalt waterworks for a supply of their best water sufficient to meet the requirements of his customers.

#### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A FASHIONABLE marriage took place in this city, Tuesday, when Rev. Cato Ensor Sharp, M.A., rector of St. Paul's, Esquimalt, was married to Miss Stella Mainwaring Johnson, second daughter of E. M. Johnson. The Lord Bishop of Columbia, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Scriven and Rev. Canon Beanlands, officiated at the ceremony, the impressive services being performed with a full choral accompaniment and followed by a celebration of the holy eucharist with communion. The bridesmaids were Miss Tillie Erb and the Misses Johnson, sisters of the bride. Rev. W. D. Barber and J. A. Aikman supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp left by the Kingston for the Sound.

Mr. E. G. Anderson will leave for a short visit to San Francisco, combining business with pleasure, on the 5th.

The wedding of a Government street clothing merchant has been announced for Monday, Sept. 10th.

A Nanaimo merchant will shortly lead to the altar a young lady of this city.

Mr. C. F. Jones has returned from a three weeks visit to Tacoma.

#### SPORTING GOSSIP.

##### LACROSSE.

THERE will be an interesting lacrosse match on Monday afternoon, between the Stars and James Bays of this city in the intermediate championship. For the Island these two clubs are a tie, and Monday will decide which team shall play the Moonlighters of Westminster. The Stars will place the same team on the field as won from the James Bays, with the exception of Greenfield, whose place may be filled by W. Lorimer, of the Bays.

The match between the James Bays and the Nanaimo team, last Saturday, attracted quite a crowd to the Caledonia grounds. When it is considered that the Nanaimos were only organized this season, it must be confessed that they did remarkably well. Of course the Bays outplayed them at every point. The playing of Schnoter, Stephens and the Smith brothers was worthy of special note.

The Victoria seniors will play the Westminsters at the latter place next Saturday.

##### THE OAR.

The James Bay Athletic Association held its annual summer regatta last Saturday on the harbor course. To say that the entertainment provided was on a par with previous events of the same character is to credit the association with distinguished success. There was the usual large gathering of motley craft—naphtha launch, dingy, ship boat and Peterboro. The captivating summer girl in all the attractive charm of cool flannel garb knelt in smoothly gliding canoe, gracefully poising and dipping the paddle, or languidly leaning back on cushions with dreamy eyes, and watching her stalwart ply the oar. The lively strains of Susa's marches, with waltzes and medleys, floated from the J. B. McDonald, where Mr. Finn's popular band were circled on the deck. Within the club house, refreshments were invitingly offered by the hospitable hosts, Mr. Dallain and Mr. W. R. Higgins being on hand with tempting liquors and frosted viands. Ven. Archdeacon Scriven and Capt. Gaudin acted as judges, Lieut. Barnes was referee, F. S. Hussey and J. Stuart Yates were starters, and Sergt.-Major Mulcahy officiated as time-keeper.

The first event was one of the preliminary heats between club fours for the Flumerfelt cup, course one mile straight away from Coffin Island to club house. The crews were:

J. Geiger, stroke; W. Scott, J. C. Scott, W. H. Wilkerson.

L. B. Young, stroke; H. Dodds, A. H. Finlaison, A. R. Wolfenden.

Both crews caught the water evenly the start, Young's crew rowing about two strokes faster to the minute. The contest was very exciting, and the pace was maintained to the very end. Geiger's crew though steering erratically crossed the line first.

The Peterboro canoe race narrowed to H. C. Macauley and G. F. Askew. S. Gore of the canoe club paddling gamely, but not being in it for a moment. The race to the turning flag was very close between Askew and Macauley. Askew's steering, however, destroyed his chance and Macauley came in winner with many lengths to spare.

The second heat of the club fours brought out the following fours:

D. O'Sullivan, stroke; W. P. Perkins, J. H. Austin, E. O. Finlaison.

F. S. Widdowson, stroke; J. W. Watson, W. J. Mackay, John Aden.

Widdowson's crew got away first, pulling a very quick snappy stroke, O'Sullivan's style being more leisurely and with larger sweep. Widdowson's four kept the lead and won easily.

The junior singles brought out H. B. Haines and T. Geiger. The course, was a long one, being from club house round buoy in outer harbor and return, a distance of one and a half miles. Both spurted at the start, Haines having slight advantage, but Geiger pulling a very vigorous determined stroke. At Sehl's point Geiger was about two lengths behind. There was no change until the turn, when Geiger pulled up on nearly even terms. Haines seemed to be laboring, and a great final was looked for. Geiger, after passing the point, spurted and was crawling up, when he suddenly fell back in his boat. He was picked up by the referee's boat in a weak dazed state and when able to speak complained of pain in the side.

The Tandem Peterboro canoe race was won by G. F. Askew and J. Watson, A. S. Gore and E. Munro making a great but vain effort to get the lead.

The Peterboro canoe upset race created lots of fun. H. F. M. Jones, J. Watson, F. Wollaston and R. Robertson being the starters. Watson righted his canoe immediately, and came in an easy winner whilst the others were making frantic efforts to find paddles and climb into water-logged craft.

The final heat of the club fours between the Geiger and Widdowson crews was the event of the day. The Widdowson crew's rapid stroke again told. W. Scott was stroking, and Geiger rowing number three. The fours kept well together, and neither crew had a sure thing. A boat got on the course at the finish, and spoiled all chance of the Geiger crew getting in first.

O'Sullivan won the senior singles, the

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The double scull inrigged dingy race with lady coxswains brought out D. O'Sullivan and G. F. Askew, coxswain, Miss J. O'Sullivan; W. Scott and J. Watson, coxswain, Miss A. O'Sullivan; H. B. Haines and E. G. Billingham, coxswain, Miss McMicking; L. B. Young and A. H. Finlaison, coxswain, S. B. Dee. The Scott crew won in fine style, being pressed by O'Sullivan. The lady coxswains handled the tillers with judgment and an eye for every advantage.

The four paddle Peterboro canoe event was won by G. F. Askew, J. Watson, D. Jones and C. E. Bailey; D. O'Sullivan, K. P. Perkins, J. H. Austin and E. A. Finlaison being second.

R. Robertson and H. C. Macauley were the winners of the tilting match. This event was very amusing, the contest ending in roars of laughter.

The James Bay braves in the war canoe race got away with the Canoe Club. The race was without particular advantage to either crew up to the turning point, but afterward James Bay forged ahead and won from their rivals by a couple of lengths.

LAWN TENNIS.

The finals in the tournament of the Erratic Lawn Tennis Club came to a successful termination last Tuesday at 44 Carr street, when in the ladies' singles, handicap, Miss Cridge owes  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 15, beat Miss Wilson, 6-2, 6-5.

Ladies' singles—Miss Wilson beat Miss A. Carr, 6-3, 6-3.

Ladies' doubles—Miss Cridge and Miss B. Carr beat Miss Wilson and Miss Lawson, 6-3, 6-2.

Gentlemen's singles—Mr. Laundry beat Mr. Wilson, 6-3, 8-6.

Gentlemen's singles, handicap—Mr. Laundry, scratch, beat Mr. Lawson, rec  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 30, 9-7, 9-7.

Gentlemen's doubles—Mr. Laundry and Mr. Lawson beat Mr. Middleton and Mr. Cornwall, rec  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 15, 6-2, 6-2.

SPORTING TIPS.

The yacht Minerva, flying the flag of the Esquimalt club, came into port Saturday and stayed till Tuesday, allowing the party to see the J. B. A. A. regatta. She was sailed by Wm. Christie and J. B. Carmichael, who were greatly praised for the manner in which they took her out of port on Tuesday during a stiff nor'easter.

THE KENNEL.

In directing our readers' attention to Mr. Stuart's very interesting letter, we might mention that correspondence is always welcome from those

who, like Mr. Stuart, "Love a dog because it is a dog, and not for the money there is in him." Mr. Stuart pays our paper a not undeserved compliment, but we must say that he is rather harsh in referring to our items as misstatements. There would have been no error in the spelling of his collie's name, if she had been registered in the Canadian Kennel Club, as the English registry is not recognized here, and as for the "lameness" and "clue," we can vouch for the absolute correctness of the information at the time it was obtained by our correspondent. To the Editor:

SIR—Since you have thought fit to honor my dogs by alluding to them in your valuable paper of Aug. 18, permit me to correct a few misstatements regarding them. First—My collie bitch is registered under the name of "Elindene Mabel," and not "Ellendine Mabel," as quoted in your paper. Second—I do not own a collie pup, having disposed of the one I had some time ago. I believe its leg was fractured, but it has been set entirely to the owner's satisfaction, so much so that one could not tell it had been broken without a very close examination, and consequently it will not "go through life with a crooked leg," as stated by your kennel correspondent. Third—I have no clue whatever, let alone a "hot" one, as to the disappearance of my collie dog, and even if I had been in possession of reliable information as to his whereabouts, I doubt if your publishing it in your paper would have assisted me in the recovery of my dog. Trusting you will find space for this in your next issue, I remain, yours truly,

Hatley Park. G. R. W. STUART.

By the last *Canadian Kennel Gazette*, we see that R. A. Cunningham, of this city, has been elected to the executive of the Canadian Kennel Club. We are sure the club could not have made a better selection, and, as a result, we expect to note an immediate improvement in kennel affairs in this section.

Mr. R. Merritt has received a very handsome black, white and tan collie from Thos. Fairfoul, of Wellington. The pup is from Bristonhill Mat. (Raemoir-Miss Ema) and is sired by the well known Pensarn Gordon.

The many friends of Mr. H. B. Haines have been greatly exercised over a report that he had lost his whiskers, but the excitement subsided when it became known that it arose from his having given away his collie which rejoiced in that euphonious name.

We regret to hear from a James Bay fancier that his neighbour has been circulating very damaging statements as to the breeding of one of his dogs. We are

unable to give further particulars, as legal proceedings are pending.

We have received enquiries from dog fanciers in Washington, Oregon and California as to whether there was a bench show to be held during the Agricultural Fair. Surely the B.C.A.A. have overlooked their best interests in refusing to hold a bench show, and this with two prominent dog men on the committee.

The lovers of first-class stock in this city will regret to learn that Mrs. L. F. Perrin's setter, "Ireland Yet," is about to leave for the east with his owner, where he will doubtless hold his own against all comers. "Ireland Yet" has been photographed by Messrs. Fleming Bros.—an excellent picture, which admirers of this particular breed will do well to secure for practical purposes. This picture is Dr. Duncan's prize.

HER STRANGE CAREER.

In a poor tenement in Third street, San Francisco, there died recently in obscurity Mrs. Marion Tolman, a niece of Lord Blantyre, of Scotland, and of Mrs. Gladstone. She had a romantic career, breaking with her family, going to Australia, and marrying three times, the last time to Dr. George Tolman, of San Francisco. There she practised medicine, but few knew of her aristocratic lineage or of her remarkable life. The husband has informed her English relatives of her death, according to her wish, but thus far they have not responded. Mrs. Tolman was a daughter of Sir Oscar Von Bowen, of Bavaria, and Lady Elisabeth Ann Blantyre, of the famous Scotch family. Soon after her birth her father died, and the girl was adopted by Sir Benjamin and Lady Cooper, of Oxford. Lady Cooper was her aunt, and in her home the child met many distinguished English people. Mrs. Gladstone is the sister of Lady Jooper, and was often at the Oxford house. When the girl became a woman, she found her mother had been disowned for marrying the Bavarian nobleman. She had adopted the name of Cooper, but she refused to remain with her foster parents, and went to Australia, where she married George Taylor, a member of the Victoria Parliament and a rich man. There she gave a home to her mother, who had never become reconciled with the Blantyre family. On Taylor's death she married Capt. Adam Meyers, who traded in the South Seas, and who brought her to San Francisco. His vessel was destroyed by the Alabama and he went to Frisco. On his death the widow married Dr. Tolman, who was a veteran of Civil War, and was wounded in the Modoc war. The Englishwoman in her last years gave all her attention to medicine, which she had studied in Australia. She was the mother of 20 children, though she was only 46 years old.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

CANADA is a land of happy home life. It is often objected that the Canadian woman is too much absorbed in her household duties; that she lays aside her music and other accomplishments after marriage and does not continue to "improve her mind." There is truth in the criticism, the *New York Tribune* believes. Limited means and many responsibilities sometimes compel the sacrifice; but, on the other hand, some Canadian women are notably good housekeepers and find time for mental culture. Canadian girls now attend the University extension courses.

The Canadian woman has not yet made many contributions to literature. The works of Agnes Machar, of S. F. Harrison, of Sara Jeannette Duncan, author of "A Social Departure" and other books, and of Lily Dougall, author of "Beggars All" and "What Necessity Knows," have earned reputations beyond the borders of the Dominion. The Canadian girl is permitted more freedom than her English cousin, and she uses this freedom without abusing it.

The Canadian girl at home knows how to enjoy herself. In winter she goes to skating, snowshoeing, sleighing and tobogganing parties, and she delights in dancing, music and private theatricals. In summer she rows, rides and swims. She spends much time out of doors at picnics and in "camping out." A married woman must accompany the camping party as chaperon; but, if possible, the girls choose one whose spirits have not been much weighted by household cares. The fact that the girl must sometimes do her share of the work of a household does not interfere with her amusements. She disposes of her work and is free for her play.

She can often "swim like a fish." A young man and his betrothed were on a vessel that took fire. While the girl looked for means of escape for herself and others, the man dashed past her and leaped overboard. As he sprang he exclaimed, as if suddenly reminded of his responsibilities, "Joan, you can swim!" Joan swam. She struck out boldly for the shore and arrived there. The young man met her and offered his congratulations. They were received coldly—so coldly that he went hotelward to warm himself. Joan is still single. The man was not a Canadian.

The girl is generally brave and sometimes recklessly venturesome. A girl of 16 years excelled as an oarswoman. One day her father, returning from his office, saw a crowd on the bank of the lake and went to ascertain the cause. In the distance was a dark line that suggested an outrigger cutting its way through the rough water.

"Why did you let her have it?" asked the excited young man of the builder, who had boats for hire.

"She said she must have it, and every one knows that what Miss Audrey says she will have she do have!"

"Miss Audrey!" The father shuddered. Was it possible that his young daughter, Audrey, was two miles from shore in an outrigger—a frail shell in which a practiced oarsman only would be comparatively safe in that rough water? Audrey reached the shore safely. She was disturbed by her father's anxiety but greeted him with apparent unconcern.

"I had no idea that I should cause a sensation," she said. "Haulan's sister rows an outrigger, and if any other woman can why shouldn't I?" But the adventurous spirit of youth is now subdued and transformed to a force which often enabled the sedate matron to cope with many difficulties.

In the early spring of the year of the northwest rebellion a young married woman, who had been brought up in a luxurious home in Ontario, was alone in her prairie cottage with two babies. It was necessary for her to convey some information to a household four miles away, and there was not a white woman between her and that house. She harnessed her horse and set out with her babies. There was a bridge over a small lake or pond, but an Indian stood on it. She thought the horse would shy at him, so tried to drive across the pond, supposing the ice would bear the weight. About the middle the horse broke through. He extricated himself, overturned the sleigh, got loose and ran off. Carrying both children and wading through snow waist high, the young woman made her way to her destination.

Far from being disheartened by her adventures, she said: "Of course I was anxious about the horse and the children, but I had to sit down in the snow and laugh when I wondered what my friends at home would think if they could see me with one baby hanging round my neck and the other tucked in my skirts."

Despite the rigors of winter and the heat of summer, the Canadian woman has generally a good constitution. She suffers less dyspepsia than her American neighbor, for she takes more outdoor exercise and less pie and hot bread, but she is not so robust in appearance as her British cousin. As a rule, unless she is personally interested in some statesman, she takes little interest in politics and is not as well informed on political questions as the English woman or the American. But, though not a politician, she is a patriot. She has a strong family attachment to the mother country and to existing relations and looks with disfavor on any suggestion of severance.

"Is it cruel to shave a poodle?" Dr. Gordon Stables, of London, answers it as follows: "I consider it just as cruel to shave a poodle as it would be to shave a cat, and no one thinks of doing that. I presume that nature gives the poor poodle his hirsute covering as a protection, but men and women know better than nature and so they cut it off, across the loins too, just the most delicate part of the animal's frame—whether human being, horse or dog. But no matter what I say, fashion is stronger far than common sense, and until the law steps in and declares the clipping of poodles to be cruelty to animals, poodles will be clipped."

A woman with an ordinarily poor memory will remember every detail of how much money her husband has spent on her relatives for the past ten years.

Watering garden plants, as commonly practised, is said to be an absolute injury to vegetation, for the reason that it is not done plentifully enough.

When a man thinks a woman is in love with him, he is pleased. When he knows it, he is worried.

"Is that a real Englishman of title that is devoting himself to Miss Gold-coin?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell by the way he drops his h's?"

"No; by the way he tries to pick up the v's and x's."

Hitherto, in France, Joan of Arc has been almost the only woman to mount upon a marble pedestal, but the privilege is being extended. At Vire, a statue is being raised to Mme. de Sevigne, and at Valenciennes a similar honor is in store for Mlle. Ducenois. Apropos of these facts, a French writer observes, "Woman being, even in marble, so much more decorative than ourselves, one can only rejoice over the advent of feminine statues."

"Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked Mrs. McBride of the baker, but before he could reply, she added, "How stupid of me, to be sure! Of course it couldn't be very fresh, for it takes about ten days for it to come from Vienna. You may give me two loaves."

The baker gave her the stalest he had.

Fair Graduate—"Which is the proper expression, 'girls are,' or 'girls is?'"

Chorus of Schoolmates—"Girls are, of course!"

Fair Graduate—"Of course; pshaw!—girls, are my hat on straight?"

## A CHAPTER ON CHARITY.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THESE words of the Savior apply to acts of charity and kindness done by man to his fellowman. They also apply to acts of cruelty and unkindness done by man to his fellowman. It is not my intention to preach a sermon. I am not a theologian and I speak rather from the heart than from the subtleties of a logical brain.

So many acts of oppressive cruelty to poor and the unfortunate have come to my knowledge during the past few months that I should like to ask how those calling themselves Christians, posing as followers of the compassionate Jesus, can so far forget, or ignore, the humane teachings of their avowed Master as to pursue their fellow beings with the remorseless, un pitying cruelty which is almost daily displayed in our community at this time? Scarcely a morning paper comes from the press but it contains notice of sales of furniture by the sheriff for distress of rent. Weeks ago, the kindly voice of THE HOME JOURNAL was raised in protest against these heartless inhumanities, but so far, no one else has followed its noble lead. When I have read one of these distress sale advertisements I find myself wondering whether, when the officer of the law has turned over to the landlord the price of the tenant's household goods to satisfy the rent distress (?) there comes any pang of conscience to the man who, with his family, lives at ease in his pleasant home; if, when he sits at his well stocked board, any thought of the poor creatures who have no longer a table upon which to spread their humble fare, whets his appetite? When he stretches himself upon his comfortable bed, is there a vision of a fellow being with his wife and little children resting themselves from the day's weariness upon the bare board of some garret or shack, courting the slumber which comes slowly to aching brains? In the stillness of the night, does a voice whisper of the day wherein the Proprietor of universe shall call for settlement of His accounts? Landlords who resort to such extortionate methods as are at present in vogue may be helping the cause of Single Tax. There might not then be so many vacant houses for boys to practice marksmanship upon the windows.

A few evenings since I went, as do scores of others, to "the spring" to get some drinking water. I filled the little pail which I carried and turned to retrace my steps homeward when my little son said, "Mamma, the poor — boys carry all their water from this spring; they don't get any water from their tap." Knowing the father of the poor — boys

to be both indigent and intemperate, it instantly flashed upon me that the water supply had been shut off. We all know how vile the city water is, still, if it were shut off from us we should miss it sadly, and the dreadful inconvenience and hardship of carrying from a long distance every drop of water used in a household, is something which should cause water commissioners to investigate before subjecting helpless women and children to such cruelty. So many people are now paying for water which cannot be used for drinking (and should not be used for any purpose) it really seems as though the owners of the water pipes might stretch a point, and allow those who are irresponsible to have a few bucketfuls of water daily, even water for Monday's washing would be a great boon, and the company would neither miss the water nor be out of pocket. If God were as exacting of rents as some proprietors, what would become of those unable to pay? There are times and circumstances which should be well considered before refusing anything so necessary to existence as water. It might not be inappropriate if the ministers of our various churches were to give us a few sermons on the "cup of cold water."

Another source of persecution to the unfortunate which to me appears nothing less than legalized blackmail, is the "judgment summons," as used by a certain collector in Victoria. Now, let no one understand me to say that I regard the "judgment summons" as other than a wise and just provision of the law when applied legitimately to force those having the means to pay, but who, through dishonest or other unworthy motives, refuse to settle just debts: but, applied to those who would gladly pay, but through successive misfortunes are unable to do so, it appears a very different matter, and the reverse of just. More especially is this the case when the collector knows personally that the parties whom he is hounding are not worth a dollar, and that, to use a rather inelegant maxim, it is a hard struggle for them to "make buckle and tongue meet." Two cases in particular of the many which have come to my notice, seem the refinement of cruelty and cowardice. A man owed a debt of about ninety dollars, which, from time to time, was reduced to less than twenty dollars; times became bad, business worse, and the collector got the "balance of account." Suit was instituted and allowed to go by default. The debtor called and explained to the collector that he was willing, but unable, to pay the bill at the time, but would as soon as possible; notwithstanding, the collector brings on the "judgment summons," simply, it would appear, for the purpose of humiliating the man, since he must know the law can not force

from the debtor that which is not possessed. A carpenter had been long out of employment and secured a job from a lady who wished some work done. Our worthy collector, on the alert for his client and his own commission, heard the carpenter had obtained work, hastened to the lady employer and inquired the amount she intended paying for the services of the carpenter, as he—the collector—intended to garnishee the wages in her hands. The lady, like most people, had a natural aversion to being a party to unpleasant law processes, so when the poor mechanic came expecting to commence work, he was dismissed, and told why. Did the collector injure the carpenter to the extent of depriving him of that piece of work and the wages which would have been paid therefor, and does the law afford no redress to one who has been thus injured? Collectors should not be permitted to resort to unjust or injurious methods any more than those who ply some other trade.

The City Council is being importuned to do something toward finding and assisting some person or persons, who have been committing depredations on chicken roosts. Well, if something is not done toward arresting distress sales of furniture, evictions of tenants, etc., it will be wonderful if nothing more than chicken roosts are disturbed when the biting winds of winter come, reminding the poor of their unprotected bodies and empty stomachs—the coroner may be kept busy holding inquests on suicides, or the court employed looking after attempted ones.

Many times this summer, whilst rambing about the city, I have looked regretfully upon the great number of vacant lots and fields which lie fallow, doing good neither to the owners nor to the municipality. Why have not those who have influence used it to induce the holders of these vacant lands to allow them to be cultivated by the unemployed for this season, at least? If all these acres of lots had been planted in vegetables, it would have gone far toward solving the problem of feeding the hungry during the winter which is approaching, and which promises to be a winter of unparalleled hardships to a large proportion of our population.

CATHARINE D.

The Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

Shallcross, Macauley & Co., commission merchants, have opened offices in Board of Trade building, Victoria.

Amity Lodge No. 27, I.O.O.F., New Westminster, has been incorporated under the Benevolent Societies Act.

# Victoria College of Music,

Principals—W. EDGAR BUCK, and MADAME HARRIETTE BUCK,  
(Certificated pupil of Manuel Garcia) (Diploma from Paris)  
SINGING AND ELOCUTION. FRENCH—Private and Conversational Classes.  
Pianoforte, Violin, Harmony, etc., taught by a thoroughly competent staff.  
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Balls, At Homes, Garden Parties,  
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FINE PIANO TUNING.

James Sheridan.

ROOM 27 VERNON BLOCK, 66 DOUGLAS STREET,  
COR. VIEW,  
or at Lombard's Music Store.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE two performances of "Friends," by Edwin Milton Royle and his company were not patronized to the extent anticipated. If a play is to be judged by its power to please a Victoria audience, certainly "Friends" must be a great success. Royle himself gives promise of becoming a fairly clever actor, and Selena Fetter Royle is up to the average in her line. The other members of the company apparently did their best to please, and especially was the piano solo of Lucius Henderson

entitled to special commendation. The audience went wild over the climactic scenes and nearly shook the building with applause.

Programme of concert to be given by the B.C.B.G.A. band at Mount Baker Hotel, Oak Bay, Saturday evening, September 1, commencing at 8:15 sharp:

PART I.  
March.....Selwonkeo.....Perkin  
Overture.....Jolly Robbers.....Supp  
Request number.....  
Danse des Sultanes.....Polak Daniel  
Intermission.  
PART II.  
Selection.....The Jolly Minstrel.....E. Brook  
Concerto for Bombardon.....Baeste  
T. Pellou, soloist.  
Request number.....  
Fantasia on English songs.....Basqu  
.....God Save the Queen.....  
J. M. FINN, Band Master.

The B. C. B. G. A. band is making progress under bandmaster Finn. This gentleman is doing his utmost to keep good musicians in his band, but it is feared that he is not receiving that encouragement which is necessary to carry out his aim. As a correspondent in the *Colonist* last week said, "there is no difficulty, comparatively speaking, in obtaining good musicians who are willing to join, but the great difficulty is in holding them, not because they ask for too much money but because of their inability to obtain employment which will enable them to earn a living." It is to be hoped that the citizens will give this matter their most serious consideration.

"A Pair of Kids" company have asked for dates at The Victoria in September.

Miss Johnstone Bennett will play in "The Amazons" the coming season.

On account of indisposition Mr. George Burnett has been unable to attend to his musical duties.

The Victoria College of Music, Elocution and Languages, has been recently organized, with its studio over Waitt's music store. Mr. and Madame W. Edgar Buck, already well and favorably known to Victorians as capable teachers, will be the principals, and with whom a competent staff will be associated. The college will open Monday, September 3rd.

The following names of donors to a deserving local charity have been handed to us for publication: Cash, 50 cts; S. B. Else, 50 cts; A. N. Other, 25 cts; a friend, 35 cts; Ed Quennell (for charity), 15 cts; a friend, 50 cts.

TRADE would appear to be on the improve generally, the reports of the stock and general markets indicating that a much greater amount of confidence exists. It was the lack of confidence that did most of the mischief, but with its revival we all hope for and are confident of better times.



AN INTERROGATORY.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR: In Thursday morning's *Colonist*, I saw a public meeting called for Tuesday next, to consider Victoria's water supply, by the editor of the *Province*. Now, sir, the editor of THE HOME JOURNAL we know—the editors of the *Colonist* and *Times* we've heard of; but, in the name of all that is lovely, who is the editor of the *Province*? I am astonished at the Board of Trade lending themselves to such a means of advertising a publication that very few people have ever heard of. I should have thought some public man, or at least somebody we had heard of before, would have taken the initiative in such an important project. Who will be represented at the meeting—the people or the la-da-da element only?

Yours truly, WATER.

Our poultry notes are unavoidably crowded out this week.

The field trial between two of the Ardie Gladstone pups will take place on or about 1st October.

PENSARN KENNELS.

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

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Graduate Ontario Veterinary College, Fellow Ontario Veterinary Medical Society. Diseases of all Domestic Animals treated. Office at Bray's Livery, 109 Johnson street. Telephone 182. Residence and Infirmary: Cloverdale, Saanich Road. Telephone 417.

IT'S HOT! \* +

You should feed your hens this hot weather, to prevent cholera, on midds or bran (scalded). \$1.25 per 100 lbs.

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

To Whom It May Concern:

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Groceries For Cash

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What are you going to do about it?

What the Public will do:--

DRINK JAMESON'S PURE TEAS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Black, best 75c., now 50c.; Gunpowder, best 80c., now 60c.; Japan, best 60c., now 40c.; Young Hyson, best 60c., now 40c.; a good Kasow Congou for 25c.; best Ceylon 65c., now 45c.

VICTORIA ICE COMPANY,

James Baker, Manager,

Telephone 166.

65 PEMBROKE STREET.

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(Late CORRIG COLLEGE.)

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POINTS OF SUPERIORITY:

A Metallic Conducting Plate, covering the roof of the mouth.

Thinness and perfect adaptation of the same. The accuracy of adaptation to that portion of the alveolar ridge with which the rubber or celluloid comes in contact.

A plate when made by this method is much lighter than an all gold plate, hence more pleasing to the patient.

The metallic roof-plate cannot become detached from the rubber, as the peculiar construction renders it impossible.

It is one of the most cleanly, durable, comfortable and beautiful dentures ever devised.

The metallic plate can be reswaged in case of absorption or shrinkage of the mouth, thus saving the expense of new metal.

These plates can be fitted to any mouth, however irregular or ill shaped.

Enunciation is much better than when the roof of the mouth is covered by a rubber or celluloid plate.

Perfect conduction of heat and cold, thereby preventing inflammation of the mucous membrane.

The peculiar and original method of making these Plates renders it possible to give to the patient the advantages of both a Metallic and Rubber Plate at a price within the reach of all.

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Dressmaking Parlors,

Tailor-Made Gowns, Riding Habits, Bridal Trousseau, Evening Toilettes, Tea Gowns.

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Telephone No. 238.

The usual medical fees are too high for many people during the hard times, and believing that one dollar in cash is worth three dollars on the books, Dr. Garrow has concluded to charge in the future the lowest possible fees for cash.

Office Consultations.....\$1.00  
Visits.....1.50  
Confinements, including medicine and subsequent attendance...10.00  
Deserving poor advised free of charge, between the hours of 12 m. and 1 p.m., Tuesdays and Fridays.

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Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates given.

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

LEWIS HALL, D. D. S.

:- Dentist :-

JEWELL BLOCK, COR. YATES AND DOUGLAS STS

Gas and Ether administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

## COLLABORATEURS.

By S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

THE retreat was most orderly, and conducted with the precision of a battalion manoeuvring in a prize drill competition. On the left flank, a detachment of the Governor-General's Body Guard and Queen's Own were out in skirmishing order, each man being placed ten paces apart. A volley was fired over their heads to clear the brush of lurking foe. There was no special danger on the right. The gatling brought up the rear with the Mounted Police and a squad of "B" Battery. The Battleford Rifles were the first to get across the creek, taking with them one of the seven-pounders. The rebels attempted to follow. When they saw the soldiers retreating, instead of following up their victory, the Indians naturally came to the conclusion that something was amiss. They could be heard noisily calling their scattered forces together, and presently appeared in threatening numbers. The gun across the creek and the gatling opened fire, and the Indians retired beyond range. Their ammunition had run out, and they contented themselves with hovering in the rear, and stolidly watching the retiring white column. The remaining corps, with waggon, wounded and dead, passed the ford without loss. Orders were given for a hurried meal, after which a start would be made for Battleford. It was understood that the march would be a forced one, without a single halt.

Archer had his repertorial duties to perform. He resolved to start for Battleford at once, as he was desirous that the *Gazette* should have a "scoop" of the Cut Knife engagement. There was a long dispatch to prepare in the nature of a full descriptive "special." He must also forward the photographic plates for development, for he knew that the account would have added interest if illustrated with views of the fighting ground and the relative positions of the contending forces.

Archer hastened over to the ambulance wagon, and took a look at Seymour, who was still unconscious. The tears welled up in his eyes, as he sadly thought he might never see him again. He had not known Seymour as long as White, but still had learned to like and esteem the former's impulsive, trusting nature. Time was pressing. He could not afford to linger and give way to poignant sorrow. But he could not go without a parting look at his true and tried old friend, now at peace in eternal sleep. He looked around for the wagons in which the dead had been promiscuously bundled. Mounting on the hub of the nearest wheel, he

lifted the heavy tent covering that had been spread over the victims of the conflict. He made no attempt to check his emotion, and caught his breath in broken sobs as he took a last, long look at White's calm features. Gazing into the silent face of his old college chum, Archer's head bent lower and lower. Well! Suppose he did drop a tear on White's pallid face? What of it? Some there are who impatiently characterize such exhibitions of sentiment as unmanly, but impulsive, loyal friendship honors itself by the display of true regret, and does not mould word and action to cold and studied conventionalities. Archer must hurry, though. He filled his pockets with "hard tack," vaulted into the saddle, and was soon galloping over the trail to Battleford. The hoof-beats had a dull, muffled sound, as they thudded against the grassless sod. The ashes of the recent fire stirred into a low line of powdered dust, faintly marking the course of the rider, cantering along under the fierce, vertical rays of the hot, early spring sun.

There was an oppressive dreary ache in his heart. The pale faces of Seymour and White were ever before his eyes. Often he was forced to hastily grab at the pommel of the "Mexican" to prevent himself from losing his seat.

Archer's thoughts travelled back to the first time he ran across White. It was just after the opening of term. White was a freshman and Archer a sophomore. He remembered a visitation to White's room. The mufti ordered White to jump on the table. White obeyed with alacrity, and looked around with honest, fearless eyes. There was a pause, and then the mufti began to brusquely question the freshman.

"Where do you come from, freshman?"

"Montreal," quickly answered White.

"Where is Montreal?" quizzed the mufti, and the seniors zealously enquired whether anyone by some remote chance had heard of such a place.

"Spell it, freshman, and are you sure you have given the proper accent; is it Montree-hall or Montrall?"

White smiled and looked sheepish.

"No levity, freshman," chorused the seniors, threateningly. "You must answer. Where is Montreal?"

White knew that anything he might say would be ridiculed, and determined that the seniors should not have all the laugh.

"I come from the largest city in Canada, and not like you jays, from straggling cross-road shacks," White replied jauntily.

The seniors were fairly staggered. Such a speech from freshman lips was unprecedented in college circles. He must be humbled, and racked with torture, until his proud spirit crawled in the dust.

White had a hard time during his first year. The seniors made it very interesting with nightly visitations and "pyramiding." The latter function consisted of the operation of putting the table upside-down, placing the bureau on the upturned legs, and then by delicate manipulation of chairs, and component parts of the bedstead, rearing a structure that touched the ceiling. Over all would be stretched a ghostly sheet. White, on returning from the theatre or some other engagement late at night, would tumble against this topsy turvy state of affairs. The seniors stood by, snickering at and pretending to sympathize with his attempts to detach various articles of furniture from the pile without damaging anything. But the structure was flimsy and the slightest touch would bring everything down with a crash. The seniors would offer their services, but intentionally added to White's confusion and difficulties by doing everything the reverse of right. Whilst engaged in putting together the bedstead, the upper and lower ends and sides would be presented with reverse face, and when after exasperating delays, the skeleton of the bed was completed, White would have to sit by and watch a fencing tourney, the seniors using the slats after the manner of two edged battle axes, parrying and slashing with both hands on the hilt.

Archer also thought of White racing over the campus with the football tucked under his arm. He was the hero of the Rugby field. His sprints and rapid passing told effectively against opponents, and his stalwart form evoked the wildest enthusiasm whenever he was seen speeding along, dodging his check, and distancing those who attempted to spoil his run.

Archer's fingers tightened around the reins with nervous intensity. White's inexplicable foreboding of death during last evening's halt had correctly augured the future. Those words of his, "I have a nameless dread—a premonition that I am going to pass in my checks to-morrow. You know I'm no coward, but I can't get rid of this awful foreshadowing of death, that seems to have taken entire possession of my being," came back to Archer with all the force of dread reality. White would be the last to fall prey to superstitious fears. Had some mysterious agent, some chance visitant from the skies communicated with White, and whispered the stern decree of fate? Or was it the result of strong mental excitement induced by the coming fray, coupled with moody broodings over the prospect of an eternal separation from sweetheart and mother and friends and the world with its vista of achievement and success to a young, sanguine enthusiast?

Archer was too grieved to see anything

of a consoling nature in the manner of White's death.

After all, in the words of Horace, "How sweet a death, and glorious, too, for Fatherland to die." The sudden taking away of young, ardent manhood, on the threshold of a career, is invested with appealing pathos. But how infinitely preferable to fall on the field of battle in active service of one's country, than to toss and pine away on a fever bed. Now, there was the universally lamented Lieut. Manors, who had passed away a couple of months before the rebellion broke out. Typhoid fever claimed him for a victim. In spite of tender, careful nursing, and all that the skill of a clever hospital staff could do to fight the fell malady, Manors succumbed. Manors was a great favorite. He had a cheery smile for everyone, and his amiability made him beloved of all, but by none so much as those under his command. When it was announced that a distinguished bacteriologist had discovered typhoid microbes in the city water, there was a bitter outcry against the municipal body. The people had been easy-going and apathetic, but now the mismanagement of civic affairs aroused them to the highest pitch of indignation. The water was too foul for the bath, let alone the decanter. Lieut. Manors' death was the turning point in the tide of public opinion, and the incompetent, dilatory city council were unceremoniously swept from office.

It was dusk when Archer reached Battleford. He quickly dismounted, and was surrounded by a crowd of townspeople elbowing each other in their eagerness to learn the news. "Has there been a fight? How many killed?—Who won?—How did the boys get along?—Where did you meet the rebels?" excitedly shouted a score of voices. Archer handed his horse to a young rancher for food and care, and then briefly recited the results. "We've had a huge scare, too," broke in a commercial traveller, who had made Battleford for refuge, and was frightened to risk the trail to Swift Current. "About a couple of hours ago," he continued, "Jacques, the mail courier left on his route. He had only been gone a little while, when we saw him rushing back on his pony, yelling like a Comanche, and waving his arms frantically in the air. We did not know what to look for, and imagined countless evils. As soon as he got within hearing, he shouted, 'Mon Dieu! I see Indian—one—two—many—boneby, I see some more.' This information threw us into the greatest consternation. We thought that possibly Poundmaker or Big Bear had outwitted the Colonel, and that our gory scalps would soon be dangling at the belts of the ruthless savages. We put the town

into as good a shape as possible for resisting attack. A couple of Mounted Police were sent out to reconnoitre, and ascertain the number of the approaching Indians. They presently returned with three more Mounted Police, whom they met coming from a station down the river. The latter told us how they saw Jacques coming in their direction, how he had suddenly wheeled about, and scampered away in a perfect panic, and how their efforts to overtake him only resulted in him spurring his steed to greater effort."

As a matter of course, Jacques was mercilessly chaffed. "You thank me scarce, I show you Franch good as Ang-leesh," he retorted, and was eager to leave at once. Archer took Jacques aside, and slipped a greasy fiver into his clutching fingers, which soon found their way to the hip pocket of his breeches.

"Say, Jacques, you must wait an hour, I have some letters for you."

The tip had the desired effect, and no special persuasion was necessary.

Archer wrote up his "special," and, returning, found the courier waiting.

"Mind, Jacques, as soon as you strike the nearest telegraph office, hand it to the operator, and tell him to hustle it through. I hear the rebels have cut the wires straight to Swift Current, though."

Jacques was off. He had gone a short distance, when Archer ran after him, crying out at the top of his voice, "Jacques—Jacques—wait." Jacques reined in, and allowed Archer to catch up. "I nearly forgot them," exclaimed Archer, panting for breath. He fumbled in his breast pocket, and reached up to hand a couple of letters to Jacques. He drew his hand back. White was dead. Seymour dangerously wounded, and chances against him. What harm to read the superscriptions. He might meet their friends, and mollify their regrets with accounts of White's and Seymour's gallant conduct in action.

"Just a moment, Jacques, it's too dark to read. Wait till I strike a match."

MISS DAISY FIELDING,  
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That was White's letter. He remembered giving him some *Gazette* envelopes, and in the corner was the stereotyped "If not delivered in ten days, return to *Gazette*, Toronto, Ont." And the other. He turned the address to the flickering light of the expiring match, which had nearly burnt to his finger tips. Archer started back. He looked again. Yes, it was true. Seymour's letter was to Ethel Grant! Archer passed his hands hurriedly over his eyes. He had never ceased thinking of her; hopelessly, it was true, but with a constancy that never wavered. The Pine Bay episode was ever before him. Ethel was his world. He knew

he could expect nothing, but hoped against hope, and had prayed for some miracle by which he might win her all for himself.

"Come, come; the dark he git black, black, tres black," Jacques impatiently muttered.

Archer recovered, handed the letter to Jacques, and walked back with bowed head, and a sick feeling of utter dreariness and despondency weighing on his heart.

(To be continued.)

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LATE advices say that the U.S. authorities are endeavoring to induce other maritime powers than Great Britain to become parties to the sealing regulations laid down by the Paris tribunal. It is impossible to say what success they will meet with, the chances being that some second or third rate country—if not, indeed, a power of the first magnitude—will decline to recognize the power or the authority of either Great Britain or the United States to put barriers to the high seas.

THE Toronto *Empire*, contrasting the new Canadian and American tariffs, observes that the latter is more strongly protectionist than the one in force here. The revision of the Canadian tariff has, it remarks, left the farmer well protected, because while it decreased the duties on the articles he has to buy, left them untouched on the products he has to sell, and as in their own interests as consumers, the Americans have been compelled to lower the duties on certain food products, the Canadian farmer is better protected than the American farmer.

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**INVESTIGATION WANTED.**

One of the daily papers has lately devoted a considerable amount of space on the controversy between the master of the sealing schooner Viva and the steamer Costa Rica, as to who was to blame for the two vessels coming dangerously near each other on a recent occasion. This is not now a matter for newspaper correspondence; and the whole thing has resolved itself into a statement and direct contradiction. It ought to be the subject for official investigation, as it is outrageous that wilfully and knowingly vessels should unnecessarily come into such close proximity to the endangerments of the craft, their cargoes and those on board of them. Let the subject be matter of thorough investigation and whoever is to blame let him be made an example of. As it is, the situation reminds one of the story of the two coachmen applying for a situation, one of whose chief claims to consideration was that he could drive quite close to the top of a precipice without going over it. There is too much of this taking of chances in every department of life.

**WILFUL WASTE.**

In the Sound country, some of the newspapers are dwelling with no small amount of force on the old moral regarding the causes of woeful want. The special reference is to the serious inroads that are being made on the timber supplies of the Pacific slope by axe, flood and flames. Vast tracts of well-timbered country are continually being transformed into a wilderness, due partially to reckless cutting, to the rejection in view of the at present big supply to choose from of what is really good merchantable timber and the carelessness on account of which fire and destruction too frequently follow in the wake of the lumberman. An expert commenting on this aspect of the case says "Stock enough to support a whole generation has been burned up rolled or run off into streams, and as fast as this is done, stakes are pulled and a move made for other sections where Nature's bounteous supplies have been in no way exploited."

Every one knows that a full grown tree is the product of years, and cannot be replaced, except after the lapse of a long long time. Nevertheless the rule is cut back and burn, just as if there were no future to provide for. All this is, indeed, bad, but it is even worse when we remember that no effort is being made to replace the trees which have been removed, while, moreover, nothing is being attempted to turn the denuded lands to economic use. But it is not in lumber alone that we are wasting our substance riotously. Our farmers are, many of them, allowing their lands to run out for

want of proper cultivation, they and the pot hunters are driving the game from the fields and the forests, and gradually robbing the streams of all their fish, while, in connection with the fish of commerce—the salmon, for instance—practically no protection is afforded, and it must eventually be a case of run out. In connection with these things, we owe a duty not to ourselves alone, but to posterity, to whom our bequest of a country deprived of much that now tends to human comfort and happiness would, indeed, be a sorry one.

**GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANKS.**

According to the Government Blue Book, the amount of money deposited in the Post Office Savings Banks of Canada was greater last year by three-quarters of a million dollars than the year before, and the amount withdrawn by depositors in these banks in 1893 was less than in the previous year. Those who mainly form the 148,000 depositors in these banks are the working class, for those who last year placed sums ranging from \$1 to \$20 in the bank are a majority of the depositors; and if we add those whose deposits ran up to \$40 or \$50, we have in all these 77.63 percent., or more than three-fourths of the whole. Some individuals, it is true, had got as much as \$400 or \$600, or even \$1,000 in the banks, but they numbered less than one-tenth.

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The authorities of the Fisheries Department and the canners are still at cross purposes. In the first place, the objectionable offal regulations have caused almost any amount of trouble to the parties interested, while the manner in which the department has ignored the demands of the canners for a brief extension of the season has not only shown that the people at the head of affairs at Ottawa are careless as to the requirements of the salmon canner, but that in fact they do not know their business, and care still less about discharging their duties.

VICTORIA and Vancouver are both endeavoring to secure the establishment of extensive iron and steel works, which Col. Witherow talks of establishing in British Columbia. As we have before said, Victoria is eminently well situated for the headquarters of such an industry, and much the same may be said for Vancouver; but it appears as if the decision—if, indeed, one is reached—will depend on which city speaks out the most liberally in the way of bonus and tax exemptions. We want manufactures here; let our city fathers study out the matter carefully, and inquire into the subject as a downright business proposition.

THE new U. S. Consul, General W. P. Roberts, has arrived to assume the duties of his office at this port. He is a Southerner and a gentleman, and is regarded by his party as eminently a good man. He may rest assured that he will be well received here. His Deputy and Secretary is Mr. R. Ure. The retiring Consul, Mr. Myers, has, in the discharge of his duties and otherwise, made many friends, and, it is said, has a specially warm feeling for Victoria.

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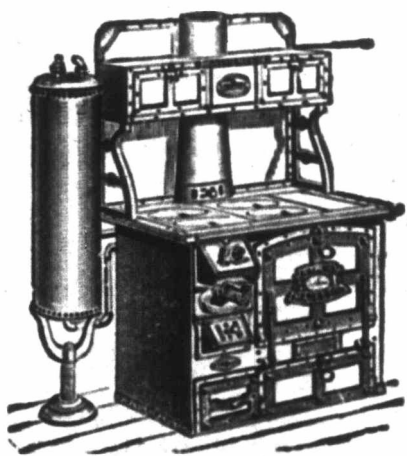
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## MINING IMPROVEMENTS.

Mining improvements are ever-increasing. The old-style lamp and lantern system is archaic as well as dangerous, and even in the safest mines a sudden burst of pent-up gas may work irreparable harm. It is surely high time that the advantages of electric lighting in mines were fully valued. The incandescent lamp requires no trimming, is not affected by currents of air, and exposed in no way to contact with gas. The arc lamp, of course, throws a more powerful light, and its effulgence can be used at the pit head, gear, screens, or at any point about the works where a light of such a nature is needed. Electricity is, in fact, indissolubly bound up with mining, and especially mining of coal, and no industry has gained more practical benefit from its introduction than the coal industry. It is only fair to recognize that, as has been truly pointed out, when the owners of mineral property began to see that by the use of the electric current not only could a radical economy be effected in the operation of existing mines, but that workings long thrown up could be again operated at a profit, they soon set about the adoption of new methods. The development of the new applications has been so great that in many mines electricity is now practically the only power in use, and the drilling, ventilating, pumping, hauling and winding, signalling, explosive-firing and lighting, are all done by means of the electric current. Great improvements are being made in drills and several electric rotary drills have been used with success. The atmosphere condition of a mine is one of primary importance, and there can be no doubt that the furnace system of ventilation increases the danger of fire, and makes it almost impossible to ascend or descend by the upcast shaft in case of an accident. Here the electric fan comes in and enables the largest mines to be thoroughly and safely ventilated. The safety of a mine very often depends on the efficient and prompt dealing with a sudden influx of water into the workings, and what is then wanted is a pump that can be quickly got to work on the spot. In dealing, too, with the large quantity of water frequently met with in sinking pit shafts, the continuous lengthening of heavy spear rods (if Cornish pumps are used) is an objection. A good system, and one to which electrical transmission lends itself admirably, is to suspend the pumps (fitted with telescope suction) in the shaft by means of stout wire cables attached to capstans on the surface, the machine being steadied temporarily by props. Several pumps are now working on this method and give ex-



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cellent results. For signalling purposes the telephone is used in French mines; and the expiry of the telephone patents will cause its extended use in other countries. Electric belts are employed for the same purpose in England, more especially in the collieries of Yorkshire and South Wales. A pair of wires are run along the roadways, and the circuit is so arranged that when the two are brought into contact anywhere the bell is rung. The working of an electric bell by means of a manipulator in the cage has been found to be of the greatest service, and the adoption of a method of preventing serious accident in the event of a displacement or derailment of the cage will soon be universal. The firing of fuses electrically effects a saving of time and reduces the proportion of missed shots, and therefore the cost. Any number of shots may be fired simultaneously, and this is an advantage where a considerable weight of material has to be removed.

Hence from this recapitulation it is evident that the new power—the mysterious agency of electricity—is, indeed, becoming in every way and on every side the hand-maiden of the coal industry. It not only renders mining healthier and

safer, but it really improves to a wonderful degree the productive capacity of a mine or of a shaft. There is greater facility in handling, and the output has, in many instances, been phenomenally increased. Naturally, as the running expenses are no more, and fixed charges, if anything, become less, the average cost of production is lowered and the operator mining with the aid of electricity is placed in a favored position in the competitive market. This is a matter which invites earnest consideration, for in these days of keen competition the diminution of original expenses cuts an important figure in the profitable handling of the commodity. Reports that are constantly coming to hand indicate that mine managers and operators are giving the matter close thought, and the frequent introduction of electric appliances in their mines establishes both their utility, their safety and their economy. Apart from this, an electrical equipment in a mine places the operator in a better position to make contracts and affords a greater guarantee of his ability to fulfil them than when he has to rely alone on hand labor for the accomplishment of this result. —Black Diamond.

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## OUR WATER SUPPLY.

Alderman Dwyer and other old fogies in the City Council still contend that the city water supply is as it ever was. To this statement we take the most emphatic exception. The people do the same, or why is it that so many of them refuse to drink it except when disguised as tea or coffee, or possibly still further adulterated with spirits in order to kill the bacteria with which it is generally believed to be infested? Moreover, if its quality were good, would so many people supply themselves daily with water from the springs which are on the outskirts of the city or purchase fresh, pure water from those enterprising individuals who make it their business to peddle it from house to house. Something has to be done to meet the absolute necessities of the situation.

What shall it be? It is needless to look to Alderman Dwyer and some others for a reply. We may say in a few words that the present condition of things is due to the manner in which everything connected with the water service has been allowed to get out of repair. Long ago, the gentleman at that time in charge of the department protested in his annual report against the manner in which everything was being allowed to get out of repairs, the proceeds of the water rents being turned into the general revenue and expended on streets and drains. Now the public are realizing what was then anticipated, whereas had heed been given to the warnings, matters would never have come to the present pass. And as in connection with the water service so is it in almost every department of the city. We want more men and fewer sheep elected to the City Council. We have said sheep; but, in the opinion of some people, there are not a few of an altogether different breed, who masquerade in the soft curly clothing of the guileless animal.

Meantime, we notice that the city fathers contemplate appealing to the citizens to be empowered to expend \$35,000 on improvements to the water supply system, but before such a sum is—possibly—thrown away on Elk Lake, the corporation ought to secure the services of an engineer of reputation to advise them as to the best means of supplying the city with water. Without the advice of such an expert, it will be useless for them to apply to the ratepayers for authority to raise money to improve the water works. Will, we may ask, Elk Lake be able to supply the city requirements—say in fifty years? If not, then the proper thing to do is to begin over again.—*Commercial Journal.*

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