

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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SATURDAY AUGUST 25, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

A RECENT Toronto *Empire* contains a somewhat lengthy legal disquisition on a case which is now before the eastern courts. It appears that in London township, a swarm of grasshoppers settled on a Mr. McRobert's crops, and that gentleman, calling his neighbors to his assistance, set about driving the intruders from his fields by beating tin pans to dinner horn accompaniments. Terrified at the din, the grasshoppers gathered up their legs and moved to an adjoining farm, where, their appetites whetted by their travels, they cleaned up everything but the barbed wire fence and brought famine in the land. The farmer who owned the demolished crop was not so much enraged at the grasshoppers as he was at McRoberts. Grasshoppers have not had the advantages of higher education and are not responsible for their actions, but it is different with a rational farmer. He should have known better, and now Mr. McRoberts finds himself defendant in a suit for damages incurred by the other man because Mr. McRoberts drove into his fields a ravenous pest, to the great detriment of the plaintiff, his heirs and assigns and against the peace of our lady the Queen, her crown and dignity. The *Empire* thinks this case should afford full scope for the lawyers expert in the niceties of the law. The plaintiff will have to know that the grasshoppers that ate his crop were the grasshoppers

which Mr. McRoberts drove from his fields; that they left the McRoberts place because of intimidation practised by that gentleman, and not of their own free will and in response to the migratory instinct which prompts winged insects of this species to erratic movement. It is known that when in flight a darkening of the sun, the drifting of a cloud across the solar rays, so as to obscure their light, will cause locusts and grasshoppers to immediately descend to the ground. It will have to be shown that there were no obscurations at the hour when the swarm settled upon plaintiff's crops, and it will also have to be shown that there was a crop actually in existence before the predatory wanderers settled. So it looks as if the case will present many legal nuts, the cracking of which will be attended with much concern to an interested public. If a farmer cannot chase a grasshopper off his lot without incurring a suit at law, in which the farmer gets the verdict and the lawyer gets the homestead, the Patron movement in Ontario is a failure.

"Songs, Poems and Verses" by Helen Lady Dufferin, edited by her son, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava (John Murray) will be read with interest by Canadians. The work is a tribute by the most distinguished of Britain's diplomatists to his justly celebrated mother—a woman who united noble gifts with a personality of surpassing sweetness. The late Lady Dufferin, one of the three granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, shared with her sisters, the Hon. Caroline Norton (Mrs. Stirling Maxwell of Keir) and Georgina, Duchess of Somerset, a full measure of the gifts and charms of the Sheridans. In her beauty and wit were exemplified in remarkable degree, and these all conquering sources of attraction were combined with others which, if they could not increase the brilliancy of that beauty and wit, were potent allies in producing the sweet attractive grace which all who knew Lady Dufferin acknowledged and found abiding.

Lady Dufferin's grandmother was that celebrated Bath singer, Miss Linley (heroine of Ned Sothorn's late comedy, "Sheridan: or the Maid of Bath"), whose marriage with Sheridan forms so beautiful a page in the romance of his life. Her father, Tom Sheridan, was no mean wit, while other distinguished mem-

bers of the same house were Joseph Sheridan le Fanu, who wrote "The House of the Church-yard," and "Uncle Silas," as well as "The Ballad of Shamus O'Brien;" and Sheridan Knowles, the author of "Hunchback" and "Virginius," together with other works and poems. Lady Dufferin was married first to a descendant of the Ulster Blackwoods, a man who was a kinsman of sailors and military officers; and then to Lord Gifford, whom she married on his deathbed at his urgent entreaty.

The story of Lady Dufferin's second marriage is sufficiently romantic. When Lord Gifford first made her acquaintance she was considerably older than he. In fact he was but a lad reading with a tutor before going up to Cambridge. Being at the time in a morbid condition he was impressed with an unfounded distrust of his own capacity. She cheered him and made him believe in himself, and, as he was in reality a man of exceptional power, he soon gave a promise of considerable distinction. Naturally he fell in love, like many other men, with the beautiful widow, and on more than one occasion pressed her to marry him. His career was cut short by an accident.

The present au' hcr, her son by the former marriage, says he was a boy when his father died. That father pressed a wish that the heir of Blackwoods should reside a good deal in Ireland. Lady Dufferin, though a beautiful woman, who delighted in social intercourse, for her son's sake, spent many of her best years in his company in the solitude of an Irish country house. "The gain to me," says Lord Dufferin, "was incalculable. The period between 17 and 21 is perhaps the most critical in any man's life. My mother, in spite of the gayety of her temperament and her powers of enjoyment, or perhaps on that very account, was imbued with a deep religious spirit—a spirit of love, purity, self-sacrifice and unflinching faith in God's mercy. In spite of her sensitive taste, keen sense of humor, involuntary appreciation of the ridiculous and exquisite critical faculty, her natural impulse was to admire and see the good in everything, and to shut her eyes to what was base, vile or cruel. \* \* But the chief and dominant characteristic of her nature was her power of loving. Generally speaking, persons who love intensely are seen to concentrate their love upon a single object, while in my mother's case,

love seemed an inexhaustible force. Her love for her horse, for her dog, for her birds, was a passion, and the affection she lavished on me, on her brothers, sisters, relations and friends, was persistent, all embracing, perennial and indestructible as the light of the sun." When he has recorded her death, Lord Dufferin breaks into the following pardonable threnody: "Thus there went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked the earth. There was nothing wanting to her perfection; and I say this, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world and with both men and women."

The subject of this memoir was naturally brought into contact with many of the distinguished men of her time, amongst whom may be mentioned the poet Rogers, Lord Brougham, Lockhart, Sidney Smith, Theodore Hook and Mr. Disraeli. Here is an incident in the relationship between Lady Dufferin and the man who was destined to be Prime Minister of England: "The elder Mr. Disraeli being as yet more celebrated than his son, my mother had expressed a desire to see him. But the introduction could not be managed, inasmuch as at this particular moment, Mr. Disraeli had quarrelled with his father. One fine morning, however, he had arrived with his father in his right hand, so to speak, in Mrs. Norton's drawing room at Story's gate. Setting him down on a chair, and looking at him as if he were some object of vertu, of which he wanted to dispose, Mr. Disraeli turned round to my mother and said in his somewhat pompous voice: 'Mrs. Blackwood, I have brought you my father. I have become reconciled to my father on two conditions; the first was that he should come and see you; the second that he should pay my debts.'"

Lord Dufferin himself notes that one of his earliest encounters with Mr. Disraeli, who always treated him with great friendliness, was in Brook street the afternoon of the day on which he had won his Buckinghamshire election.

I stopped to congratulate him on his successful campaign, when he said to me: "Yes, I said rather a good thing on the hustings yesterday. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me 'a man of straw, without any stake in the country,' and asking 'what I stood upon,' so I said: 'Well, it is true I do not possess the broad acres of Lord So and so, or the vast estates of the Duke of A., but if the gentleman wants to know upon what I stand I will tell him I stand upon my head.'"

Lady Dufferin's poems require no introduction at least to the millions of her fellow countrymen who have settled in

America. No books are required to keep alive several of these poems, for they live in the hearts of the people, and will be transmitted from generation to generation.

Coming as the author does from the family of Sheridans, as remarkable for the deep potations as for the richness of their intellectual endowments, Lord Dufferin feels that he has a right to refer to the burden which his ancestry has bequeathed to him. The great Sheridan was, of course, exceptionally weak headed, on the other hand Lord Dufferin's paternal grandfather, who never had a day's illness, and lived till 81, was just the reverse. He would occasionally begin a convivial evening with what he called "a clearer," that is, a bottle of port, and continued with four bottles of claret, afterwards retiring to bed in a state of perfect though benevolent sobriety. "I have reason to complain," the editor adds, "that my two grand fathers, by overdrawing the family account with Bacchus, have left me a water drinker, a condition of degeneracy which caused, I remember, serious concern to the older members of the family."

As once more showing the necessity of something being done to improve the city water supply—and that before long—we have the case of the Messrs. Dunsmuir, who, in connection with their new storage warehouses, declare that it is not fit to be used in the manufacture. They have, therefore, made arrangements to use the article supplied by the Esquimalt Water Works Co., and, with that object in view, have made a connection with that company's system on the other side the railway bridge, in that way obtaining the water. This action of the Dunsmuir is to avoid the clause in the Water Company's charter, which stipulates that they shall not lay their pipes on this side of Victoria harbor. The case is likely to find its way into the courts, the contention being that the Messrs. Dunsmuir take delivery of the water outside the city limits and bring it in themselves. Here is undoubtedly an issue for the lawyers to wrestle over.

Some profess to believe that the Dunsmuirs, being anxious to dispose of a certain interest in the Esquimalt Water Works to the city, have adopted the plan referred to in the foregoing paragraph in order to strengthen their contention that a better and purer supply may be obtained from their company. Of this, I know nought; but I am perfectly satisfied that the water which the people of Victoria have been compelled to use for the last month or so could not very well be much worse. The champions of the Elk Lake article contend that it would be everything desired if the sewers were regularly

flushed. The cost of this work would be nothing compared with the risk which the consumer is taking in using city water. It is said that several cases of typhoid fever are directly traceable to this source. The Elk Lake water may be all that is claimed for it, but, under existing conditions, as it comes from the taps, it is unfit for man or beast.

It is asked by some, and not without reason, how is it that certain officers of the corporation have permitted the water to come to its present condition during their term of office, the fact being absolute that up to the last two years the water from Elk Lake was always pleasing to the taste and devoid of smell?

In the past this city has claimed an unbroken record for safety from conflagrations. Year after year five figures covered the losses. Insurance companies became impressed with the large harvest to be garnered, and numerous agencies were established, which accepted risks at rates in proportion to the losses. Within the last week two fires have taken place in business blocks from some unknown causes. Despite the efforts of the authorities, evidence to prove the origin of either was lacking. The owners say they left the buildings long before the fires occurred, and were positive everything was safe at the time. Fortunately, the fire department saved the buildings with little loss; but the question of responsibility for the fires rests somewhere. If we have a band of fire-bugs in our midst they should be hunted down. The burning of one building amounts to very little; but endangering the whole city appears to deserve more than passing consideration. Investigations have proved very little after numerous fires on account of an obsolete law on our statute book empowering juries to arrive at conclusions after listening to witnesses. This city requires a fire marshal to examine into the origin and causes of every fire. The officer should be vested with power to compel the attendance of witnesses to testify in relation to any matter which is subject of inquiry or investigation. He should have authority at all times to enter upon and examine any building and should be clothed with the powers of a trial justice. At a recent investigation the chief of police conducted the examination of witnesses. The jury consisted of residents of the locality where the fire occurred. During the examination, no evidence of the origin of the fire was adduced, simply because very little was known about it by any person present.

The *Insurance Monitor* contains the following suggestions from a prominent Canadian chief of fire department, residing within one thousand miles of Victoria:

"It strikes me that insurance com-

panies are risks. many ins fires in b the insu some recu insured p instance this city business occurred gation. satisfied. They ha city. At store. I frauded l Will be s under an Before is residence city and l order to somethin years' ex ten cases ated in b surance p option of tice, shot ance com ne-a to w party app wise to is wards. buildings before iss tious sho atice com one priva men find jured wh the fire r high insu scruples, be respon I expect ready we alone, me in five should ta the valu share of Another surance v the fire v Taking way Co about as place on thorough is indefa with the I would ent woul in the viding h to stop

panies are not over particular in accepting risks. They employ canvassers, and in many instances we are called on to attend fires in buildings over-insured. Further, the insurance companies should have some record of the character of persons insured previous to issuing policies. For instance, a man and his wife arrived in this city three years ago. Went into business and insured stock. Two fires occurred on the premises. Held investigation. Verdict—cause unknown. Not satisfied, I hunted up their former home. They had two suspicious fires in that city. Another case: A man burned his store. Received \$5,000 insurance, defrauded his creditors, and left the city. Will he start in business in another city, under an assumed name? My idea is: Before issuing a policy find the former residence of applicant. Write agent in city and learn character of applicant. In order to put a stop to insurance fires something must be done. During seven years' experience as a chief I cannot cite ten cases in this city where fires originated in buildings uninsured. The co-insurance plan, and moral hazard, with the option of cancelling, with three days' notice, should be enforced. Should insurance companies find it injures their business to ascertain former residence of the party applying for insurance, it might be wise to issue the policy and write afterwards. Thorough inspection of insured buildings and contents should be made before issuing policy, and monthly inspections should be made in cities. Insurance companies should support, at least, one private detective in each city. Until men find that they will be out and injured when fires occur on their premises, the fire record will go up. Hard times, high insurance and lack of conscientious scruples, with little fear of detection, will be responsible for a great loss this year. I expect numerous fires in this city. Already we have lost, in frame residences alone, more than appears on my record in five years. Insurance companies should take warning. Give but one-half the value and compel owners to carry a share of the burden."

Another plan would be to pay full insurance when proof is forthcoming that the fire was purely accidental.

Taking it all in all, the Victoria Tramway Company affords the public just about as good service as can be found any place on this continent. Mr. McCrady thoroughly understands his business, and is indefatigable in his efforts to keep pace with the public demand. This admitted, I would like to add that the Superintendent would build for himself a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, providing he would instruct his motormen to stop the cars at the postoffice. It can-

not be denied that every man, woman and child has business at the postoffice, and such being the case, it must be a point at which passenger traffic in a great measure begins and ceases. The convenience which would result to the public by the cars stopping at the postoffice must be apparent to all, and I trust that Supt. McCrady will regard it in this light and place the public under further obligations to him for the commendable desire he has evinced to make the tram car service as perfect as possible.

Police Court proceedings are very tame just at present, but yet very interesting to property as well as householders. The national emblem of Scotland is declared to be a nuisance, and any person permitting it to grow on his or her property is liable to a fine, which fine is rigorously imposed. Ireland's national emblem is not legislated against, but unfortunately the shamrock will not grow but on Irish soil. Hard on the thistle, but the law must take its course. However, it is a notorious fact that while the unintentional growers of the thistle are persecuted and prosecuted to the swelling of the city's coffers, the plant is to be seen in all its touch-me-not luxuriance on the public highways and byways. Why do not our local authorities take some steps to have them cut down also?

Speaking of Mr. Laurier's letter in reference to the rioting in Quebec, the *Ottawa Journal* says: "Mr. Laurier's letter deprecating the mobbing of Salvationists in Quebec condemns the outrage less on the principle of liberty of conscience than on the principle of commercial good policy and it includes a queer appeal to the radical vanity, but probably the utterance of the Liberal leader will be all the more practically useful, and as for liberty of conscience we all know that Mr. Laurier stands squarely and steadfastly for that."

I am told that the banks generally throughout the country are lending more money, but there is plenty of money to lend, and it is only natural that those who have it should desire to get better rates, which they are able to do in some instances. Fall trade has already opened in some branches, and although it is not active, yet stocks have been allowed to run down so low that the time has come when they must be replenished, and as it can be done at low prices buyers are willing to take the chances of the future course of the market, but as a rule only the most immediate and urgent wants are supplied; so that while there is no animation in trade in general, there are anticipations of what will be required as the season advances, and manufacturers in the east are obtaining orders for many goods in advance of production. I would

not be understood as predicting or expecting a boom in trade during the approaching autumn, but there are certainly good grounds for expecting a larger volume of trade than has prevailed through the spring and summer. There are too many people out of employment or with restricted occupation at low wages for a normal consumption of the various commodities, and until that condition is corrected there will be no general return to prosperity, but the course is apparently in that direction.

Fifteen years ago, McKee Rankin was a name by which theatrical managers might conjure; to-day, he is stranded in Vancouver, unable to get enough money together to proceed on his way. Here is a lesson for the stage-struck youth who imagines that the path to glory before the footlights is strewn with roses. McKee Rankin was born in Essex County, Ontario, where he received his primary education, after which he graduated from the old Upper Canada college. He chose the theatrical profession, and his progress was rapid, until the goal of his ambition was reached. In "The Danites," he made a name for himself. After starring the continent in this play, he took it to London, where it was received with many marks of appreciation. He returned to America, and for several seasons, in company with Fred Bryton, played the larger cities with considerable success. Then there came a day when domestic troubles overtook Rankin, and from that time he has been constantly on the downward grade, until now there is none so poor as to do him reverence. The history of McKee Rankin is that of many another actor before him. He was prodigal of his resources, and lacked the faculty of being able to judge the temper of the public. He played "The Danites" until the people became nauseated with the overdose, and it is doubtful if he could now produce anything which would assist him in retrieving his lost laurels.

FOND WIFE—"Do you love me, Algy?"  
FOND HUSBAND—"Love you? Why, I believe that I would be ass enough to marry you the second time, if I had a chance."

Two Irishmen, fresh from the Emerald Isle, joined the Boston police force, and during their first week's duty they managed to secure a lot of cases, and all of them being trifling offences, a large amount of money was taken in fines. They were just on the point of promotion when they resolved to leave. The Superintendent was greatly surprised when they gave in their notices, and asked them what they intended doing, and if they could better themselves. "Oh, yes," replied Pat, "for you see we are going to start a police station on our own account. I am going to run them in and Mike will inflict the fines."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Elton E. Ainsworth, of Seattle, and Miss Helen Grube, only daughter of Mrs. Shroeder, of 268 Yates street, were married, Wednesday evening, by the Rev. W. L. Clay, of St. Andrew's Church. Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth were the recipients of a large number of handsome and useful presents from their numerous friends. After a journey to the east, they will reside in Seattle.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss White and Mr. Jacobs and family, of Portland, who have been visiting Harrison Hot Springs are at the Driard, where they will spend a few days before proceeding home.

The yacht Pilgrim, of Blaine, with a party of seven persons, has been in Victoria harbour for the past week, the visitors having been the guests of the Victoria Yacht Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Coltart and Mr. E. F. Matthews and family have returned from Boundary Bay, where they have been camping with Mr. G. F. Floyd, of New Westminster.

Lord and Lady Randolph, Churchill, will probably return to Victoria to-day by the Umatilla. They will take passage for Japan by the Empress sailing next Tuesday.

Consul-General Baron von Hesse-War-tegg and his wife, formerly Madame Minnie Hauk, the celebrated prima donna, were registered at the Driard this week.

Baroness Macdonald and Miss Sanford are enjoying a driving tour through the Island of Skye, on the northwest coast of Scotland.

Miss Dickinson returned by the Walla Walla, from a six month visit to San Francisco and Red Bluff, California.

Rev. Canon Kingham has returned to his home in Wisconsin, after a pleasant holiday with old friends here.

Mr. J. W. Church, principal of Victoria College, has returned from a week's visit to Koksilah and Cowichan Lake.

Mr. E. D. Carmichael has returned from Chicago, where he has spent the last fourteen months at college.

Hon. W. P. Robers, the recently appointed U. S. Consul for Victoria, arrived Thursday evening.

Mrs. Nora Briggs, of Liverpool, England, is spending a few days in Victoria with Mrs. Janion.

Mr. E. P. Davis, the well-known Vancouver baraister has gone down to San Francisco.

Col. the Hon. James Baker returned home from the Mainland on Tuesday evening.

Thos. Connolly, Dominion immigration agent, and Mrs. Connolly are at the Oriental.

Mr. R. P. Rithet will return to San Francisco by the steamer sailing to-morrow.

Miss Bowness has returned from a seven weeks' visit to friends in Seattle.

The Misses Pooley have been visiting I. B. Fisher at New Westminster.

The Right Hon. Sir John E. Gorst, M. P., will shortly visit the Province.

Percy Jenns, teller in the Bank of B. C., Kamloops, has left for home.

Mrs. D. W. Morrow has returned from a pleasant trip to the Mainland.

Miss Beaven came over from the Mainland last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Sillitoe is over from Westminster on a visit to friends.

Mrs. A. E. Macnaughton is ill at St. Joseph's hospital.

Mr. P. S. Lampman has gone east on a trip.

Miss Devereaux has returned from a visit to Agassiz.

Miss F. Garasche is in San Francisco.

A meeting will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Friday evening, August 31st, for the purpose of organizing the Chautauqua Circle Home Reading Course for the coming winter, which is known as the English year. The subjects covered will be English history, English literature, the renaissance and modern art, modern history, geology and religious literature. The time required for the reading is about one hour daily for nine months. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle aims to promote habits of reading and study in history, literature, science and art; to give college graduates a review of the college course; to secure for those whose educational privileges have been limited the college students' general outlook upon the world and life; and to encourage close, connected, persistent thinking.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

LACROSSE.

THE match to-day between Westminster and Vancouver promises to be a most exciting game. The Vancouver boys have been putting up great lacrosse in their last couple of games. The team will be greatly strengthened by Mac Peard on the defence and Ed. Coyle on the home, this being Coyle's first match in B. C.

The Vancouver seniors have forwarded a proposition to the Victoria club to play the game of July 2 (declared off) here on Saturday, September 1. As several of the Victoria men are unable to play, it is probable that the game will be postponed until a later date.

The match between the Bays and the Nanaimo team this afternoon at the Caledonia Park promises excitement for all who attend. The Nanaimo team has been practising hard and hopes to win. Greenfield, formerly of the Stars, will play with the Bays.

YACHTING.

The cruise of the Yacht Club last Saturday afternoon was a grand success in every particular. The following yachts loaded with their guests made a pretty sight as they slipped their moorings: Annie, Vice-Com. Capt. Warren; Volage, Capt. Jas. Seeley; Irene, Capt. C. A. Godson; Ariel, Capt. Wm. Croft; Star, Capt. Finlaison; and Daisy Bell, Capt. D. Anderson. There was a steady breeze blowing from the southwest, and the fleet carried all spare canvas. The Vice-Commodore was in charge of the cruise, and led the other yachts to Albert Head, where the Volage and Daisy Bell had several smart brushes, at times running side by side for several minutes. At 5:20 p.m., the fleet, which was considerably scattered, made for home, the Irene being first to break out her spinnaker, the rest quickly following suit. Again the Daisy Bell and Volage came together, each with every spare inch of canvas, rushed before the wind, the Volage reaching the Outer Wharf first, closely followed by the Irene and Daisy Bell, the others standing out again to sea. At the club house, several neat speeches were made by Col. Prior, Jas. Seeley and others, ending in cheers for the V. Y. C. As the Vice-Commodore's yacht came in, the yachtsmen gave him a rouser. The club will shortly repeat the cruise, and endeavor to make room for more guests.

The following is a list of the yachts which took part in the cruise with names of their crews and invited guests.

Annie—Capt. J. D. Warren, Vice Commodore, J. W. Spring—Major Quinlan,

F. S. Hussey, J. Keith Wilson, F. Elworthy and L. G. Henderson.

Volage—Capt. Seeley, W. L. Challoner, F. C. Hadden, Geo. Shedden, H. W. Pauline, G. L. Prior, Capt. A. W. Jones, A. C. Flummerfelt, R. Seabrooke, C. E. Renouf, John Hall and H. E. A. Robertson.

Irene—Capt. Godson, J. G. Elliott, W. Brammer, Bruce Lachlan, Hewitt Boslock, A. H. Scaife, J. P. Falls, Fred Wollaston, J. F. Foulkes and J. Houston.

Daisy Bell—Capt. Dave Anderson, Wm. Scott, A. G. Sargison, Walter McConnon and Douglas Muir.

Ariel—Capt. Lawrence, Wm. Croft, E. W. Spencer and Robt. Burns.

Star—Capt. Finlaison, M. Finlaison.

#### SPORTING TIPS.

All the entries for the regatta this afternoon have been made. There will be 14 events, all of more or less interest.

The Victoria representatives at the Tacoma tennis tournament came off with the highest honors. Mr. Foulkes won the single championship, and together with Mr. Cuppage, carried off the doubles. In addition to these successes, Mr. Foulkes and Miss Anderson, the lady champion, won the mixed doubles. The finals in the gentlemen doubles between Foulkes, Cuppage, White and Peardon was a remarkably keen and exciting contest. The visitors speak in the highest terms of the entertainment provided by the hospitable Tacoma players.

#### IN A NEW ROLE.

On the evening of May 19, 1879, the McDowell company opened an engagement of four weeks in the old city hall, Winnipeg. The organization was a first class one in every respect, and amongst others composing it was Miss Lizzie McCall, a clever and entertaining soubrette. Miss McCall, with the exception of Mrs. McDowell (Fanny Reeves) was the most popular person in the company. Although modest and retiring, she turned the heads of half the young men of the town. She put up at the leading hotel, and held aloof from the rest of the company. When the time for departure came, it was discovered that nearly every one of her photographs had been abstracted from the picture frames which had been placed in the principal stores of the city, so great was her popularity.

The next I heard of Miss McCall was that she had been arrested in Brooklyn, charged with shooting her husband, one George Barry Wall. She was playing with Boucicault in "The Shaughraun" when she met Mr. Wall, a young lawyer, a son of the Rev. Thomas S. Wall, superintendent of the Presby-

terian Hospital. They were married. On Sunday, Feb. 28, 1892, he was found lying on the floor of his house with a bullet wound in his neck. Mrs. Wall was leaning over him with her hands over the wound, trying to staunch the blood, and screaming "Oh, my dear husband, it was an accident, it was an accident." In his ante-mortem statement he said she had shot him intentionally. He died in the Presbyterian Hospital. She was arrested but later released on bail and then set free. She afterwards married Nestor Lennon, a young actor. He secured a divorce from her, naming Edmund Collier as co-respondent.

I met Miss McCall, or Mrs. Wall, in Chicago in 1883, where she was playing with a Romany Rye company. She had lost none of her former beauty, and the trouble she had passed through did not appear to have broken her spirit to any degree.

Miss McCall now appears in a new role. The Victoria Times of a recent date, contained a telegraphic dispatch to the effect that a mysterious woman had a few days previously presented herself to Heyward McAllister, son of Ward McAllister, the dictator of New York society, announcing that she was his wife. McAllister denied the soft impeachment, but it now transpires that there was something in the statement. The mysterious woman is Miss Lizzie McCall, the handsome and dashing soubrette. The New York papers say that Miss McCall is now a very buxom and chapeley woman. Though she must be about thirty-five years old, she doesn't show it, and her deep-colored eyes are as bright as those of a girl of twenty.

NAT-A-WAY.

"MESHALLUM BEY" writes: "O! Allah! that it should have been possible for an infidel dog of a Giaour to cast contempt upon the followers of the prophet by depriving them of their names and titles and by heaping upon them the added insult of a denomination belonging only to the Christian. *Ay de mi!* that my faithful fellow-countryman and Mussulman, Iskander Bey should have the added shame of being held up to ridicule by an auction man as 'Mr. Bey.' When Iskander hired an individual to hold up his goods for competition by the highest bidder, he did not expect to be spoken of as Mr. or to have his distinction of Bey held in low esteem. But, by the prophet's beard, it is not that either he or I feel aggrieved on that account, but that we desire to have extended toward us and our nationality that honor to which we are entitled. The mistake we are sufficiently generous to attribute to ignorance."

#### A CHEQUE ON A PLANK.

They were talking about queer cheques, drafts, etc., in one of the local banks, and a gentleman not long from Kansas City, Mo., finally told the following:

"I was once employed," he said, "to collect a balance of \$470 which was due a well-known building firm of Kansas City from an eccentric old millionaire. How he made his money I don't know, for it is said that he could neither read nor write, but he had it all the same.

"Well, I found the old boy down in his cellar, and was gratified to hear him say that he would pay the bill at once. 'I haven't that much cash with me, but just wait a minute.'

"He felt around as if looking for a piece of paper, and I was just about to offer him some when his eyes lit upon a piece of board about eighteen inches square.

"Just the thing," he said, and with that he picked it up and made a lot of queer-looking marks upon it.

"There," he said, 'take that to my bankers and it will be all right.'

"I protested, but he insisted, and finally I did as he said. I handed the piece of plank, dubiously enough, I can tell you, to the paying teller, but what was my relief when he merely smiled, studied the hieroglyphics a moment, and handed me \$470. Then he laid the board on a shelf and that was all there was to it.

"It transpired that the old man had a system of signs all his own, which his bankers had agreed to respect. All the same, that plank cheque seemed curious to them, and it is hanging up in the office of the establishment now."

"Mr. Couldock is a great disappointment off the stage," says the Chicago Record. "He is seventy years of age, and it might readily be supposed that the faltering and trembling gait of the venerable pastor in the play (Young Blood) had come with a ripe old age. It seems too real to be simulated. Ten minutes after the curtain fell Mr. Couldock appeared at the stage door. He lighted a cigar, pulled his dark slouch hat down over his eyes, and strode out of the alley with the high, gingery step of a juvenile. At twenty paces he would easily have mistaken for a man of thirty-five. The younger members of the company, and they are much younger in comparison, have for Mr. Couldock much reverence and regard. In his leisure moments he tells them of his experience in England fifty years ago, when he was a member of a Shakespearean company which strolled from town to town, stopping often along the shady country lanes to study parts and rehearse them."

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE following concerning Dean Stanley's view of the coronation of Queen Victoria is taken from a recently published life of that remarkable man :

At 10:30, another gun announced that she was at the abbey door, and in about a quarter of an hour the procession appeared from under the organ, advancing up the purple approach to the chancel, every one leaning over, and in they came. First the great dukes, struggling with their enormous trains, then bishops, etc., and then the queen, with her vast crimson train outspread by eight ladies all in white, followed by the great ladies of her court in enormous crimson trains and the smaller ladies with delicate sky blue trains trailing along the dark floor. When she came within the full view of the gorgeous abbey, she paused, as if for breath, and clasped her hands. The orchestra broke out into the most tremendous crash of music I ever heard. "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord'"

Every one literally gasped for breath from the intense interest, and the rails of the gallery visibly trembled in one's hands from the trembling of the spectators. I never saw anything like it. Tears would have been a relief. One felt that the queen must sink into the earth under the tremendous awe. But at last she moved on to her place by the altar, and, as I heard from my cousin who had a place close by, threw herself on her knees, buried her face in her hands and evidently prayed fervently. For the first part, the silence was so great that at my extreme point I could hear quite distinctly the tremulous but articulate voice of the Archbishop. Afterward it was quite inaudible. The great drawbacks were the feeble responses to the service and the feebleness of the acclamation—hardly any at all at the recognition and only tolerable at the coronation. That was the crisis of the ceremony, and the most striking part. The very moment the crown touched her head, the guns went off, the trumpets began and the shouts. She was perfectly immovable, like a statue. The Duchess of Kent burst into tears, and her lady had to put on her coronet for her. The anointing was very beautiful from the cloth of gold. The homage also from the magnificent cluster in the very centre.

It was a take off, though a necessary one, I suppose, that throughout her face was turned away from the spectators toward the altar. All the movements were beautiful. She was always accompanied by her eight ladies floating about her like a silvery cloud. It was over at 3:30—that is, she went out then with her crown, her orb and her sceptre. I walked home. The rest had to wait till

8 for their carriage, which was forced back by the length of the line to Kennington common. The crowd in the streets to see the return of the procession was stupendous. It was all more like a dream than reality—more beautiful than I could have conceived possible. I should wish almost never to see her again; that, as this was the first image I had ever seen of her, so it should be the last.

I took my worshipped one to see  
"Camille"—the play that so attracts—  
Intending, incidentally.

To breathe my love between the acts.

But from the moment Armand stepped  
Upon the stage her earnest eyes  
Their yearning gaze upon him kept  
With furtive tears and stifled sighs.

And each time that the drop-scene dropped  
Until it fell again her talk  
Was all of him; she never stopped.  
About his smile, his voice, his walk.

Camille, she thought, might prettier be,  
But he was splendid, noble, great.  
"Oh, I could love him!" This to me,  
Who trembled for my own sad fate.

Strange! That the mimic lover, tried  
And tortured, thus should give her pain,  
While the real lover at her side,  
Ignored and silent, chewed his cane.

The models popular this season for colored dresses are so simple that they are repeated in appropriate fabrics for mournings. Belted waists, large sleeves and well cut plain skirts are made of thin crepons, veilings, grenadine or clairette mounted on dull black silk. They are very simply trimmed, with a crushed collar and folded belt of English crape or of dull gros grain ribbon. If more crape is desired it is seen in a yoke with sleeve puffs, and the skirt is bordered with crape, or else draped slightly on the sides to show a band of crape on the silk foundation skirt. Sometimes an entire waist of crape is fitted smoothly over the lining, and the material is draped as a corselet, or arranged in two points back and front, each headed by a knot of crape.

Heavier fabrics—Henrietta cloth or Eudora—are made with a short basque of crape, and have jacket fronts opening on a gathered crape vest. A wide fold of crape trims the bottom of the skirt.

A gown of yellowish muslin with all-over embroidery of oval discs cut out, after the Hamburg manner, made up as a transparency over yellow. The skirt hanging free from the silk, has yellowish lace insertion on the edge and set in again at some distance above; the bodice is entirely of lace over yellow and the sleeves are a single balloon puff of muslin over yellow reaching half way to the elbow and met there by cream gloves. Yellow satin ribbon forms the belt, fastened behind with two bows set three inches apart, a long end hanging from each. The same ribbon forms the neck band, with two bows behind similarly placed. Above

this is posed a large yellow straw hat, the brim in three overlapping ruffles, trimmed with knotted rosettes of yellow and black.

Those flower lovers whose aesthetic ideas are wounded by the sight of the little cakes of earth in which potted plants are grown will rejoice to hear of a more decorative arrangement. Fill the pots with coarse moss in the same way with which it is usually filled with earth. Then plant the seeds or cutting in the usual manner. The effect is not only much prettier than that of garden mold, but the plants thrive better in the moss. The moss absorbs just enough moisture to insure nourishment for the root of the plant and no more—a state of things which is not always assured with earth.

If one is to be in the kitchen for some time among the steam of cooking, it is a good plan to wear a cook's cap. This is not the square cap worn by the male cook, but a full, white cap, such as is worn quite generally in the cooking schools. It is the best made of sheer white muslin, may have a full frill of the material, crimped to fit closely to the hair, or a very simple frill of lace. These caps are similar, we believe, to the caps worn by nurses. At all events, they give a neat and dainty appearance to the wearer, and are universally becoming.

In making shirt waists, tailors add five inches of fullness below the throat for slight figures and only three inches for those who are large. The pointed yoke set on the back has a bias seam down the middle and has two rows of stitching at the edges and down the middle seam. The fullness at the waist line is laid in small plaits and held down by a narrow belt stitched on the outside. Shirt sleeves ten inches wide at the top are tapered to be slightly gathered into straight cuffs three inches deep and wide enough for the hand to pass through when buttoned. The nearly straight collar, two inches and a half deep, is mounted on a high neck band that requires two buttons to fasten it. Both collar and cuffs are interlined and have a single row of stitching on the edge. An inch-wide box plait down the front is fastened with three or four pearl buttons, unless studs are worn, and in the latter case there are usually linked buttons for the sleeves. When laundered, only the collar and cuffs are stiffened with starch, the remainder being left soft to feel cool and look cool also.

Among the Arabs a curious custom prevails at all weddings. After various ceremonies, the bridegroom is led in the evening into a large, dimly lighted room. Here, huddled on the floor on one side, he finds the female relatives and friends

of the bride, all of the same height and size, all wearing precisely similar clothing and closely veiled. One of these is the bride, and it falls upon him to find out which it is. If he has been wise, he has bribed some of the spectators to give him a sign to guide him, but, if not, he attempts to seize the veiled figure whom he suspects to be his bride. If possible, she slips from his grasp and runs away, with him in hot pursuit. An exciting chase follows, until he succeeds in catching her, when he tears the veil from her face. If it turns out that he has chosen correctly, and that she is the bride, the game is ended, but, if not, he must try again, after the captured girl has had time to arrange her disordered dress and take her place once more among her companions. Again he makes a selection, and after another long chase succeeds in unveiling a second maiden, possibly only to find he has caught the same girl again. Many hours are consumed in this way, and it is often daylight before the unlucky bridegroom secures his bride.

Red slippers are not so much worn as they were. The tan suede low shoes and slippers are being a trifle superseded by the smooth kid of the same shade. The smooth kid ones are not nearly so pretty, being cut with straps to cross over the instep and with both straps and fronts embroidered with beads.

The blue book on marriage and divorce is said to contain singular facts, which may be regarded, however, as touchstones of civilization. In Russia, for instance, people may not wed a fourth time, nor after they are eighty years old. In France, the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage, makes herself liable to divorce by persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insuperable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal civilization touches the high-water mark. There, if a wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, the law frees him at once.

#### AT THE PLAY.

IT was a "first night," and the curtain was about to rise upon the third act. At the end of the second act the situation was this: The hero of the play had been accused of a great crime. The officers were close upon his track, and disgrace, ruin and imprisonment were hand in hand with them. At this point he was alone with the woman he loved. He had told her of all the evils that compassed him and in the same instant had told her of his love. Would she risk all for him, fly with him, give up all else for love of him,

or would she choose safety, comfort, an honorable name and home—all of which awaited her acceptance at the hands of another? The curtain had fallen upon the lover appealing, the woman debating. The house remained silent, hushed, almost like a house of death.

There were two persons in the orchestra chairs who were watching the play with an intensity of feeling that could hardly be veiled. One was a woman, young, handsome, bearing in every line of her face and figure testimony that she had never known other than the ease and comfort and security that wealth begets. By her side was a man of apparently the same social rank. This was David Osborne, cashier of the —th National bank. The woman was Eleanor Wheelright, whom many supposed to be his affianced wife. In this, however, they were wrong, as no word of love had yet passed between the two.

At the end of the second act Osborne had turned to his companion questioning-ly. "It is rather emotional," he said. "Are you ready to guess the outcome of all this passion? Will the girl be a fool and yield to his persuasions?"

"I hope so," Miss Wheelright replied, her tone gentle and sympathetic, "but I shall not call it 'being a fool.' Unless she can give up much for him she does not truly love him."

"Even if he is the criminal?"

"That does not alter the fact."

After this they were silent for a little. At last he spoke again.

"If you were put to such a test, Eleanor, for the man you loved?"

"If I loved him, I think I should be equal to it."

Osborne's face grew a shade more pale as he asked the next question:

"Have you seen this evening's papers?"

"Yes."

"Then you know our bank is in trouble?"

"Yes; I read all the account."

"But that did not tell you all. It did not tell you that I am suspected of embezzling the funds."

She sat very still and waited for him to go on.

"I ought not to have brought you out to-night. But I could not resist the temptation of spending one more delightful evening with you. I knew there would be no public accusation until to-morrow. I could not deny myself these few hours."

He spoke very low, so that his words came to her ear in a mere whisper. "You know that I love you; that I hoped to make you my wife. I ought to have been strong enough not to tell you this now. I ought to have waited, but I could not." Miss Wheelright made no answer, but she put out her hand and touched the sleeve of his coat. It gave him courage.

"By morning I may be arrested," he

said, "imprisoned. The amount of the defalcation is very great. If I start soon—at once—I may be in Canada by morning and at least safe from arrest. A train leaves in an hour."

Miss Wheelright's agitation had been shown only by the nervous plucking at her gloves. One of these had been drawn half off. She began now to draw it on again. She held the hand out to him that he might button it. Then she drew her wraps about her. "Come," she said, "we shall have no time to lose. Let us go at once."

"Eleanor, where? Home?" he asked, not understanding her.

"No; where you said. There is time."

She had risen to her feet. Osborne rose also and put out a restraining hand. "Eleanor, think! You may repent," he said, but even as he spoke he began to move with her toward the exit. As they did this the curtain came up on the third act of the play, and almost involuntarily they paused to see the conclusion of the story, which was so much like their own.

The officers had just appeared, armed with the warrant for his arrest, and the lover had turned to confront them. The heroine interposed between him and them, and one of the officers spoke to her:

"Do not make our task any harder, my girl. We have come in time to save you from wasting yourself on this scoundrel. He has stolen the money of widows and orphans who have trusted him, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to comfort and luxury and indulgence—with you. The man will not deny his crime. You can see that from his face. Do not believe that his heart can be good or his love pure when he has so wronged others."

The girl had sunk down, sobbing and covering her face with her hands, after one long searching look upon her lover. At this he came toward her appealingly.

"No, no!" she cried, waving him away. "Go! I don't love you. I was about to yield all for you. It was madness, for you are not worthy of it. It is past now!"

At the words of the officer, "He has stolen the money of widows and orphans, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to indulgence with you," Eleanor Wheelright had looked upon Osborne's face and read the truth there.

And when the girl cried out: "It was madness. It is past now," Osborne had looked upon her face and had seen that her own madness was also past.

Seeing this, he put out his arm to her calmly. "Shall I take you to your carriage?" he asked.

She bowed, and they went out together. A moment later Osborne shut the carriage door between them and went alone upon the road, a fugitive—the road that he had carefully paved with stolen gold.

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### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A DULUTH paper has the following  
to say of "Friends," which will be  
produced here Wednesday and Thursday  
next: "It has been so long since a first-  
class play has been on the boards at

lines somewhat out of the usual run of  
plays, although one or two features of the  
plot are familiar. The text contains  
lines of considerable literary beauty and  
the play is possessed of a great deal of  
dramatic merit. It is largely ideal, for  
such a friendship as that of John Paden  
for Adrian Karje is not often seen in real  
life, but that does not detract from the  
interest of the play. The company is  
strong capable and evenly balanced.  
With one or two exceptions, which are at  
least not for the worst, the personnel is  
the same as last season. Selena Fetter  
Royle, as Marguerite Otto, takes her part  
well and makes a splendid appearance.  
Edward Milton Royle, as John Paden,  
Jr., is clever, and gives a capable presen-  
tation of his part, comical and pathetic in  
turn. E. D. Lyons as Hans Otto, the  
weak, loving father, has a trying part  
and fills it completely. Harry Allen as  
John Paden, Sr., was excellent, and the  
part of the old business man who covers  
a soft heart with an appearance of crust-  
iness, suited him well. Adolph Jackson  
made a villain void of the usual dramatic  
claptrap. Lucius Henderson as Adrain  
Karje, the pianist, was good, and his  
piano solos, difficult numbers, executed  
with marvelous skill and precision, were  
heartily encored. Gretchen Lyons made  
the most of her small part. At the end  
of the third act the entire company was  
called before the curtain and each mem-  
ber greeted with well earned applause.  
Mr. Royle, the author, was hailed with  
a burst of applause from all parts of the  
house."

Arthur Forrest will go with Richard  
Mansfield next season.

Wm. A. Brady is reported in one of  
the newspapers as saying that both he and  
Corbett were pleased with the Prince of



FRIENDS—ACT III—"SHE HAS SIMPLY FAINTED, THAT'S ALL."

either of the theatres that a large audi-  
ence gathered at the Temple last night  
and Edward Milton Royle's excellent  
drama received an enthusiastic reception.  
'Friends' needs no introduction to  
Duluth theatre-goers, as it has been seen  
here before and is a favorite among mod-  
ern dramas. The play is constructed on

Wales, whom they met in London. This  
of course, will be very gratifying to the  
Prince.

Sir Augustus Harris, the celebrated  
London manager, was in New York city  
last week.

Programme of concert to be given by



the B.C.B.A. band at Mount Baker Hotel, Oak Bay, Saturday evening, Aug. 25th.

**PART I.**  
 March and Regt. Conn. N. G. Reeves  
 Medley Overture from Harrigan & Hart's  
 comic play "Squatter Sovereignty," intro-  
 ducing The McIntyres, The Maguires,  
 Widow Nolan's Goat, Miss Brady's Piano  
 Fortay, The Folorn Old Maid and Paddy  
 Duffy's Call.  
 Request number.....  
 And Polka.....Parlow  
**Intermission.**  
**PART II.**  
 Selection.....A Night Off.....Boettger  
 Polka Return (solo for euphonium).....Jennings  
 D. Wales, soloist.  
 Request number.....  
 Waltz.....Symposia.....Bendix  
 God Save the Queen.....  
 J. M. FINN, Band Master.

**POULTRY.**

POULTRY raisers living in the out-  
 skirts of the city have been  
 annoyed during the summer months by a  
 certain gang of young Victorians, who  
 were in the habit of shooting any chickens  
 that happened to come their way. A  
 certain sense of satisfaction will be ex-  
 perience on learning that on Wednesday  
 last three boys were up in the Provincial  
 police court on a charge of shooting and  
 being in possession of some hens the  
 property of Wm. Dean, of Dean Lea.  
 One boy was convicted and sentenced to  
 a month's labor, the others escaping for  
 lack of evidence. Mr. Dean, in giving  
 evidence, showed himself well up in all  
 points of a fowl, and stood a severe cross  
 examination from the magistrate, who  
 took a great interest in the case.

H. R. Smith says he intends to get  
 some Malays from Australia, as he claims  
 they are superior to the stock that Old  
 Country breeders have.

We received a letter enquiring as to  
 where some young fowls are to be  
 obtained. We think any person with any  
 such stock for sale should try a small ad.  
 in THE HOME JOURNAL.

W. J. McKeon is negotiating for the  
 purchase of some Homing Antwerps from  
 a well known breeder near Liverpool,  
 England.

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FOX TERRIERS { Combined strains of  
 Ch. Venio, Ch. Re-  
 gent, Ch. Rachel.  
 SCOTCH COLLIES { Pensarn Gordon, 3,222  
 Melchley Flurry, 2,842  
 Melchley Flurry won the silver medal for best  
 collie at Victoria Show, Feb., 1894.  
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 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

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 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 de-  
 tached from the rubber, as the peculiar con-  
 struction renders it impossible.

It is one of the most cleanly, durable, com-  
 fortable and beautiful dentures ever devised.

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 of absorption or shrinkage of the mouth, thus  
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## COLLABORATEURS.

By S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

THE sudden alarm only worked momentary confusion among the enemy. They rallied with astonishing rapidity, and the advance guard of scouts and police were greeted with a fusillade of bullets, as soon as their heads showed above the crest of the lower hill. The line of attack quickly extended, and the gatling, flanked by two seven pound brass cannon, was speedily wheeled to a position just below the brow. The remainder of the troops crossed the creek without a single mishap.

One of the buglers was trumpeting a general advance. The blatant staccato notes were heard above the tumult of battle, above the officers' ringing commands, above the shouts of teamsters hastily forming a lagoon of waggons, above the clamor of cavalymen urging their chargers to the fore, above the rattle and din of musketry. The inspiring martial strains broke off abruptly, in a half-completed measure. The bugle dropped, and hung by its silken tassel, and, simultaneously, two arms were flung into the air.

The rebels menaced their white foe on every side, and were following their customary tactic of firing from ambush. The battle-field abounded with hillocks and ravines, and along these they skulked and crept. The Canadian force battled with an invisible host, only proclaiming its presence by sudden flashes, puffs of smoke and death-dealing missiles.

But now the Indians are mustering courage and confidence. They are gathering in force on the opposite hill. The guns have been hurling schrapnel into their camp with fatal effect, and the red men are determined to charge and capture the bellowing engines of destruction. It is a critical time for the volunteer lads, fatigued with their all night ride. They have never had a hand to hand encounter. The Indians are rushing down the other hill, defiantly waving their rifles in the air. They are without any show of discipline, but as the guns are the objective point of all, their charge presents something of the nature of a serried attack by trained troops. They have reached the hollow dip between the two hills, and are beginning the ascent. It is an anxious moment. The artillerymen are standing steady—waiting. A surprise is in store for the untutored children of the plains. The dusky warriors have not mastered all the tricks and devices of modern warfare. On they come—nearer—nearer. The militia are fingering the triggers with impatience. "Fire," the officer orders sharp and emphatically, and a line of flashing light blazes from a hundred rifles.

Synchronously, the crank of the gatling revolves, and a murderous shower of bullets is rained upon the startled redskins. Their impetuous rush comes to a sudden halt—they pause in dismay, and then madly race down the slope. The gatling had mowed a swath, and the descent was dotted with the bodies of the riddled slain. One of the killed was a mere tot of an Indian boy, armed with bow and arrow, who had taken part in the charge with childish ignorance of possible fatal consequences.

The Indians were taught a salutary lesson, and they returned to their native method of fighting under the cover of trees, rocks or natural rifle-pit of sheltering ravine.

The white force numbered a few casualties, chiefly from reckless exposure, but now they were adopting the plan of campaign of the enemy, and the engagement narrowed to desultory firing and skirmishing, in which the sharp-shooting of the militia more than compared with their adversaries.

A few of the enemy had taken possession of a small elevation, overlooking the corral of waggons, within which was stationed the ambulance corps, and succeeded in picking off a number of horses. A lieutenant with twenty men was deputed to dislodge the rebels, hold the position, and signal on any attempt to recapture. Frank White and Harry Seymour were included in the attacking party. The importance of the situation as a vantage point escaped the notice of the insurgents, and the few half-breed riflemen evacuated without firing a shot, at sight of the small company approaching on the double quick. When the summit was reached, they found, though, that the place was poorly protected and presented a most handy target for hostile marksmen. The enemy kept pelting the position, and the bullets were flying around in a terrifying manner. The men hugged the ground, and made no effort to answer fire. Seymour was lying beside a corpse, and another lifeless body lay stretched a few feet from White. Suddenly some one discovered that the lieutenant in command was missing. They began to grumble and murmur. They could not see the necessity of waging such unequal strife, and objected to being killed off like rats in a cask. The importance of the position never occurred to any of them. After slight hesitation, they resolved to retreat, and soon were crawling away on hands and knees to a small grove of trees.

The enemy promptly appeared on the abandoned position, and repeated their fire on the lagoon.

"My God, boys, what have you done? I would die rather than be disgraced. It is all my fault. I lost my head and left you. That place must be taken at all

hazard. Life is nothing to me now," was the lieutenant who had spoken excitedly. His exsanguious face bore a look of deadly determination. His teeth were clenched in savage resolve. He recognized that he was responsible for an unpardonable blunder. He must retrieve lost honor, or perish in the attempt.

They lined up. The two dead had been left on the hill, and would receive the usual horrible mutilation from the truculent enemy. The lieutenant glanced at his insignificant file of eighteen, and then at the point of attack, and owned himself how barren and devoid of hope were the chances. "Steady, boys—bayonets—charge," and the lieutenant sword in hand, led the way. They traversed half the incline. The rebels were reserving their fire, and a volley would crash out at short range from the summit. Frank White was rushing along at a swinging gait. Frank could always be counted in the van. He saw the glistening barrels. An unseen hand would pull a trigger. Would there be a leaden messenger for him? His elbows coupled with six feet of sturdy, well-developed physique would surely sing him out as a mark. Only a few feet more, and the muzzles would belch forth death and oblivion. What were his thoughts, dashing along with the healthy flow of vigorous young manhood surging through his veins? A faint flush on his cheek, eyes kindling with excitement, lips half parted—on, on, he rushes. Was he thinking of some one fair and lovely, some one with whom, but a short while back, he plighted troth? Only in the spring, just past, he had been rendered ineffably happy. Was he thinking of a garden, bathed in a melting, half-toned radiance of moonlight? Did his charming vision conjure up shy, trusting blue eyes that had looked into his, with a world of tenderness sparkling in their liquid depths? Or was he thinking of a dear loved, doting mother, whom kind hands had gently led away, wringing her hands, tears streaming down her cheeks, and crying out in agonized despair "Oh! my darling, my only boy. Merciful God! I may never see my Frank again!"

A remorseless black eye, under bushy beetling brows, glanced along a rifle barrel. A puff of white smoke. Something hissed through the air. Frank White fell back—Frank White—young, strong, handsome, fell back—dead.

The shot that severed poor Frank's thread of life was but the prelude to a volley. When the smoke cleared away the lieutenant and Seymour, among others, were lying motionless on the ground. The rest were in deadly peril. There was a shout in the rear. Reinforcements are hurrying to the rescue, to save the remnant of the luckless eighteen, and

carry the position by storm. On they came with irresistible might. Death lurked everywhere. The rebels suddenly realized the importance of the position, and kept up a destructive cross-fire along the ascent. Nothing daunted, the gallant Canadian youth asserted the spirit of their valiant fathers at Lundy Lane, of those who under the heroic Brock could assault and carry by storm against tremendous odds. The half-breeds were driven from the coveted position at the point of the bayonet.

Whilst the fight was at the hottest, Allison, of the ambulance corps, ventured out in the teeth of the enemy's fire, and, though wounded, carried in Seymour. The latter, after being shot, had staggered down the hill, and, not like White, been trooped in his own tracks.

The Indians attacked the left and right in turn, but were repulsed after a fierce conflict. The rebels were losing ground. Their firing became weak and intermittent.

Early in the engagement, the trailer of one of the seven-pounders became useless, and, later on, the other developed a like defect. They were brought into service by being bound with rope, though the rapidity of fire was sadly interfered with, and rounds were only discharged when absolutely necessary. Now they were employed shelling the retiring rebels, who were deserting position after position. They still, however, retained possession of a few sheltered spots, from which all efforts to dispel them had been unsuccessful, and their rambling fire was only stopped after a long detour in their rear by a body of scouts.

Canada had triumphed over Poundmaker and Big Bear, after six hours of continuous, difficult fighting. The young soldiers came off splendidly in their first trying experience of Indian warfare.

Archer had been observing an engagement on the right flank at the time when White and Seymour fell, and was unconscious of their fate. He strode over to the red-crossed tent in the lagoon. For a moment he stood with closed eyes, and treaded opening them. "What if White or Seymour should be dead," he anxiously thought. He looked hurriedly around. The brigade surgeon and a Jesuit were leaning over a form. Archer tip-toed over with bated breath, and heart throbbing violently. He looked over the priest's shoulder, and started back. Seymour was lying apparently dead, and the brigade surgeon was examining him. Looking up, the surgeon noted Archer's mute appeal for information. "Dangerously wounded, shot in the right side, lost much blood, one chance in a thousand," he conically muttered the surgeon. Archer shuddered, and turned his head away, as the surgeon produced a long probe, and

inserted it into the gaping wound. Seymour, though unconscious, at intervals gave expression to low moans of pain. The ascetic-faced priest knelt beside Seymour's head, smoothing the wounded man's brow with caressing palms, and furtively watching the surgeon's operations. "Ah! bien!" he exclaimed with a look of satisfaction, as the gory bullet was extracted and held up for inspection.

The tent flaps were hastily swept aside, and "Yang Tse Kiang" appeared, tottering under a heavy burden. "White killed," wailed Archer, struggling with a choking sob.

"He was a rare, good un. A plucky young cub. It's broke me up entirely. I wish it had been me, ugly and scarred with this sabre slash on my cheek, instid of that purty chap," whimpered the veteran.

Archer switched a towel from a pile, and getting on his knees, wiped the clots of blood from White's face. The mouth was slightly open. The Jesuit came over, and with a torn strip of cloth bound the jaws together. Archer sat down stupefied, his elbows resting on his knees, his face buried in his hands. He felt sore depressed. This was the first time he had come into close contact with death on the battlefield, and the blow was the harder to bear, for only yesterday, two faces animated with the flush of life, were now transformed with unsightly pallor. Small marvel he was grief-stricken. Such shocks inevitably cloud the temperament of the most ardent; and close friendship must needs feel stunned and shiver with the damp cloth of depression and gloom pressing out the warm beliefs of the heart in life, love, and even heaven.

The bugle sounds the retreat. Col. Otter had accomplished his object. Poundmaker had declared himself. The enemy were beaten. Our young troops had not breakfasted and were exhausted. They could not hold the position during the night. Besides, Poundmaker might take it into his head to make a counter-attack on Battleford, which was ill-prepared for siege.

(To be continued.)

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### THE KENNEL.

**PENSARN VICTIM** and Mr. Jones Jones are two fox terriers that have been camping near Esquimalt with their owner. Last week, talk was made of breaking camp, and Victim took every opportunity of getting into the canoes when any left for town. Last Thursday, several of the party left for town, dressed for a visit to friends, and, on returning, were hailed by the officer of a ship in midstream, who told them he had picked up their dog, when nearly exhausted. A mile and a half is a good swim for a fox terrier.

Mr. Cunningham has a very nice cocker pup called Pete, by Toby, ex Packard's Stell.

Count Foses, C.K.S.B. 3 200, was the legend inscribed on the collar of a fine English setter that was running round the James Bay district, last Tuesday. He was taken care of by Mr. John Bennett, who interviewed the agent of the *Kennel Gazette*, and Foses was soon returned to his owner, J. Miller, of Oak Bay. Moral—register your dog in the Kennel Club Stud Book.

A very pretty cocker spaniel was raffled at the St. James Church garden party, last Tuesday.

F. M. Cryderman is going in for cockers, and expects a consignment of seven—four dogs and three bitches—shortly. He tells us there will be one black and white and the rest are black.

The sensation of the past week among doggy men has been the appearance on the street of Goulding Wilson's grand young collie, Pensarn Count C.K.C.S.B. 3,322, by Pensarn Gordon, ex Metchley Flurry. Count has been spending the last month at "Camp Killarney," and to judge by his appearance, camping life agrees with him. As a well known spaniel critic remarks, "Count is worth a whole carload of Garries," whatever that may mean.

The Irish setter, Madcap II. C.K.C.S.B. 2,189, well known as an Eastern winner, changed hands recently in this city at a good figure. Dr. John Duncan was the lucky purchaser.

When we mentioned in a former issue

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that Mr. W. Ralph Higgins had given away the whole of his Lady Giffie litter of cockers, we thought we were stating a fact, and we are sorry to hear from that gentleman that the item has been the cause of considerable pecuniary loss to him.

Any of our readers who have either pups or Irish setters for disposal might drop us a line as we have had several enquiries lately for such stock.

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30	15 00	7 80	4 06	17 00	8 84	4 36
31	15 25	7 94	4 13	17 30	9 00	4 40
32	15 50	8 08	4 19	17 61	9 16	4 44
33	15 70	8 16	4 24	17 94	9 33	4 48
34	15 88	8 26	4 30	18 29	9 50	4 52
35	16 04	8 34	4 34	18 65	9 70	4 56
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38	16 68	8 67	4 50	19 89	10 35	4 68
39	16 92	8 80	4 55	20 44	10 63	4 72
40	17 20	8 94	4 65	21 05	10 95	4 76
41	17 48	9 09	4 73	21 69	11 28	4 80
42	18 05	9 39	4 88	22 38	11 64	4 84
43	19 05	9 91	5 15	23 11	12 02	4 88
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**OUR INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS.**

The farmers of Manitoba evidently have little faith in the reported prophecy of President Van Horne—which he has, it will have been noticed, seen fit to materially modify and to have surrounded with a number of hypothetical conditions. They have unquestionably realized that present prospects do not look that way, and in fact that prices of wheat are unprecedentedly low. They are many of them looking to the more general establishment of creameries and cheese factories which will involve the grazing of some portion of the land that has been devoted to grain, thus giving it in the course of a few years new heart, and reserving to it those chemical elements which have been taken away from it in the raising of cereals. It is possibly well that necessity should have compelled the Manitobans to adopt this course, otherwise their lands might very soon be run out and exhausted, as is the case with much of the aforesaid fertile wheat land of the United States. This will involve more work on the part of the farmers and their families. Milch cattle will require attention, and unless cheese and butter factories be the order of the day, the women folk will find that they have more to do than to keep house, while machinery ploughed the land, sowed the seed, reaped the harvest, thrashed the product and made it ready for the market.

Farming conditions in the Northwest as well as elsewhere must be materially modified ere long, and in this Province the comparatively lazy existence termed farming on a ranch will have to give way to farming that is farming, in which the highest exercise of both brain and muscle will make the lands of British Columbia something more nearly approaching what they might and what they ought to be. With most people here, farming has not been that serious, studied vocation which it should have been, and which it must be before its best results can be obtained. As we have many times said, there is no reason why we should purchase the greater part of the butter we consume in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or in the United States, or why we should be dependent on the same sources for our cheese. As for eggs and poultry, with the open winters we enjoy, it is ridiculous that we should procure the bulk of them from sections of the Dominion which have from five to seven months of cold, often bitter, weather. As for the vegetables we consume, what we do not get from California are in a large measure the product of the Chinese ranches, and we may almost without an exception make similar remarks regarding each individual article of farm and garden production generally. Then, let the farmers answer, if they think they are

doing their duty by their orchards, either in the shape of proper cultivation or in the destruction of the fruit pests which appear to be annually increasing in numbers, if not in varieties.

In connection with manufactures, what might there not be said? Some people, when spoken to, pretend that these are not the times in which to undertake such enterprises. They say that the times are too hard and that the prospects are not sufficiently promising. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the conditions of which they speak actually exist, what are they doing to remedy them? Some of these parties have no hesitation in putting up margins for "deals" in produce, silver, or stocks in Seattle, San Francisco, Montreal and even as far away as New York, leaving their interests in the hands of people who are comparative strangers to them and who may at any moment seriously jeopardize the resources with which they are entrusted. Invested here, those margins would amount to a considerable sum, and would all the time be under their own control. But in these "deals" of which we speak are the parties concerned creating anything or doing anything by which any material advantage would be gained? Decidedly not. They occupy pretty much the position of the Chinaman who plays his game of fan tan or the professional gambler who preys upon the innocent and confiding customer whom he can induce to try his hand at Black Jack or some other equally honest and reputable diversion. They are financial anarchists; their profits are made out of the losses of others and not out of their legitimate demands.

On the other hand, the man who honestly embarks his capital in manufactures or in legitimate farming knows that he is trying to create something, to increase the value of an article which has actual existence. He knows, too, that he is at least endeavoring to augment the prosperity of the community, to give employment to honest, hard-working people, to increase the value of property—his own, possibly, and that adjoining to it; to produce an article by which the seller will profit and the consumer will be advantaged. In fact, while seeking to turn his capital to account, he is benefitting some one else and without robbing any one, which cannot be said of much of the speculative business that in many quarters is so popular. There is such a thing as overdoing manufactures, but we have a long way to go before we shall reach that stage. Witness the manufacturers on the Island and Mainland who have been getting rich, although a tremendous quantity of manufactured articles have been and are still being brought in from the outside. The subjects of British Columbia manufactures as well as of agriculture only

require thinking over a little for one to be convinced as to their perfect feasibility.—*Commercial Journal.*

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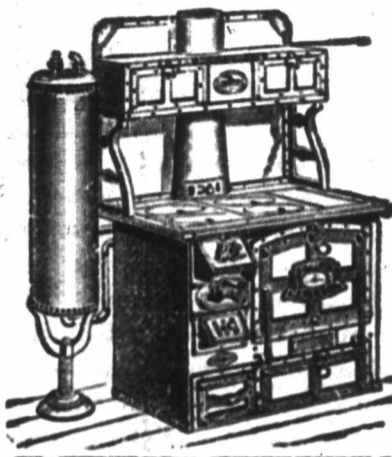
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**A MINING MOVE IN B. C.**

A correspondent of the *Canadian Engineer*, writes:

"News has been received of a move that will be of great interest to all who have mining investments in the Kootenay country. Several leading business men of British Columbia have joined forces with Eastern Americans in the promotion of one of the most extensive schemes known to the history of this rich mineral region. For a long time it has been known that one of the chief reasons for the comparative standstill in this section is the excessive tariff that all ores coming out of its mines have been made to suffer. Owing to a combination of inadequate transportation in the immediate vicinity of the mines, the long hauls necessary to convey the products to the smelters on the American side, and the tax at the line, only high grade ores could be handled to any advantage or profit. This necessarily left a large number of valuable medium and low grade properties idle on the hands of the owners. But American enterprise was not long to be baffled by such difficulties, and the solution of the problem appears to have been reached. As the result of the efforts of Andrew B. Hendryx, of New Haven, Conn., and Mr. Joshua Davis, of Victoria, B. C., a company has been formed to be known as the Kootenay Mining and Smelting Company, with a paid up capital of \$2,250,000, which has been subscribed in New Haven, Minneapolis, and Victoria, B. C. E. W. Herrick, a Minneapolis capitalist, is the president of the new company; R. P. Rithet, of Victoria, B. C., is the vice-president, and Joshua Davies, E. Crow Baker, W. H. Ellis, W. P. Sayward, W. J. Macaulay, James Hutcheson and H. Chapman, all of whom rank high in the business circles of British Columbia, are associated with them in the enterprise. Pilot Bay is the geographical centre of the Kootenay country, commanding on the one hand the rich Slocan with its high grade silver-lead ores, and on the other the copper, silver, and lead of Ainsworth and Nelson, with all their intermediate points. At Pilot Bay, and owned by the company, is the Blue Bell mine, one of the largest and most valuable deposits of fluxing ores in America. Such is the favorable location which the company has selected as the base of their operations. The plant as designed will accommodate four stacks each of 100 tons capacity. Seven large buildings have already been completed for the works and three others are under way. Over 200 tons of the most modern machinery has been received and is now be-



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A fine assortment of choice European delicacies to hand.  
The Great Ne Plus Ultra Concertina must be seen and heard to be appreciated.

ing put into place, while several carloads more are on the way from the East. The plant will be the most modern and complete that money can buy. Extensive wharves are being erected along the water front, and apparatus will be placed for the handling of ores in large quantities. The works will be in operation before the first of October next, with one 100-ton stack in full blast for the reduction of silver-lead ores. The three other stacks will be added as fast as the district develops, and it is designed to give the treatment of copper ores the same attention as lead ores. In fact, all ores that can be handled to profit and advantage will be purchased and treated by the company. In addition to the smelter proper, the works will include a 300-ton sampling plant, a 200-ton concentrator, a refinery capable of treating all the bullion produced, and the finest laboratory and assay office in the west."

Speaking of some of the gentlemen who compose the company, the same correspondent adds:

"Messrs. Hendryx and Herrick are pioneers of the British Columbia mining

regions contained within the Kootenay country. Mr. Hendryx is the founder of the Andrew B. Hendryx Company, New Haven, Conn., whose goods are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He is a practical and successful mechanic and business man, and under his management the works will be skilfully handled. R. P. Rithet, the vice-president, is British Columbia's leading business man. He is at the head of the firm of R. P. Rithet & Co., Victoria, and Welsh & Co., of San Francisco, is largely interested in the sugar trade of the Sandwich Islands and China, has extensive steamboat interests, owns the Enderby flour mills, and large wharves at Victoria, is interested in lumbering enterprises, and has an interest in the Albion Iron Works and other business concerns. He has been made mayor of Victoria and president of the British Columbia Board of Trade, and holds to-day a foremost position as a progressive commercial man. Mr. Joshua Davies, who has the handling of the business in Victoria, is well known as a man of sound business integrity and ability, and the name is not a name on the list but belongs to a man who is known to make a success of whatever he undertakes."

# THE HASTINGS ART STUDIO



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Hastings, Manager. 56 Fort Street.



**WELL SOLD.**

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said the disinterested friend, "to put a high grade cycle in your window and mark it \$50, at some such price? You'd lose some money on it, of course, but look at the advertising you would get out of it. Everybody in town would be talking about it inside of twenty-four hours, and your store would get a reputation for selling good machines cheap that would be worth hundreds of dollars to you."

"That's not a bad scheme," said the cycle dealer, after thinking it over. "John," he called out to one of the boys, "put that Greased Lightning racer in the front window, and mark it \$50."

"But—" "Never mind arguing the matter. I know what I am doing."

The Greased Lightning racer was placed conspicuously in the show window, with the \$50 tag appended.

"Now," said the disinterested friend, "that looks something like it. You'll see a crowd gathering there inside of five minutes. By the way, you may just consider that machine sold. I'll take it off your hands. But I'm no hog," he added cheerfully. "I'll let it stay in your window till to-morrow morning."

"Wasn't that rather an unhandsome trick?" asked the silent partner after the disinterested friend had gone away. "No," reflected the dealer. "That machine has been on hand two years, but it's worth every cent of \$47.50."

COMMENTING on the recent scarcity of fruits in Winnipeg owing to the railway troubles in the United States, the Commercial of that city says that British Columbia ought to be in a position to supply the market, adding that dealers would give B. C. fruit the preference if it arrived in proper shape, the quality being all right where attention is paid to the cultivation of desirable varieties. It is to be hoped that this suggestion will not be thrown away. Our contemporary observes that "British Columbia should be in a position to supply the Manitoba market with strawberries in season, as some very fine strawberries have come from Oregon, and as the berries can be shipped from Oregon, there should be even less difficulty in bringing the fruit from our own Pacific coast." But it is not strawberries alone in which this

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DR. H. B. FINDLEY—SPECIALTY: CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.—The new process, which preserves old roots and restores the natural expression of the face, and having the appearance of gold fillings in natural teeth.

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L. ACTON, propr., (successor to R. Lewtas & Son.) All orders of one quart and upwards packed in ice and delivered to any part of the city. Orders may be left at Fell & Co's. Telephone 94. The trade supplied.

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Lemon, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry and Pineapple.

Pure Malt and Whitewine Vinegars, Tomato Catsup and Sauce.

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## Frank Campbell



P. O. BOX 108.

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

Province excels. There are numerous other fruits, big and little; but quality, condition and style of packing are matters of paramount necessity to the success of such a departure.

W. F. Wilson, of Vancouver, has been appointed agent of the Burrard Inlet Red Cedar Lumber Co. for Manitoba and the Northwest with headquarters at Winnipeg.

—USE—

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VICTORIA SOAP WORKS, Cor. Government  
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