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THE OUTLOOK

A Fortnightly Journal of Local and General Interest.

Victoria, British Columbia.

SPECIAL ITEMS FOR SATURDAY, 24th NOV., 1900.

THE RAILWAY MOVEMENT.
LONDON CHATTER.
THE HEIRESS OF GARDEN COURT.
By Mrs. D. H. PARRY.

SOUTH AFRICAN TOPICS.
FARMING IN THE TRANSVAAL.
THE YARNS OF MICK MURPHY.
&c., &c., &c.

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Victoria, B. C.

C. I. V.

If with riotous glee
 We should welcome them hame,
 'T would an anagram be
 On Her Majesty's name.

The City Corporation has finally decided that, after a short service in St. Paul's, the 2,500 heroes are to be regaled with a lunch at a cost of £3,000.

The Dairy Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall reminds one of "Merry Islington" in the days when Johnnie Gilpin went ariding. Then it was a true English arcadia, the whole district being largely devoted to pasturage, whilst the names of Laycock and Rhodes are now historical as proprietors of the two large dairy farms. But that takes one even further back, when their coat of arms was described as follows in an Elizabethian magazine: "Three milk tankards proper on a field of clouted cream, three green cheeses on a shelf of cake-bread, a furmenty bowl stuck with horn spoons, and, for supporters, a grey mare (to carry the tankards) and her silly foal, the motto: "Lac casens infans."

Of late there has been a scare of burglars in and about London, and the most daring attempts on property have been perpetrated in broad daylight, while such has been the dominance of the armed ruffian in the streets, that it became a matter of increasing gravity how to cope with him. There is a distinct inclination now, however, on the part of magistrates to realize the seriousness of the situation, and it is even suggested that constables shall in future carry revolvers. In one case in Clerkenwell two gangs of boys gave each other battle with toy pistols, iron bars and sticks, when three were shot so badly that they had to be taken to the hospital. Hampstead Heath also seems likely to again become the happy hunting ground of footpads. A lady and gentleman were robbed there the other night, the latter being first of all knocked into unconsciousness, the robbers finally decamping.

Spiritism has many queer sides. A widow lady meeting a young man in a train, was curious enough to ask what book it was he seemed so deeply interested in. "Madam," said he, "it is the Book of Judges, by studying which, one is at least able to hold converse with the devil, and, by his means, raise departed spirits." The widow's interest was roused, and she and a lady friend at length paid down large sums in order to become acquainted with his Satanic majesty, whose demands, however, for money became so frequent through his medium, the while he remained invisible, that an appeal was made to the presiding magistrate, and the clever young student of the Book of Judges will now find plenty of time to follow his favorite occupation in the seclusion of his cell.

The tremendous price of coal still remains unabated in spite of the talk of forming a syndicate to do away with the middle man. Anthracite coal is gaining favor rapidly. "Really," said the old lady, "what profane names they do give to things now-a-days, but I must have some of that anti-christ coal against the winter." Another story goes that the prospective fall in prices is a cause of great alarm to jewellers, who were anticipating a rich harvest from the sale of "coal bracelets, coal necklaces, and coal hair ornaments."

The elections have been anything but a pleasant distraction from the Boer war, for the opinions of journalistic productions have sadly biased voters as to the causes and results of the conflict in South Africa. In present day politics the idea is that voters should be uninfluenced, but as a contributor to a metropolitan paper justly remarks, the press has done much to influence; for its members have been guilty, more or less, and whilst the terms "murderer," and "swindler," have been flung at the head of Mr. Chamberlain by one party, another has been prompt to reply, "pro-Boer" and "traitor."

Talking of elections reminds one of the "elect." It is remarkable that many parliamentary favorites must have been adorned by the public with a nickname. For instance, Palmerston was known as "Pam," and represented in caricatures with a straw in his mouth; Russel, always portrayed as a small boy and affectionately known as "Johnnie," Beaconsfield was "Dizzy" from first to last, and Lord Randolph Churchill "Randy," while Mr. Gladstone was described variously as "Gladdy," the "People's William," and the "Grand Old Man." Someone suggests that it is the same with public men as with public dogs: no kennel name, no affection. That Balfour has missed his mark because he had no kennel name, and that while "Lalby" saved Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Chamberlain though helped into position by the aid of his eye-glass and orchid, owes his success to the fact that he is "Joe."

There is to be a rage this season for German plays, though this does not prevent "Colonel Cromwell," of the Globe, from having been a great success. It is the combined work of Arthur Paterson and Charles Cartwright, the latter playing the role of Cromwell to perfection. Beerbohm Tree is mighty again as "Julius Caesar," whilst "San Toy," that most fascinating of Chinese plays, continues at Daly's to draw crowds nightly.

Now the winter is on us the question among ladies at the moment is, what to wear. As regards millinery, fruit is a much favored trimming for hats, though chrysanthemums and poppies, with black hearts, are greatly in use. Black hats are seldom worn unless relieved by a brilliant dash of floral coloring under the left side of the brim, or with white trimming. Veils have almost entirely gone out of fashion, hair nets having taken the place of them.

Fischus, collarettes, bows and neckties rain down upon us, so that no one thinks herself dressed even for a morning saunter without a profusion of lace under the chin or one of those elegant collars spread over the neck and shoulders. Some of the latter are worked in the coarsest point lace, and others woven in silk in cobwebby pattern. Bebe black velvet is largely used and run through holes in neck bands and spotted muslin fischus.

Stitching is worked in everything, for dresses, capes, and toques, which latter are still worn very much on one side, the crown resembling huge snails, or when in a certain purple red, conventional cabbage roses.

D. H. P.

The end of the busy little bee is usually a painful one.

The Heiress of Garden Court.

Bars of sunlight lay across Garden Court, Temple; they glistened in the spouting waters of the old fountain, and fell refracted on brick and coping grey with smoke of ages. Out-at-elbow folk, listening to the drowsy flapping of the leaves overhead, occupied the benches under the plane trees, and stretched forth their legs luxuriously after the fashion of their kind. High on the wall, hard by, a venerable dial told how time tarrieth for no man; but, in consequence perhaps of their liberal allowance of the commodity alluded to, the intimation appeared to be of little account to those below.

I was standing at my window taking a respite after close application to the open volumes which lay spread upon my table, and letting my thoughts stray far from the subjects therein expounded. I felt at peace with all the world. A pleasant lassitude had stolen over me, and the assurance that I was a distinct success ministered soothingly to my mind. Only nine months had passed since I had quitted Queen's College, Oxford, and the alluring—too alluring—charms of its Harmonic Society, for London, and established myself in chambers; and during that time no less than five several briefs had fallen to my lot.

Yet it was not merely the material success in life which was affording me food for pleasant rumination; there was something over and beyond that. For the sake of a dear old uncle—gentlest of men, tenderest-hearted of attorneys; one to whom I owed my five briefs and all else that I possessed—I had been keeping a good resolution. For three whole months my fingers had not touched the strings of the beloved violin, my passion for which had been the cause of many a head-shake; and I had devoted myself assiduously to the acquisition of legal lore. Thus it was that, as I stood at my window, I felt that I had ground for satisfaction.

In a little time the seats under the plane trees became deserted. Feeling that I could enjoy a lounge outside by the fountain, I sauntered downstairs.

I had come to know the faces of most of the occupants of the place, and I rarely neglected the ceremony of reading over their names on the door post. I found that doing so, in deferring, enhanced the pleasure of reading my own. "Third floor," there it was; neat, euphonious, invitatory. I gazed at it complacently, approving the omission of any flourish.

There was yet another storey above mine: "Fourth floor, Mr. Demosthenes Coke." But beyond his name I knew nothing of this gentleman.

I recollected that from time to time a child had passed me on the stairs, journeying up to a higher floor than mine; a little creature of some twelve years; a possessor of marvellous dark eyes. Could she have anything to do with the great man?

Early one morning I had been to the flower market to make purchase of sundry bunches of roses to sweeten my chambers, and returning I had met her again on the stairs. The great eyes had fallen on my pony with a look of longing, admiration, instantly suppressed. It was resistless. I held out the bunches, and said, "See, they are for you." The little creature had put out her hand wily, and had then half withdrawn it, conflicting

thoughts swaying her. Then she had looked up with a shy smile and said sweetly, "You are very good. I think perhaps I ought not to deprive you of your flowers, sir; and yet I will, for Mr. Coke is coming home this evening, and he loves them." Then a quaint, modest courtesy, and I was left standing at my door, wondering who the fairy was, and how she came there. Well, Mr. Coke was coming home, as she expressed it, that night. Perhaps my curiosity would be satisfied.

"Six—seven—eight!" Thus the clock in the Hall Tower; and for the next minute the time was tolled forth from all corners in jangling rivalry. We have a very plethora of clocks in the Temple.

The last of the idlers had arisen, stretched himself, and sauntered away; and I was left alone in possession of Garden Court. After finishing my cigar, I too arose and strolled in through the doorway.

I mounted the angular staircase, turned into my room, and found my books spread out upon my table as I had left them; but feeling restless, I dropped into my arm-chair by the window. To change the current of my thoughts I arose, went to the table, and recommenced reading. Soon I heard footsteps overhead, heavy and light ones. "Ah! Demosthenes and the fairy. I said to myself. My attention was not disturbed; for the case I had before me was an interesting one. After a time I finished it, and feeling tired, crossed the room and threw myself again into my arm-chair. Gloaming was abroad, and lights began to twinkle softly at various windows; it was such a time as induces a dreamy and not unenjoyable melancholy. I must have sat thus for some time, for it was nearly dark when I started up suddenly to my feet, only half believing that I had slept and dreamt; for my dream, if dream it were, had been one of extraordinary vividness. Music had surely fallen on my ears, and yet—"Ah!" I thought, "that settles it! Undoubtedly it was a dream." What I had heard was the last piece played by me ere I had turned the key once and for all, of the shabby old coffin wherein my beloved instrument lay entombed!

I crossed to my table, lighted my lamp, and commenced reading resolutely. No sooner had I done so, however, than I was again upon my feet, leaning forward, every nerve strung tense, and listening breathlessly. Hark! that was no dream! It was a living reality, charged with feeling, quivering with emotion. Exquisite music filled the air—music such as I had never heard before—and in the first flush of my delight I paused in a dreamy abandonment, caring not how or whence it came. Soon my brain returned to its functions; I became sufficiently conscious to recognise the source of my delight. Those soul-thrilling notes could be called into being only by the bow of a violin. They proceeded from the floor above.

Listening there, I stood as one spell-bound. I could bear it no longer. For a moment I stood irresolute, my feelings akin to those of a dram-drinker after a period of enforced abstinence; and then irresistibly attracted, I blundered up the stairs, knocked, and threw open the door.

Before me was a large room, barely furnished and carelessly ordered, lit by the soft light of one shaded lamp, and such lingering rays of the dying day as strayed through the open window. Towards the further end was a table, and beyond it, and leav-

ing forward, stood a tall, attenuated figure wearing a barrister's wig and gown. The face was mobile, the cheeks were flushed with a hectic color, and long nervous fingers were still pressed, angular, upon the strings of a violin. Seated upon a hassock, with her hands locked round her knees, her head thrown back, and her great dark eyes still filled with a dreamy ecstasy, was the child.

It became necessary to speak.

"I hardly know how to explain this intrusion, even to myself. I appear to have been drawn up magnetically by your music."

"We owe our roses to him," I heard the child whisper.

The other had quietly divested himself of his wig and gown, and had laid the violin upon the table. He bowed with an old-world courtesy, then spoke.

"No need for apology, sir. My little one tells me that we owe this sweet-scented garniture of our room to you. We should have felt regret had you not paid us a visit, if only to inspect its disposition."

I was at once made welcome, with I know not what unostentatious hospitality.

That visit was but a precursor of others. One evening when I happened to call earlier than I had been wont to, I found the child seated, as usual, on the hassock, and the other standing, as when I had first seen him, clad in wig and gown. This time he did not divest himself of these on my appearance, but merely turned towards me with a smile.

"We are endeavoring to keep our faculties from rusting," he said in an explanatory manner. Seeing that I was at a loss to understand him, he continued: "The little one sits as judge, while I discourse from an imaginary brief. We find that our chamber here possesses at least one great advantage over the courts proper. Though our contention fail to give us satisfaction, we can always introduce harmony into the proceedings." And he waved his hand gravely in the direction of his violin.

The curiosity I began to feel was considerable.

"You have thrown your doors open to me," I said. "Treat me still further as one of yourselves by not allowing my presence to interrupt you."

"You must not blame me for the consequences," he exclaimed. "Sit down."

Having gained my point, I crossed to my old place by the window; and, turning to the attentive child, my host proceeded to take up his discourse at the point at which he appeared to have dropped it. Cleverly employing the manner of a bewildered speaker repeating himself, he was enabled, by this means, to capitulate for my behoof the terms of the case he was arguing. My interest certainly did not decrease as he proceeded. Gradually losing all trace of mimicry, his voice mellowed as he warmed to his subject, whilst his periods increased both in breadth and delicacy of finish. I could not but marvel at the rugged rhetorical force displayed; and I watched with a keen interest the sinuous course pursued amidst the subtlest distinctions. It all seemed so much a matter of course to the solemn child seated there on the hassock, with a fathomless look of wisdom in her great eyes, that, recalling the scene afterwards, I could almost fancy I had been dreaming.

As time passed I came to know more of this map; and as our friendship grew I obtained some

insight into the curious mosaic of his past. It was with some surprise I learnt that, though he had been called to the bar twenty years previously, he had never taken a brief.

"I once knew an attorney," he said confidentially, as though he were making some curious revelation, "but that must have been many years ago. Such briefs as that attorney might have to dispense I was to have had; but he somehow lost sight of me. I was disappointed, and—but there, you can deduce the rest. My organism is wretchedly unsuitable for enabling me to utilize social intercourse as a lever for advancing myself in the profession. Thus the sequestered and not unenjoyable background of life has been mine." He smiled abstractedly. "And yet—note the psychological phenomenon—I wait in daily expectation of the case which is to bring me fame and discomfort." Then he turned the conversation.

At another time he told me how he and the child had come together. He had been paying a visit to a friend at one of the hospitals, and had drifted upon an event at once tragical and mysterious. A lady, whilst walking in the street with her little daughter, had been seized with a sudden illness; had been taken in and tended, and had never spoken again. The child had been interrogated as to her friends and, stupefied with grief, had replied that she knew of none. She had given an address and on inquiry being made at the house named, all that could be ascertained was that a lady had lodged there, and that her husband had died abroad some months previously. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, but no response to them was received. Then it was that my neighbor of Garden Court went forward and offered to take charge of the waif; and the authorities of the hospital, after inquiry, had gladly acceded to the request. Since then the strangely assorted couple had grown to love each other tenderly.

I found my thoughts constantly occupied with them. Concerning both there was something so abnormal, so foreign to my previous experience. That this middle-aged man, intellectually so graciously endowed, should after twenty years be still waiting for the brief which had never come to him within that period, appeared incredible. At night I dreamt of the subject with which my thoughts had been engaged during the day, and in my dreams what I had seen and heard combined and recombined in a myriad of fantastic forms, over which one figure seemed to preside—that of Demosthenes Coke, robed, bewigged, waiting. I tossed about feverishly, with an inexpressible longing to be concerned in some way in the fulfilment of his expectation taking possession of me. When I awoke in the morning inarticulate desire had shaped itself into articulate expression. I had merely to complete my plan.

I arose, inspected the letters which lay upon my table, and observed that one of them was from my uncle, the attorney. On opening it I found the notes of a case, in the settlement of which my assistance was required.

It appeared, from what I read, that a late client of my uncle's, on hearing of an only and beloved son having married in opposition to his wishes, had cut off all communication with him, and had subsequently died. The son had been completely lost sight of, and a nephew, presumably the heir, had

secured evidence of his death having taken place abroad. Nothing had been heard of his widow or children. It was on the probability of the existence of the latter, and in the interest of his late client, that my uncle had decided to oppose administration of his assets. A strict search, hitherto, unavailing, though some slight clues had been found, was being made for representatives. Such was the rough sketch sent me. A brief was to follow.

Next for the completion of my plan. I sat down and wrote a long and earnest letter to my uncle, introducing to him the matter on which my heart was set. I assured him that the counsel I named would do consummate justice to his brief, and, in explanation of my renunciation of it, I alluded to the slenderness of my own acquaintance with Chancery practice. By return of post he replied, acceding to my proposition; and at the end of the week I received an intimation that such evidence as was forthcoming was prepared, and that the brief would be forwarded on the following morning.

It was not till I perused this last letter that I realized to what an extent I had unconsciously misled its writer. He appeared to have concluded that his case was to be entrusted to a comparatively eminent light of the Equity bar; and the readiness of his compliance caused me certain misgivings. Just then I heard Coke discoursing in the room above, and, as I had not yet absolutely committed myself, I determined to go up, listen, and afterwards finally decide.

Both judge and counsel, being now accustomed to my presence, merely nodded a welcome to me when I entered and crossed over to my accustomed seat by the window. How supremely unconscious they were of the debate in my mind! I leant my head back, and endeavored to divest myself of prejudice. I would be rigidly impartial, I decided; and then I turned an attentive ear. That sonorous voice—those Attic periods! My doubts vanished into thin air. Surely, surely, I thought, such eloquence will have due effect on the enlightened Vice-Chancellor by whom the case is to be tried. The manner left absolutely nothing to be desired; the matter discussed gave evidence of a thorough mastery of the principles of equity. Suddenly, in the midst of an impassioned peroration, the phrases became involved, and the eye began to wander nervously; then the speaker continued coherently for a moment, again lost the thread of his argument, and suddenly sat down, his face pallid, and his hand pressed to his heart. The watchful eyes of the child had been quicker than mine: in a moment she was at his side. "Oh! Guardy," she whispered, "you are ill!" By the time I had crossed to him he was looking back with a gay smile into her anxious eyes. "Just a passing touch, Fairy; a playful reminder. See, I am well again!"

Later, the child left us to go to bed. "My heart is affected, and I am subject to these attacks," my companion said quietly. He did not wait for comment on my part, but went on speaking. "Sometimes I get a little anxious, for the child's sake. She would be lonely without me"—the words came reflectively—"fearfully lonely. I did hope to elucidate the mystery of her parentage, but the result of my inquiries thus far is meagre. I have been able, however, to make some slight monetary provision for her. My papers are in that drawer," he continued, indicating a bureau at which he was in the habit

of sitting; "and I trouble you with all these details because I want you to act for me in what, I trust, is the remote event of anything happening to me. Would you object to undertake the commission?"

I was moved by his confidence. "No," I said, "I would gladly undertake the commission." He looked satisfied, and thanked me. "The contingency is a very remote one, I believe," he said cheerfully. "You see, there is the prophecy about the brief to be fulfilled."

The next morning I paced my room in a fever of expectation, awaiting the advent of the postman, and listening to the strains of the violin wafted from above. Soon he arrived, delivered my letters, and enabled me to catch a glimpse of the package whose contents I guessed; then he mounted the stairs, and I listened eagerly. The music ceased, and I could hear Coke stride across the room. Then the postman came down. I waited for what appeared to be an eternity, but what really must have been about 10 minutes, in the expectation of being summoned for purposes of congratulation, but no summons came. Then my impatience got the better of me, and I sauntered up, as though by accident, whistling a bar of the music I had been listening to. I tapped at the door, but received no answer; louder, and still no answer; then I turned the handle, and entered.

At the further end of the room sat my friend, robed and bewigged, his elbow resting on the table, his face supported by his hand, and slightly turned. The violin had been carelessly put down on the bureau by his side, and spread out before him lay a mass of papers, together with the brief he had just received. He appeared to be intently perusing them, and did not even look up when I entered. With the object of surprising him I crossed the room with a soft tread, and brought my hand suddenly down upon his shoulder. As I did so a thrill of horror was transmitted through my nerve-fibres, for the figure that I touched was rigid and motionless. I bent forward and peered into the face. It bore the most radiant smile of contentment I had ever seen, but there was no mistaking its meaning; it was life's last indelible imprint.

Later, the papers which lay before the dead man were examined, and they proved to contain the evidence he had named to me of the identity of the child. Taken with the brief, the case was clear beyond the shadow of a doubt. She was the heiress my uncle was in search of; and so it was subsequently established.

It has always seemed to me to be well in keeping with the irony of fate that, at that very moment when his brief arrived, after he had waited for it through twenty years, Demosthenes Coke should have received a retainer for a higher tribunal.

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Fads and Faddists.

Sweet reader! With the aid of the editorial boot, I retired rather abruptly from the columns of the inaugural issue of *The Outlook* upon the 10th inst. But do you suppose I have been idle in the meantime? No. Life is too short for inaction. Therefore, armed with a 100-ton microscope, I have been improving my golden moments at the park, in a painstaking search for evidences of the visibility of the statue of Burns and Highland Mary, alleged to have been placed upon the granite pedestal near the aviary. Dear reader! Believe me, or believe me not, but I assure you, upon the word of an honest man, that I have positively detected traces of the Lilliputian bronze aforesaid; yea, with all certainty, the said bronze can be actually seen under a good microscope; although somewhat trying to the naked eye.

"What is it like?" you ask me. Have you not seen it for yourself? Pardon me, I was forgetting your difficulty in the matter. Well, so far as I could detect, after a close microscopical examination, Burns wears shoes, and Highland Mary is barefooted. This is the gist of it all. In those days (as in our own) poets were paid perhaps sufficient to provide footwear for themselves; but their lady loves had to go barefooted. On the whole the statue, what there is of it, is an excellent work of art.

After all, to attempt to do justice to grand old Robbie, we might mould him in bronze as stupendous as the Colossus of Rhodes, and yet not too highly exalt his splendid poetical achievements; for his memory is not only dear to Scotland and Scotchmen, but will live enshrined for ever in the throbbing heart of humanity. Hail, bard of Scotia!

Those who are charitably inclined cannot do better than take a tip from the members of the Silk and Powder Silking Brigade of Cadgers, who recently visited town in the interests of charity. Nearly \$450. Think of it, charitable friends! And all this money just waiting here to be uncuffed at the silken-skirted and powder-bedecked entreaty of the glib stranger! Why do not the ladies of Victoria organize on these lines? Let each member provide herself with a silk skirt and a box of rouge, and her appeal for charity will then bleed hearts of stone. As a matter of fact, the Yankee-prankees pulled gold out of Victorians never before known to contribute even the widow's mite to a charitable institution.

At this point, the faddist was seized with a sudden thirst, or a desire for fresh air, or solitude, and departed, fumbling his pockets.—(Ed.)

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South African Topics.

Farming in the Transvaal is a somewhat precarious business. The land generally is light and none too fertile, and a good supply of irrigation water is a very necessary adjunct to success; in fact, for winter crops, it is absolutely essential, but summer crops go on all right without it, as rains are plentiful in January, February, and March, and usually a fair amount from spring time, September on to November; this is not always the case, however, as the regular winter drought, May to August, sometimes continues on to October. It may be advisable to emphasize the fact that it is unusual to get any rain from May to August after the first frosts, and sometimes none after April has set in; an occasional shower or perhaps a storm may come in August and September. The nights in June and July are very cold and the days hot. Ice on a dam (pond) strong enough to bear a flock of large Toulouse geese at 7 a.m. has all disappeared by 10 a.m.

The chief product is mealies (maize) and oats; the former is the food of the country, being the sole food of the native, so to speak, more so than bread is of the laborer in England, because the employer supplies mealie meal to the native laborer as his regular food—about 3lbs. daily—and about a pound of meat per head, once a week or once a month. This custom is gradually dying out, and only mealie meal supplied. The native on and near the goldfields earns on an average 40s. to 60s. per month, and can well afford to buy other food for himself if he wishes, but does not often do so. Mealies are extensively used for feeding horses and mules, and also for fattening purposes, if by chance anything should be stalled or penned up for fattening, which, however, is a rare occurrence. Oats are not threshed out but sold in the bundle (sheaf), and the whole cut up by a sickle, or sometimes in a chaff-cutter, and fed to horses and mules. The crop is carted to market on waggons, and disposed of usually, at prices varying from 15s. to 50s. per 100 bundles, and sometimes up to 80s. or 85s. if of good quality, and short fine straw; this latter quality is called "Boer haver" and is always grown through the winter on ground not heavily manured; it takes rust too much if grown in summer rains. Potatoes are sometimes very profitable, two crops being obtained a year, but one cannot produce one's own seed for both crops.

The usual size of a Boer farm is 3,000 morgen (6,000 acres), and it is rare to find much of it cultivated, probably 20 or 30 morgen, unless some portion of it has been let off to an "Uitlander," who very soon ploughs up the ground and puts in crops. Manuring is, however, somewhat of a difficulty. There are no straw yards to make dung, but the cattle "kraals" provide a fair amount from droppings alone for a few morgen. A moderate amount of bone meal has been obtainable the last two or three years at £12 10s. per ton, and superphosphate at £16. Roots or feeding stuffs for cows or cattle have been an unknown quantity to the general farmer, but in the case of a few dairy farmers are now being grown, and a little hay is made from the coarse veldt grass. When I took my farm and immediately commenced hay-making, the neighboring Boers came to see what mad trick the Rooinek was

up to, and one rich burgher, when it was explained to him, remarked, "Allemachtig—Wat! werk ye voor yu beeste!" (Almighty—What! do you work for your cattle?) Nie, nie, mj beeste moot vor mj work. (No, no, my cattle must work for me.) Later, when they saw me cutting mealie stalks in the green state before the cobs had ripened and cart them off to the silage stack, they were still further astonished, but in the winter, when I had a plentiful supply of milk and was getting 9d. per bottle (whisky bottles, we have no milk cans) and they had no milk at all, and then when spring came round I had secured their customers—and kept them, too, although, of course, at reduced prices—the "Verdommed Rooinek" was somewhat more puzzling still.

The most profitable cows there at present are chiefly Frieslands; there are a few Ayrshires and more shorthorns, but not many of the latter pure. There are also some Alderneys and Jerseys pure; these are bred in Cape Colony where there are some few butter factories on home lines, which butter is sold in Johannesburg at 2s. 6d. per lb. Australian realises 2s. The cow of the country is called "Africander." Their milk is about equal in quality to Jersey cows, but not so much of it, and they won't give down their milk unless the calf is standing by and has started the flow. Burghers sometimes bring their butter to market, a hideous mass pounded up into a skin of a calf or buck. The meat of the country invariably has the advantage of age for the acquisition of flavor, as oxen do all the transport; they have to earn money at work, and when broken-mouthed and unable to keep in good condition and work as well they are given another season's grazing to get enough flesh for the butcher.

It is very unusual to see horses ploughing. There are no Shires or Clydesdales or anything so heavy. Oxen do it all with two or three furrow-ploughs now, but these have only come into use of late years; formerly it was all done by wooden beam, No. 75 Eagles. There is a very considerable portion of the country which is absolutely no use for cultivation, so terribly rocky. In the eastern part of the Orange River Colony the land is exceptionally good, and, of course, a great deal higher in price. A farmer from those parts came to my place for the night on his journey to Johannesburg, some 300 miles he had travelled by waggon—it is the custom of the country to put up, or, as the term is, "uitspan," at some farm. In conversation in reply to my question as to the fertility of the soil in those parts, he said, "he had grown wheat on a certain piece of land for seventeen years in succession, had never put any manure on it, and was still getting good crops." This is, of course, exceptional, and the terribly long journey from market takes a very large slice of the cake as well as the glazing off the gingerbread.

Climatic Drawbacks.—The weather is too hot for rail journeys, even if trains ran convenient, which they don't, so that anyone having an idea of going out there to try farming must make up his mind to be content with crops which can be transported, and all such crops are liable to be demolished in a few hours, yes, a very few, too, by locusts, which, of late years, notwithstanding the discovery of the efficacy of inoculating them with a disease germ, seem to be getting more and more troublesome. It

is no joke to see crops worth £200 or £300 cleared off before your eyes and not be able to do anything to stop it. The country is troubled sometimes, however, by even a worse plague than these, "drought," when for lack of water and succulent food cattle, horses, and sheep die as well as crops. Against these drawbacks may be taken into consideration that the country contains all kinds of minerals, besides the three only developed (partially, perhaps) industries of diamond and gold recovery, and coal in abundance, so that when settled down there are certain to be vast numbers of other industries and manufactories started, the workers of which will all need feeding, hence demand for farmers' products is proportionately certain. In the opinion of the writer, "it is worth trying," but with every caution, and experience of the country should first be learned before laying out capital.

TOO GOOD-NATURED BY HALF.

Scarcely a day passes without the Boers resorting to some act of treachery in the field, or of downright murder of unarmed natives. Surely the time has arrived when it behoves our Generals not only to take into consideration the present serious state of affairs, but the still more difficult military problem which awaits us when "formal" peace is declared, and we are obliged to send back to the Transvaal thousands of men who are now having a happy time at St. Helena or Colombo? It is self-evident that our lenient treatment of "snipers" and "oath-of-neutrality" breakers has been utterly misinterpreted by a race which (whatever it may have been like fifty years ago), in the present day, is totally incapable of entertaining the most elementary principles of civilised warfare. How the Germans must be laughing in their sleeves, well knowing that, were they in our place, they could wind up the whole business within a few days! Archibald Forbes, who was a great admirer of the square-headed Teuton, writes as follows in his "Experiences of the War Between France and Germany," Vol. I., page 223:—

"We tracked back toward St. Menchould, and then north to Vouziers, where we saw franc-tireurs shot, and the villages burnt in which they had fired on the German patrols."

One little sentence. Forbes makes no remarks, but looks on the whole thing as a matter of course. And yet franc-tireurs wore uniform, and were defending their country just as much as the Boers are doing. Not the single house from which the shots were fired suffers the penalty, but the whole village!

This little sentence is from the pen of a man who was attached to the Staff of the German Army as a war correspondent.

KING KRUGER.

A Paris correspondent writes up—but expressly disclaims responsibility for the gossip—that Ex-President Kruger's claims to the status of an ex-Sovereign having been recognised on the continent, his Highness contemplates a morgantic marriage; hence Mrs. Kruger's refusal to accompany her Sovereign lord!

IN THE DAYS OF THE HIGHWAYMEN.

In the good old times, when travelling was more of an adventure than now, a coach was lumbering heavily between London and Brighton. It had not got half way ere it was stopped by highwaymen.

"Don't mention the word 'boots,' whatever you do," whispered one old passenger to another, a hard featured, spare man; "you see I have £150 in mine."

The highwaymen did their work carelessly, for they wanted to be off again, and relied on threats to accomplish their purpose, without troubling to search thoroughly. When they got to the hard-featured man, he said:—

"Gentlemen, here are a few coins, but that gentleman, you will find, has £150 in his boots!"

When the robbers had gone the aggrieved passenger turned on his betrayer with savage recriminations.

"Steady, sir, steady," was the answer. "Don't grumble about the few pounds in your boots. I have £15,000 in mine. And as you have been of such service to me, I shall be glad to pay you the £150 or even double, if you wish."

A SONNET.

Sad Night, void of her sisterhood of stars,
 Ne'er wore a robe of grief so woeful black,
 As the funereal solitude that mars
 My soul's repose, if love's dear gifts I lack.
 The jealous Day frowns on his sister Night,
 Who, in sweet dreams, keeps love's fair garlands
 green,
 With honeyed vows that weave a purer light
 Than the sick splendor of the Day's proud sheen:
 Perfidious jealousies surcloud the Day,
 Yet vanish nightly if thy love be near.
 In truant sleep,—whose glories fade away
 Or e'er Aurora shed a fragrant tear,—
 A foolish tear:—for still thy heart is kind,
 Tho' deemed not so,—poor Cupid being blind.

FREDERIC IRVING TAYLOR.

Victoria, B. C.

Musical Jottings

Last week the Grau Opera Company monopolized the boards at the Victoria theatre, and enjoyed excellent patronage. This season they certainly had the good sense to include two new operas in their repertoire, namely, "El Capitan" and "The Isle of Champagne," of both of which good performances were given. From a musical point of view, the performances of the other operas were decidedly poor and ill merited the splendid audiences that subscribed for seats. If an amateur organisation had put on "Pinafore," "The Little Tycoon" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" in the same slipshod manner, they not only would have been laughed off the stage but might have been subjected to the additional insult conveyed by grandiloquent praise in the local press. And, to use a slang phrase, this is no joke, but an unfortunate fact. Take the amateur productions of "Iolanthe," "Robin Hood," the "Geisha," "Bridal Trap" and "Black Mantles," and apart from the superior work of professional comedians, the Grau Company suffers considerably in comparison. However, to give the devil his due, it may be repeated that "El Capitan" and "The Isle of Champagne" were distinctly good. With the exception of Miss Michelena, who possesses a really pleasing voice of sympathetic quality and has dramatic talents of a high order, their principals were very much below par. The tenor at times was responsible for good work, but his voice lacked purity and roundness. When he was not singing, his upper and lower maxillaries were playing battle-dor and shuttle-cock with a small piece of tutti-frutti, which was undignified to say the least of it. Well, after all, the Grau Company only charged 75 cents for the best seats in the house, and if our memory is not at fault, the "Wise Guy" Company charged one dollar for the same privilege, and nearly caused a riot.

The eminent American violinist, Miss Leonora Jackson, has recently commenced her first trans-continental tour, and, from all accounts, is reaping the reward her talents so richly deserve. Miss

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Jackson was a favorite pupil of the late Joachim himself, and at her English debut last year at the Queen's Hall, London, created quite a furor. With a strong concert company, among whom may be mentioned Selden Pratt (a pianist not unknown to Victorians), Josephine Elbrina (soprano), and For Van Pyk, a Swedish tenor of considerable note Miss Jackson will appear in Seattle on February 28th, and it is to be hoped that Manager Jamieson will include so eminent a musical aggregation in his itinerary and give Victorians an opportunity of hearing them.

From Spokane's two musical clubs, the Matinee Musicale, and the Oratorio Society, comes an excellent suggestion. It is proposed to form a State Federation of Musical Clubs that will bring the Northwest all the greatest artists who come to San Francisco. The circuit just formed would include Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, with an annual convention at Spokane, when all the clubs of the state would meet in a musical festival. Provided our choral clubs were not under contract to travel to Washington by the Air Line via Sidney, Liverpool and Everett, could we not with little expense send our quota direct to such a convention? This matter will be further dealt with later on.

Our readers will remember with vivid pleasure the visit to Victoria of those genuine artists, Ysaye and Gerardy. It will therefore interest them to hear of a little business transaction between the two musicians in which the talented cellist came off second best. It appears that after the tour of Ysaye, Gerardy and Pugus through America, Ysaye told Gerardy that he had sent \$3,000 to a person in New York, and on the faith of this representation induced his younger confrere to send \$1,500, for the purpose of an Australian tour. Gerardy duly forwarded his \$1,500, but through some interference, local or domestic, says an exchange, Ysaye did not continue the consideration of the project, which, accordingly, fell to the ground. Gerardy could get no satisfaction from Ysaye, and still less from the New York man, but vows on his return to the United States to collect the money, which after all will make another story.

(At the theatre)—Miss Chic: "Oh, I am sure I don't look nice at all."

Miss Au Fait: "Why?"

Miss Chic: "Because I am so comfortable."

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Penelope's Letter.

Victoria, B. C.,

November 20th, 1906.

My Dearest Midge:—When I last wrote we were looking forward to the Hospital Ball. Well, of course it came on, and also, of course, was a great success. The rooms were beautifully decorated, the walls of the ball room being covered with flags—not the usual ragged, musty old flags that look as if they had seen better days, but nice, clean ones, that I am sure are only taken out for special occasions—and from the centre of the ceiling to the corners and sides of the room were festoons of evergreens, giving the most charming effect. The sitting-out rooms took my fancy, though, they were so delightfully cosy. Shaded lamps, comfortable chairs, and screens galore. Now that I would even dream of going behind a screen. I hope you won't for a moment imagine such a thing; but still, they make a room look pretty—take off the angles. You know the old saying, "Nature abhors an angle." is it an angle? Now that I come to think of it, I don't think it is. However, I am quite sure that she would agree with me, and abhor them if she could once enter a ball room. Now that we have settled the angle question, I may as well tell you that the floor was good, the music was good, and the supper—Midge, dear, I really believe that I have arrived at the age when I can appreciate a good supper at a ball. At one time, how long ago I wouldn't dare to say, I never gave a thought to such a prosaic thing as supper, but took advantage of the empty floor to dance all the extras, but now, I may as well fuss up, that my partner and I elbow our way to the front of that hungry crowd waiting by the bar, the one at the entrance of the supper room, I mean, and as soon as it is raised make a wild bolt inside the room, pick out the prettiest table, sink into our chairs, and with a sigh of relief, and must I say it? a triumphant glance at those unfortunate still behind the bar, resign ourselves to the tender mercies of the waiter, or, as in this case, waitress. By the bye, I must not forget to tell you that a number of young ladies had volunteered to act as waitresses. They were dressed in white, with red crosses on their arms, and looked quite picturesque. There were not many strikingly handsome gowns, although everyone looked their best. I couldn't help noticing the amount of white that was worn; quite half of the girls being dressed in white, so different from last year, when, you remember, there was so much blue.

The next night there was a fancy dress Cumberella for the children. I say for the children, but really there were more "grown ups" than children, and I must say I felt sorry for the poor little things who were knocked and pushed into corners out of the way, until it was a perfect miracle that some of them were not hurt. They were supposed to go home at one, but some of them stayed till the end. It was too amusing to watch them dodging their mothers when it began to get late. One young man who had undertaken to chaperone a crowd of girls had a very hard time of it. He would get them gathered together count them, and find that there was one missing; looking wildly round he would see her slipping out of the ball room, make a rush and capture her; but, lo! when he came back all the

others had disappeared! I suppose they all reached home eventually, as I have not heard of any lost children; but I assure you I didn't envy him his lot. Dancing was kept up till after three, and then there was nothing left but to go home, and wonder when and what the next dance would be.

Last week we had the Grau Opera Company. They opened on Monday night with *The Isle of Champagne*, and gave, during the rest of the week, *El Capitan*, *Pinafore*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and *The Little Tycoon*. On the whole I think *El Capitan* was the best, while *Pinafore* and *Cavalleria* were decidedly poor. The music of the last two is so well known that we notice every little mistake, to say nothing of the big ones; while if those that are not so well known have a fair amount of "go," we think they are very good. The only thing that made *Pinafore* at all passable was the fact that several members of the first contingent returned from South Africa that evening and attended the opera, so, of course, everybody was very enthusiastic, and willing to make allowances for everything. Miss Kate Michelena, the leading lady, was by far the best. She has a charming voice, is very pretty and graceful, and, which is more than I can say of most of the others, knew her lines. As to the rest of the company, there is not much to be said. The tenor had a billy-goat bleat and he chewed gum! Ye gods! What will we have next? The comedians, with one exception, were poor; in fact none of them, barring Miss Michelena, were as good as last year. Of course they were greatly handicapped on account of Miss Emmett's illness, but even taking that, and the fact that some of the company seemed to be suffering from colds, into consideration, I think they might have given us something better.

Last night, the King & Norcross Company gave "At the White Horse Tavern." Unfortunately it was such a frightfully cold night that the audience was very small. It was one of the best plays we have had for some time. It was funny from beginning to end, without being vulgar, as so many of the plays nowadays are. They were all good, from

Josephina, the hostess of the White Horse Tavern, to Piccollo, the beer boy, one of the best being Walter Huizelmann, the ideal traveller. One thing that would have made us grumble had not the play been so good, was the cold, and if the theatre itself was cold, I can't imagine what the stage could have been, as even in warm weather it is not what you would exactly call balmy.

It is too bad that this cold snap should have come now, as it interfered with the Colwood races, which were to have taken place on Saturday. I had a double dose of disappointment on account of that new frock, that, in consequence of the snow, could not see the light of day; however, if the cold only lasts we may have skating, and in that case new frocks and everything else under the sun, except ice and skates, can go to the wall.

PENELOPE.

WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.

"Do you think you can clear him?" asked the devoted wife of the lawyer.

"I hope so, ma'am," replied the lawyer, "but I'm afraid—"

"Why, he has lived here all his life," she interrupted, "and knows everyone."

"Yes, and everyone knows him," rejoined the lawyer. "That's what worries me."

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Pastimes.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather and the doubt that remained in the mind of the public in general, that the Victoria Hunt Club were to hold their meeting, a very fair audience witnessed the third of the football matches against H. M. Navy yesterday. The few ladies that were present at the match are to be congratulated on attending in spite of the bitterly cold weather that prevailed during yesterday, and particularly during yesterday afternoon.

The teams lined up as follows:

Victoria—Full back, J. Rithet; three-quarters, H. Gillespie, C. Gamble, H. Gillespie, B. Schwengers, half, A. T. Goward (captain), A. Gillespie; forwards, K. Dunsmuir, W. Moresby, K. Macrae, R. McLean, J. D. Pemberton, Cope, Little, Fraser.

Navy—Full back, R. G. Dinwiddy; three-quarters, J. C. Matters (captain), G. H. Brady, E. K. Arbutnot, H. Filcher; half, A. C. Underwood, H. DeP. Renwick; forwards, H. Formby, R. L. Nicholson, R. S. Roy, A. Bromley, R. A. Wilson, — Spring.

The Navy having won the toss elected to play with the wind behind their backs. Cope kicked off for Victoria. Scrimmages immediately followed, the ball being worked down well into the Navy's 25. Some good combination amongst the three-quarters resulted in K. Gillespie securing, who passed to A. T. Goward, who grounded the leather behind the uprights after seven minutes' play. J. H. Gillespie taking the kick but failed to convert.

Arbutnot dropped out from the 25, but the Victoria forwards rushed the ball over their opponents' goal line and compelled them to touch down in self-defence. The Navy again kicked from the 25 line, Rithet returning, but the wind carried the ball into touch, losing ground. After the throw out the ball was worked well down into the home 25, and scrimmages took place perilously close to the Victoria's goal line; however, the home forwards rushed the ball back and from a punt from A. Gillespie, Renwick, for the Navy, made his mark. K. Gillespie relieved well, and the Victoria forwards following up quickly, it looked as if the home team were about to score again, but the Navy full back, Dinwiddy, saved splendidly and the ball was worked back again to the centre line. A series of scrimmages took place, the Victoria forwards working well together, and heeling out, K. Gillespie relieved by a long punt into touch.

The ball was again worked back by the Navy forwards, Underwood's tackling at this period of the game being particularly good. By good packing and heeling out by the home forwards, A. Gillespie secured and passed to his brother, K. Gillespie, who made a good run and passed back to A. Gillespie, who relieved the pressure. Loose scrimmages were the order after this, until Matters obtained possession, with one of his now famous dodgy runs, and looked as if he were sure of crossing the home line, but Rithet, at full back, was equal to the occasion, and tackled him splendidly. More scrimmages followed, and the Navy forwards rushed the ball down, but K. Gillespie saved, and by a good dribble gained a lot of ground, but the Navy full back relieved well. By good combination between the Victoria three-quarters, K. Gillespie carried the ball

well into the Navy's 25. At this juncture K. Gillespie had to retire in order to replace some of his garments.

On resuming play scrum after scrum followed inside the Navy's 25, but their forwards getting well together dribbled the ball well into the home 25, Rithet saving well. The home forwards then retaliated, and sent the leather once more into their opponents' quarters, but Dinwiddy was equal to the occasion and relieved. Victoria once more made a most determined rush and carried the ball over the Navy's goal line, compelling them to touch down.

From the drop out at 25 yards the Navy rushed the ball down, and their three-quarters by some good combination, gained ground, but Rithet by a splendid kick relieved soon after. Goward secured and some very pretty passing between the home three-quarters resulted in the ball being taken perilously close to the Navy goal line. However, the opposing forwards worked the ball into safe quarters and scrimmages following, the home forwards by good dribbling again threatened their opponents' line. This time it seemed certain that the home team would score, but Dinwiddy relieving well saved the situation.

The Navy forwards here made a most determined effort to save, and rushed the ball well into the home 25. Underwood secured, and making a good run, gained some ground. Schwengers at three-quarters, here infringed the off-side rule, and a free kick was awarded Victoria, K. Gillespie made touch close to Navy goal line, and following up well secured and crossed the line. Rithet took the kick at a difficult angle and converted. On re-starting, scrimmages in centre field were the order, K. Gillespie frequently relieving. The home forwards then rushed the ball towards the Navy goal line. Dinwiddy failed to hold the ball, Goward secured and crossed the line. Rithet again converting.

From this point the game was almost entirely a forward one, and once more the Navy touched down in self-defence. Victoria once or twice looked dangerous, but no more points were scored and the game resulted in a win to the home team of 15 points (two goals and one try) to nil.

THE TULIP AND THE LADY.

It was the second night of the Jubilee Hospital ball—or rather it was the morning of that event, it being considerably after the witching hour. The Tulip was deeply engaged thinking on the mutuality of things in general and the P. R. in particular, the while discussing a preparation playfully yclept, "soda water with a stick in it." His meditations having arrived at that point indicated in books by the mystic word "Finis," and his soda water, etc., reaching the same stage, he was about to order a replenishment of the latter from Bacchus' high priest, when the door opened rather abruptly, and in walked a sailor and his lass. The sailor was a typical Jack-Tar, but for the fact that his face and hands had not the tan usually associated with our gallant boys in blue. The lady was a beautiful blonde.

"Hullo, Tulip! Have a drink?" cried the A.B.

Well, don't mind, seeing as how"—answered the Tulip.

"Tulip, I wish to introduce to you Miss Eccles," said the nautical man.

"How do you do, Miss," said the Tulip, making his profoundest bow. The blonde shivered and bobbed her head till her flaxen curls shook and the cherries on her hat quivered again. "I've heard of you often, Mr. —, Mr. Tulip," faltered the lady.

"Have you really, now?" returned our friend. "What will you take, Miss?" "No—no—this is on me."

"Here, Tulip! Don't you go flirting with me gal!" said the sailor, returning from an animated discussion with "de bar keep." The Tulip looked reproachful. "Well, I'll have a gin-fiz," said the fair one, with a gruffness of tone that made the Tulip wonder if she had contracted a sudden cold.

"Beg pardon, Miss, but would you be so good as to step into the parlor. Ladies not served at the bar." "Oh, aren't they? How's that?" queried the dizzy blonde. "Not the custom of the country," returned the mixer of cocktails.

"Oh, I'm English," returned the lady; "we manage things differently there." She herewith seized the glass from the hands of the astonished bartender and bestowing a maidenly wink on the Tulip, proceeded to "neck" her drink with a gusto and celerity only to be arrived at by considerable practice.

"Well, we'll see you later, Tulip," remarked the jolly far as he drank up his whiskey and made for the door.

"See you later, old chap," cried the fair one, bringing her hand down between the Tulip's shoulder blades with a force that made his eyes water and the drink go the wrong way. Before he could recover himself the lady and the sailor had vanished: the last impression he had of the former being the sight of a splendid specimen of a "Chicago boat" disappearing round the corner.

The Tulip has since been heard to say he "does not approve of midshipmen disguised as blushing damsels." He says "it's not dignified. Besides, it's taking a blamed mean advantage of a feller."

NOCTURNE.

That nest among the moss, sweet pink-eyed daisies:
When night hath spread her sable vesture
o'er ye?

And stars of heav'n as ye of earth doth lighten
the path before me,

As on my way I pass, sweet pink-eyed daisies!
Awhile there weeps a tender dew upon ye,

To jewel o'er your petals by the morning;
Like to the tears that Love brings to the eyelid,
With smiles them scorning,
And every drop a mirror serves to gladness.

Dear stars of earth! Sweet flow'rs of heav'n that
guide us!

Bright emblems of a love that ne'er shall falter,
But holier grow till time itself shall alter,
And find our hearts still one, sweet pink-eyed
daisies.

MRS. D. H. PARRY.

"Every silver lining has a cloud."—New version.

THE BOAT-TRAIN.

An English Channel trip, say I,
Is bad enough in Channel boats;
But when to cross the Gulf you try,
Within a railway train on floats
You may feel scared, until you know
'Tis run by Bodwell, Duff & Co.

Should I, with child, and nurse, and wife,
Thrust forth upon the seething main,
Upon the Bodwell-Patent-Life-
Insurance-Breaking-Railboat-Train
Would I turn pale with fear? No, no:
'Tis run by Bodwell, Duff & Co.

And when in course of time we spy
A monster rushing down the street
Towards the market-place hard by,
Where two world-famous lines shall meet,
"Now praise the Lord," we whisper low,
"And also Bodwell, Duff & Co."

Now I am rather fond of jokes,
And wish to view this Ferry Scheme
As but a sort of genial hoax,
Instead of as a dotard's dream,
And yet, as I more hap-py grow,
I think of Bodwell, Duff & Co.

Alas! how hopeless to object
To what these mighty brains have planned,
As well might puny dwarfs elect
To plough the bare unfruitful sand,
'Tis sanctioned "ore publico,"
I mean, by Bodwell, Duff & Co.

G. A. C.

I will not ask if thou canst touch
The tuneful ivory key,
Those silent notes of thine are such
As quite suffice for me,
I'll make no question if thy skill
The pencil comprehends,
Enough for me, love, if thou still
Canst draw thy dividends.

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DEAR LITTLE MAID.

Dear little maid,
 When the dawn first breaks,
 And the lark awakes
 In singing glee,
 And the dewdrops rest
 On the earth's round breast,
 I think of thee.
 Dear little maid,
 When the sun hangs high
 In the curving sky
 Oft, oft I see
 In its bright, warm beams,
 'Mid its golden streams,
 A glimpse of thee.
 Dear little maid,
 When the sun swings down,
 And the black night's frown
 Creeps o'er the sea,
 And the birds lit by
 To the woodlands nigh,
 I sigh for thee.
 Dear little maid,
 When the breezes croon,
 And the harvest moon
 Slips from the sea,
 My heart with gladness
 In love's dear madness
 Beats true to thee.

F. Mortimer Kelley.

Army and Navy.

Lord Wolseley, in declining an invitation to the gathering of Red River veterans, to be held in Winnipeg this autumn, wrote that he proposed crossing the Atlantic in 1901 to visit places connected with his military career in Canada. His lordship added that he looked forward with extreme pleasure to the contemplated trip.

A certain Mr. Atkins was heard to remark yesterday, somewhere in the vicinity of Work Point Barracks, that, "the poet or writer, or whatever he was, who paraphrased the didn't use this word, but let it pass; a certain Biblical quotation, would have made it, had he been a Tommy; 'Now Barabbas was a quartermaster.'"

General Weyler, who has been appointed Captain-General of Madrid, is the officer who, as Captain-General of Cuba, earned the unenviable titles of "The Butcher" and "The Modern Alva." The general has one soft spot in his heart. Falling in love with a peasant girl, he married her in the presence of his brother officers, and then placed her in a nunnery to be educated for the different social sphere to which she had been promoted. And this odd union is said to have turned out most happily.

It happened some years ago that a Royal Duke, dining with the officers of a certain mess, took part in a friendly pool after dinner. And the regimental marker, who was accustomed to mix with high, but not the highest society, became somewhat disturbed in his mind as the game proceeded as to how he should address the Duke when it came to the turn of the latter to play. So he whispered to the Mess

President: "Please, sir, how am I to call 'im, your Royal 'Ighness or Spot Yellow?"

The London Times of Wednesday last has the following from its Berlin correspondent upon the Navy League manifesto:—

"A letter published in the Times of October 20th under the title, 'Have We Lost the Command of the Sea?' contains the statement that 'within a few months the Reichstag will again be asked to increase the German fleet by 50 per cent.' Nothing has so far leaked out here with regard to any such intention on the part of the government. It appears, however, that the naval administration is making every effort to provide the navy with a third squadron of modern line-of-battle ships before the end of 1905. The ships of the Sachsen class have undergone great alterations which have transferred these coast-defence monitors into sea-keeping battleships. Similar alterations are to be made in the eight ships of the Siegfried class, which, according to the recent Navy Law, are to form part of the reserve fleet till 1916, when they will be replaced by first-class line-of-battle ships."

The Royal Arthur, flagship on the Australian Station, is proceeding to Fremantle to take on board the Earl of Hopetoun.

Drama.

The Grand Opera Company came here, heralded by wondrous blasts of the tin horn. To read the newspapers, one would suppose that a finer aggregation of operatic talent never was before. We have seen and heard—and we must say we have been disappointed. With the exception of the prima donna and the comedian, the principals could neither sing nor act. In short, with these two shining exceptions, it was the usual punk show we seem to be chronically blessed with.

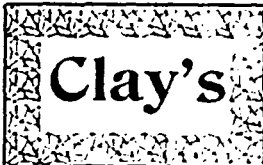
But still the papers continue to give them unstinted praise. They had to confess, that "H. M. S. Pinafore" was "not Quite up to the mark; however, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' was GOOD." Heaven save the mark! Who was good? What was good? Santuzza! Yes. Who else? The old woman who had lost her voice? or the tun shaped tenor that never had one? As for the baritone, the least said the better. The Intermezzo given by an orchestra of six—including the leader, who played the piano with one hand while he beat time with the other, can scarcely be called inspiring. Had amateurs treated us to so poor a performance as that given by professionals last Thursday week, they would have received a good slating—and serve them right, too.

But these are professionals, so they are dubbed GOOD.

To lovers of the gruesome, "Human Hearts," November 27th, should appeal. It is said to be a strong play of the melodramatic order.

"Shenandoah," December 3rd, has had a long career in the States, and on its first appearance made a great success.

"Why Smith Left Home" is after the "What Happened to Jones" style of farce comedy, and is said to be a good mirth provoker.

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Mick Murphy's Varns.

"Hoyld hir tight, Tammy, me boy, sez I.

It wuz a fine mornin' when we stharterd aff wid the tools. O'Neill bein' a smal' man, tuck the knife. I kerried the hatchet.

"Tammy, are ye ready?" sez I.

"Troth, an' it's meself is that, Mick Murphy. Now Biddy, me darlint, jist take yerself out iv that doohr till we make Irish bacon iv ye."

"Give hir some elbow-grace, Tammy," sez I. "That's betther nor coixin'."

"Don't let the smal' wans out, Paddy, there."

"Back, ye villain, ye," sez I, givin' wan iv thim a skite that knocked it over the tap iv another slip iv a pig thryin' to hoke a hole in the flure wid its snout.

Then begun the squealin'.

"Stap yer noise, ye vipers, ye!" roared Tam.

"Now Tammy, me hearty," sez I, "yon howld a howlt iv the tail, an' I'll luck offher the head."

"Thrust me fur that," sez Tammy.

As I was sayin', O'Neill wuz a smal' man at hez best, an' at hez wurst, divil the hayporth iv a man wu he at al', at al'. Anyway, Tam didn't stan' fur much in gettin' the body to folly the tail at this thrial.

"Howld hir tight, Tammy, me boy, sez I.

"H—owld hir, d'ye say? I'll engage ye, I'll"—Wid that the tail slipped frum Tammy's fingers. Tammy thripped over wan iv the smal' pigs, an' rowled as far as the wal' wud let him.

"I'm ashamed iv ye, Tammy," sez I, "lyin' down while thir's work to bay done."

"Tarnation to ye fur a dhurty thrallup," sez Tam, makin' a keek at Biddy. "I'll tache ye till hev more respect fur yer mesther, afore I'm done wid ye, so I will."

"I'm sayin', Tammy," sez I. "Throth an' I'm thinkin' we'd beather kill hir jist where she stan's; fur divil a fut will she sthur at al', at al'."

"Tave that to me," sez Tammy, saizin howlt iv the tail again. "We'll kill hir bay himself fur fear iv searin' the wufs out iv t'other craythurs, save their sowls!"

"Tammy," sez I. "I know a thrick wurth two iv that."

"What's that, Murphy, me boy?"

"Listen to me, Tammy," sez I. "Jist get a good sthrong wax-en, an' tie waa en' iv it roun' hir tail, an' wind t'other roun' yer wrist, an' then we'll see what's the matther, widout axin' Biddy's lave."

"Divil a bit but ye're right there, Mickey," sez he. Then aff he stharterd like steam to fetch the wax-en. Tammy, you see, bein' a shoemaker, giner'ly hed a stout wax-en' or two hangin' on the nail ready fur the needle.

Bay this time, Tammy rached the house, an' threw hez weight against the doohr. As bad luck wud hev it, the doohr happened to bay aff the latch, an' who shud bay behin' it but Mrs. O'Neill herself, an' got it thump on the nose.

"Oh sow! 'Tare-an-ownties! Why, murder an' thurf! Me—Oh ye've—Orra tarnation to ye fur a maizly bit iv a whupper-snapper! Ye dhurty houn'! How dar ye, I say"—(takin' Tam bay the throat an' shakin' him, Tam roared fur marey) "How dar ye kill a dacent woman, ye athercap? How dar ye—ye smal' whelp iv the divil? I say, how dar ye?"

"Marey! Marey!" cried O'Neill.

"Marey, in throth? I'll tache ye till twist the nose on me face wid the doohr." (Shakin' Tam.)

"I didn't—didn't—see—ee—ye."

"See me, in feth! Ye niver see nuthin', ye dhurty, smal' quadhraped, ye." (Still shakin' an' cuffin' Tam.)

Now Tam thried to hide undher hir waist, fur he only rached up to hir arumpits, an' she wuz as big as hir husband wuz smal'.

I got up in time to save Tam's life. I sez, "Mrs. O'Neill," sez I, "an' if ye plaze ma'am, Tam onty wanted a wax-en'?"

"A wax what?"

"A wax-en' to tie hir tail wid," speaks up Tam, beginnin' to feel howld agin.

"An' may I axe ye, Misther Murphy, whose tail is ye goin' to tie wid a waxen'?"

"Why, Biddy's, the big pig," sez Tammy, seein' matthers wuz gettin' smoother. "She wont tave the sthye dacently to bay killed."

"Then kill her in the sthye, ye spalkeen ye," sez Mrs. O'Neill.

"What?" sez Tam, "kill her in the prisence iv t'other poor craythurs? Troth, an' I wont, an' sear the wits out iv thim, poor souls!"

"Then dhrive the smal' pigs out."

"Begorra," sez Tam, skappin' hez leg. "Ye're right there, Sally. That diz the thrick shure enough. Och, Sally, ye're a darlint," an' Tammy rached up hez finger-tips till the tap iv hir showlders. Sally pursaved the difficulty, an' stooped down till Tammy got hez two arams roun' hir neck. Then he planted a kiss on hir gob that fairly shuck the raffhers.

"Now," sez Tammy, dhroppin' down frum hez tip-toes, "now fur Biddy, Mickey, I'm at yer sarvice."

"Here, take yer hatchet along wid ye, Misther Murphy, sez Mrs. O'Neill (fur I hed dhropped it in the melec, in savin' Tammy). "Sow! man! Ye're shurely not goin' to kill the craythur widout the hatchet, are ye?"

"Sorra the bit, but it's yerself, Mrs. O'Neill," sez I. "knows betther nor Tammy or me how to kill pigs, so it is."

"Ye're not far asthray, Mick Murphy, an' al though it's meself is sayin' it, barrin' Harry the Rat, divil a bit but I can kill pigs as well as the nixt man so I can, an' no mistake."

"D'ye hear me, Mrs. O'Neill?" sez I, "an' it's yerself is spakin' the gospel thruth there."

Sally lucked plazed, an' puttin' hir apurn to hir nose, smiled at Tam, an' Tammy begun fur to luek happy wance more.

"Now," sez Tam, buttonin' hez coat, "we'd better bay efthur killin' that pig afore night-fal'."

"I'm thinkin' maybe ye're right, Tammy," sez I.

"Show me yer hatchet, Mick. Now fur the dhurty blaggard. Biddy, me girl, this is yer last mate an' dhrink," sez Tammy, thryin' the swing iv the hatchet an' winkin' at Sally.

"Go 'long wid yer foolin', Tammy O'Neill," sez Sally, thryin' to luek cross agin. "D'ye want me to go an' kill Biddy meself, an' the wains till mind?"

Sally hed hir han' on the latch; so me an' Tammy shtarated aff to resume the divarsion.

"Here's luck," sez Tammy, spittin' on hez han's to get a better howlt iv the hatchet. "Come on, Mickey."

"I'm fur ye, Tammy O'Neill," sez I, "an' faix we'll give Biddy hir gruel this time, or I'm not the son iv me father."

To make a long story short, me an' Tammy dhryv out the smal' pigs, but the divil's steward to Biddy fur a beggar's acc, but she tuck till the fresh air, too.

"In throth, me darlint," sez Tam, "I'll tache ye Christian manners fur savvin' me that dhurty thrick, so I will, or me name's not Tam O'Neill."

Wid that, he shtaruk hir over the snout wid the saft en' iv the hatchet. Biddy didn't appreciate the tiratament, so tuck till hir heels wid a grunt an' shtarated aff fur a steeplechase.

Sally hearin' the scottherment, dhropped the chil' to see what wuz the metther, an' shure as she wu alize, there wuz Biddy an' Tam runnin' like hares, wid a reasonable handicap in Biddy's favor.

"Back, ye varmint ye! Back!" yelled Sally, an' run fur the gate.

She hed jist time to lift hir apurn an' shake it at Biddy; but Biddy's motto wuz, "A fair field an' no favor," so widout stappin' to consult Mrs. O'Neill, she tuck Sally right atween the two legs in a bowl fur liberty. Mrs. O'Neill thried hard to keek the sky, but fell short iv hir aim, an' landed nose furst in the chicken-mate, scottherin' the fowl.

Tammy wuz too busy efther the pig to mind smal' metthers; so I hed it al' to meself scranin' chicken-mate out iv Mrs. O'Neill's eyes, to let hir hev another luek on the worl' an' see what time it wuz.

"Orra bad scran to ye fur a murderin' haste. Where's the hatchet? Show me the hatchet, I say."

"Here's the hatchet, ma'am, an' welcome," sez I, "but hell resave the fur iv the pig's to bay seen at al', at al'."

"Och, the curse iv Cromwell on it fur an ill-behaved vegabond, the dhirty sinner! Run efther Tammy or the poor sowl will bay cowld dead wid exartion. Run, I say, quick, Mickey. Run fur yer life. Here, take the hatchet wid ye."

"I don't need the hatchet to ketch up wid Biddy an' Tam."

"Sonties, maybe ye're right, Mick. Now bay aff like grazed lightnin'."

I crossed meself, an' tuck Shank's mare fur the sthreet. I didn't loss much time sarchin'; fur a crowd of childher wuz screechin'; an' afore I hed time to bliss meself, who thuris the furst coraer but biddy hirelf? Ah! may I niver sthur but there

wuz Tammy on hir back, howldin' on bay the ears fur dear life.

Tammy wuz bareheaded, an' wan iv hez boots hed dhrapped aff, revalin' hez toe an' heel peepin' out iv the remaindher iv a sock.

"Howld on, Tam!" sez I, as Biddy charged past, wid Tam yellin' "Help, fur God's sake! Murder! Help, help!"

Sally wuz bay this time in earshot, an' wid a besom in hir han' made a wipe at Biddy jist comin' into rache. The blow missed Biddy's snout, an' tuck Tam right on the knuckles. Tam dhrapped like a sfone, an' thurned a somersalt or two afore settin' down in the mud.

"Oh, murder! Murder!" roared Tam, more scar'd than hurted, barrin' the souse wid the besomstick on the knuckles. "Oh, Sally, Sally, I'm killed."

"Come here ye bletherskite, till I lift ye up. Divil the thing's the matther wid ye. Here, take me apurn, an' wipe that dhurt frum yer mouth, an' ye're as right as a fiddle. Och, the Lord's blissin' on ye fur a pig! Where's that hatchet? Mick Murphy, show me the hatchet an' I'll—I'll give hir banes fur a murderin' rascal whin I get a howlt iv hir."

"Axin yer pardon, Mrs. O'Neill," sez I, "me an' Tam 'll settle hir uffairs fur this worl'."

"Throth an' I'll do it meself, Mick Murphy, wid these same han's, wid al' respects to ye. Come an' I'll show ye how to kill pigs. Come Tammy."

Tammy, however, wuz too busy thryin' to dig mud frum hez ears an' nostrhils wid a skiver; an' so aff wint Sally an' meself to do the deed.

Whin we got near the pig-sthye, a blin' man end see thir wuz divilment in Biddy's eye.

"Take that, ye dhurty haythen ye," sez Sally, dhrappin' the hatchet wid a thump on the part iv the fire that Biddy didn't jist happen to occupy.

Wan scrain iv the pig's, an' two iv Sally's, an' in less than no time Sally thripped over the pig-trough; an' in some infarnal manner Sally, or the pig,—or the divil,—tuk me futtin away, an', bay the holy St. Pathrick, there wuz Sally an' meself mixed up on the flure wid pig's mate! I gethered meself up like a Christian an' thried to give Sally a lift; but she shtarated laughin', an' bein' a mortially weighty woman, I hed to lave hir there, an' run for Tammy's assistance.

The pig hed tuk Frinch lave in the manetime, an' efther a long sarch I foun' Tammy down the road blowin' like a stame-injin.

"Where's the pig, Tammy?" sez I.

"Begorra, that's more nor I know, Murphy; but I'm towld she wuz last seen headin' bowldly fur the rocky road to Dublin."

"MICK MURPHY."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have found it advisable, in view of the unexpectedly large sale of The Outlook, to increase the size and scope of our publication to sixteen, instead of twelve pages.

Next issue we shall insert a fortnightly calendar of events. This calendar will appear in every subsequent publication.

Societies and associations will oblige if they will send in to us, as early as possible, any dates they may save; also, any alterations of same.

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