

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., AUGUST 18, 1894.

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## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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SATURDAY AUGUST 18, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

It is a queer commentary on the state of affairs that while hundreds of thousands of men are idle and half-starving in our cities, the farmers of the country are crying for help to do the necessary work on their farms. In many localities in the Northwest, it is impossible to get farm help at prices that would have been considered large five years ago. Is it possible that we are nearing a time when farming will be looked upon as a menial pursuit which self-respecting men will not engage in? It is to be hoped not, for when that time comes we will see the beginning of the end. In old times, the farmer was looked down upon, and was, in fact, a slave. In many countries, he could not leave the manor upon which he was born, and was subjected to any privations or indignities that the owner of the land felt like afflicting him with. Then, with civilization, the tiller of the soil came to be recognized as an important factor in the prosperity of his country, and began to receive more consideration, until within the last century he has come to the front, chiefly because of the high place he has won for himself in our country. The farmer on this continent won his place as one who must be recognized as the cornerstone of prosperity, and from his success the farmers of all the civilized world have profited. It is a noble calling, and it is to be hoped that the workers of our country will never be

so blind to their own interests as to begin to despise farm work. There are places on thousands of farms for men to work at a calling that is no harder than many that are found in the forges and factories of the large cities, and if every farmer who needs a hired hand could find one among the idle masses of the cities, we should hear much less about suffering there.

The history of panics and trade depressions in this country and the United States shows that they are undoubtedly due, in a large measure, to periods of speculation, and are coeval with a new generation of traders. Those who speculated so largely in the United States from 1830 to 1836 were not the men who had gone through the trying times of the war of 1812 and the few succeeding years to 1820—a period that history tells us was one of great mercantile peril. At the latter period these olden dealers had mainly passed off the stage of action, and the younger ones had to have their experience of the disastrous results of speculation. From 1845 to 1856, when the tide was running up again, these men of '36 had passed away, or the few who remained were looked upon as "mossbacks." So those who suffered the anxieties and losses from 1857 to 1861 were cautious all through the inflation from 1863 to 1870; but a new generation of traders was then coming forward, lacking this experience of their elders, and their ambitious desires to push things brought on the speculations that culminated in the panic of 1873. A "burnt child dreads the fire," and the men in business after the panic of '73 proceeded upon a cautious and conservative basis and trade and commerce proceeded upon a stable plane until the new generation of traders and men in business came upon the scene of action, and their experience led to the wild speculation that began in 1886 and culminated in the panic of 1893. Like the girl whose mother had "been to balls and seen the folly of them," she must also go "to see the folly of them." The sons will not heed the advice of their fathers, but must see the folly of speculation for themselves. Stable methods and consequently safe ones may be confidently looked for, and trade and commerce will move in natural channels and universal prosperity will be the assured result.

I made a trip into the country not long

ago and as in my custom once a year I visited several stores in the places where I stopped. The attempts at window displays were noticeable and it must be said also that they were very creditable. It was pleasing to observe the success that had attended efforts in this direction. The facilities were well utilized and the most was made of them, generally speaking. In some instances it was evident that the dealer was a little mixed as to proprieties, but so long as the value of window dressing was recognized I am not going to complain.

When the inside of the store was reached results were often different. I don't like a store that is arranged "back-end-to." I want the goods in their proper places and that is where the best general effect of the stock can be obtained. When I stub my foot over a bushel of potatoes just after entering the store I conclude at once that the merchant doesn't know his business. This feeling, I found, grew as I examined the stock in places where I stubbed my foot. Stock was out of order on every side, and the mixture was par excellence for a mix. Why isn't it as easy to have order in a store as not to have it? That is what I fail to understand.

I would like to run a store. Do you know how I would arrange the stock? We are talking of an average general stock of ordinary proportions. I prefer the right of entrance for dry goods. Instead of a kerosene vat and a truck garden as a "starter," I would introduce the customer to a clean looking store, nicely painted, clean and inviting. I would secure this effect by having the dry goods nicely arranged at the front, and all heavy cloths and sheetings in convenient form adjacent to the dress goods. A stock looks nicely if a display of small notions, such as buttons, etc., can be arranged in an even tier between the fine and coarse dress goods, say about midway of the stock. If this plan is adopted it is well for convenience to have the thread cases as the foundation for the notion stock. On the opposite side hats and caps go well for a first display. I would never put crockery there; it is too coarse and ugly. A crockery stock must be kept clean in order to look well.

If show cases are used let them be properly placed so as to preserve an effect of neatness, and let the goods in the case be kept in order. I would have no cheap-



looking table displays scattered between counters. If they must be used, I would have them toward the rear, and I would have good tables. I was in a store that had every appearance of being a tin shop on the blacksmith shop order. I wanted to deliver the merchant a lecture on the spot.

It may be argued that the average farmer would not appreciate a well arranged store. Do not be too sure about that. The eye certainly cannot appreciate what it has not seen. Good arrangement may not have made an impression on the farmer, because he may never have seen it. Fix up your stock and the chances are he will speak of the different effect the next time he makes you a visit. It will do no harm to rearrange the stock anyway. A change is a good thing sometimes.

Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, has an empty treasury and four hundred employes of the road department are to be dismissed. The *Montreal Star* regards the situation as demonstrating the incapacity of the aldermen, and says: "For a city council to break down in the middle of the year and confess that it has no money with which to pay for the ordinary civic services is surely to write itself down as superlatively incapable. The aldermen ought to have the money. This city pays taxes enough to be far better served than it is. It pays these abundant taxes into the lap of these very aldermen. What have they done with the money? If they have miscalculated and spent too rapidly, whose fault is it? If they have even undertaxed us—a fault of which all taxpayers will promptly acquit them—still who would be to blame? It is the duty of the citizen to tell the tax collector: 'You are not asking enough; here's ten dollars more.' No matter how the alleged break-down of the financial machine has come about, it proves the incapability of its managers. When they proclaim failure, it is the failure of themselves as aldermen that they announce; and if they cannot keep the city policed and watered at the very least, they should at once resign and make way for men with some ability."

The many friends of Mrs. Burt Ramsay (nee Esther Lyons) will not be surprised to learn that with the aid of a divorce court, she has at last succeeded in shaking off the matrimonial fetters which galled her proud spirit. Mrs. Ramsay, or Esther Lyons, as she was better known, was a popular favorite in Victoria during her sojourn here with the Rice Steck Company. Her friends were not by any means confined to the theatrical profession, in fact, to adopt the words of the old song, "No one knew Esther but to

love her." The husband of Miss Lyons was one Burt Ramsay, who, when he was not dusting the streets of Seattle with John E. Rice, was engaged in travelling for a St. Louis jewellery house. It transpires that Mr. Ramsay's enforced absence from his wife was accepted by the judge of the Cleveland divorce court as constituting sufficient grounds for a severance of the marriage tie. The intimate friends of the actress make no secret in saying that her next cruise on the troubled sea of matrimony will be in company with a gentleman well known in Victoria.

Some weeks ago, the *Oregonian* printed a sensational report of a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Portland, in which it was stated that the clergyman scored Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter most unmercifully, and that the actor and actress, who, it is alleged, were present, being unable to sit through the withering discourse, immediately left the church. It was further stated that while they were retiring, Rev. Dr. Wallace pointed to them and said: "There they go; the persons of whom I speak!" The *Post-Intelligencer*, of Seattle, interviewed Mr. Bellew, during his engagement in that city last week, with the following result:

"This preacher has seen fit to make an attack on plays he never saw and on people he knew nothing of. He did it for the purpose of drawing people to his church, and he succeeded. He expected we would fall into his trap and respond in kind, and keep up a controversy that would keep his church full for some time to come, but it is our wish to treat the fellow with the utter contempt that silence alone can give. His attack is that of a blackguard, and we will treat it as such. His statement that Mrs. Potter and I were present at his harangue is in keeping with the rest of his false allegations. Does it stand to reason that sane persons with any degree of self-respect would deliberately attend a church where they had been openly advertised for an attack? Neither I nor Mrs. Potter was at the church that night, and no one knows it better than that fellow. Two of our people were there, Miss Hudspeth and Mr. Nichols, but neither of them heard him point them out as they went out, so that there is another contradiction of that sensational preacher's many-sided statements. The poor fellow wants notoriety, he is seeking it at any cost and he is getting, I think, a little too much of it for his own piece of mind, if I may judge from the many condemnations of his course published throughout the Sound papers."

The fact that Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew were not in the church that evening and that Dr. Wallace does not know them by sight has been attested by so many

proofs that there is no room to doubt that the rev. gentleman was, to put mildly, suffering from a severe attack of optical illusion. Some say that Dr. Wallace adds lying to his other qualifications.

"There is very great danger of an athlete dying of lung trouble if he ceases his sports," said Professor A. Mathews. "In athletic exercises large lungs are required, and they become inflated beyond their natural size. If the athlete ceases his practice and adopts anything approaching a sedentary life the lungs, falling largely into disuse, easily decay, and the result is quick consumption. It is frequently the case that young men in college who are athletic leaders, after graduation, go into store offices or counting rooms, and in a few years die of consumption. Every one is surprised, and it is said: 'Such a strong healthy man when he left college! We would have thought he would die of consumption? Must have been hereditary.' As a matter of fact, he brought upon himself by failing to keep up the practices that expanded his lungs."

There is no shirt, however washed and mended,  
That hath due buttons there;  
There is no pat of butter—real or pretended  
Without its truant hair.  
There is no babe that doesn't suck his finger,  
And howl till all is blue;  
No organ on the street that doesn't linger  
A little longer, Loo.  
There is no vacant space, on which some black  
guard  
Sticks not his beastly bills.  
There soon will be no field without a placard  
Belauding soap or pills.

The congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church are very much pleased, and understand, with their new pastor. Although a young man, Rev. Mr. Clay has attained a position of eminence in the Presbyterian Church. As a speaker, he is clear and forcible, and his sermons are delivered in a manner at once attractive and impressive. Mr. Clay is an indefatigable worker, and has already shown that he is no idler in the Lord's vineyard. THE HOME JOURNAL congratulates the congregation of St. Andrew's in their selection of such an able pastor.

If the exhibition this year is not a success, the failure cannot certainly be attributed to lack of energy on the part of the gentlemen who have the affair in hand. If the forthcoming exhibition realizes the expectations of its president, directors and committees, it will do an incalculable amount of good to Victoria, and for this reason I am pleased to note the interest which is being manifested by our citizens in order to make it a complete success. The moving spirit, from what we can learn, is Mr. J. H. Falconer. M

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Falconer is a gentleman who in the past has been identified with exhibitions in the larger cities of the east and the Old Country and his experience has been proven to be of great assistance in the preliminary arrangements which have already and are being made. The committees have all been selected with a view as to their peculiar fitness for the work which they will be expected to perform. With such capable men at the wheel, there can be no fear as to the success of the exhibition.

Once a year, I go aboard a steamer at one or other of the Victoria wharves and betake myself to Seattle. I do this for various reasons, the most particular one being that a trip to Seattle invariably renders me more satisfied with Victoria and its surroundings. It always seemed to me as if Nature had entered an emphatic protest against the building of a great city at the point where the Queen City of the Sound now stands. The city is built on mountains, and gazing from the dizzy heights above into the valleys beneath, it is apt to bring on an attack of vertigo; and yet the Seattle people who are accustomed to this sort of thing profess to regard it as adding to the beauty and picturesqueness of their city. The population is not nearly so cosmopolitan as that found in British seaports towns. The inhabitants are nearly all American born, with a small proportion of Canadians and other British subjects. Of the beautiful women in Seattle, it has been truly said that they are as numerous as leaves in Vallambrosa.

A manufacturing company in the United States recently offered prizes to those who discovered the greatest number of errors in the text books used in the public schools of that country. The result has been published, and shows that 5,360 errors have been found. Of these, publishers and authors admit of nearly 700. It would be interesting to know how many errors relative to battles fought during the war of the revolution between Britain and the revolutionists there are in the histories used in the public schools of the United States. Not a few, I am inclined to believe.

Some months ago, a Dr. Kerr, of England, charged that the women of Britain were becoming the slaves of liquors and drugs. By way of commenting on this statement, London *Truth* drops into verse in the following fashion:

DO ENGLISH LADIES GET DRUNK!

O ladies! O ladies! say, can it be true,  
All that Dr. N. Kerr has been saying of you?  
Oh, say, is it true that your fancies now range  
Among the odd pick-me ups of a nature most strange!

Is it true, as that learned physician reports,  
That you revel in drugs of most hazardous sorts?  
Indulging your tastes in a way which forbodes  
A selection quite new of Anacreon's Odes.

Those doses of chloral, so frequent and large,  
No longer, 'tis said, can be laid to your charge;  
The needle with which you injected morphine,  
To no great extent now appears on the scene;  
Nor are you now eager, when lacking in tone,  
To fly to your bottle of eau de cologne;  
No, e'en in your efforts fatigue to abate,  
It is needful, 'twould seem, to be quite up to date!

So, as Dr. Kerr's pages most clearly divulge,  
In a fresh sort of habits you're prone to indulge.  
Now, a lady, as soon as neuralgic pains twinge  
her,

Seeks a new panacea in essence of ginger!  
Thus drinking a drug in her boudoir kept handy,  
Which is double the strength of neat whiskey  
or brandy,  
And promoting a craving unknown to her  
friends,  
Which in alcoholomania frequently ends.

You are apt, too, we are told, to indulge in  
cocaine,

Till the habit grows one which you cannot  
restrain,  
And confirmed inebriety, past all escape,  
Swoops down upon you in most terrible shape,  
With lavender water you also make shift,  
And sometimes to etheromania drift;  
While you quite a large share of your pin  
money waste  
On tabloids concocted to suit every taste.

Worse still is the craze which you are quickly  
acquirin'  
For that much-abused, up-to-date drug,  
antipyrin,

A remedy potent brain pains to dispel,  
By involving a terrible peril as well;  
For the doses increasing, you're taking by stealth,  
Must induce shattered nerves, and, in time,  
broken health;  
And, bringing an army of ills in their train,  
Prove once more that the antidote's worse than  
the bane.

Be wise, then, in time, for your sanity's sake.  
Ye ladies who tend these new habits to make.  
Be wise ere too late, and the knowledge acquire,  
That in testing new drugs you are playing with  
fire:  
And learn it is better a headache to bear,  
And to suffer the ills dames of fashion must  
share,

Than to fly, in the hope that relief you'll obtain,  
To essence of ginger, or, may be, cocaine.

Still better 'twould be if you'd strike once for all  
Your freedom to gain from Society's thrall;  
If no longer you'd turn night to day, as you do;  
If in one hour of life you'd not try to live two;  
For then would your nerves, spared from con-  
stant attacks,

No more be so chronic'ly flabby and lax,  
While the craving for doses which daily  
increase  
Would, the cause once removed, quite as cer-  
tainly cease.

THE Farmers' Convention recently held at Agassiz appears to have been a great success, from the agricultural and horticultural point of view, while its deliverances in favor of a proper system of dyking and its carrying out without delay, before, in fact, the recurrence of another flood, were most important. The proceedings throughout were characterized by great unanimity, and further resulted in a resolution to organize into a farmers' association. It is to be hoped that the Government will accede to the petition to publish a full report of the Farmers' Convention in pamphlet form and that the suggestions on hydraulic and dyking will be carried out speedily and effectually.

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

MISS CASEY—"I always pay as I go."  
Gertrude (who is tired)—"Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?"

"THEM's my sediments," said the hydrant water, as it went through the filter and came out the other side. "I hope I make myself clear."

DENTIST—"What! You don't want gas? You insisted upon having gas the last time." Victim—"You haven't been eating onions this time."

WILLIS—"You don't like to play poker with Jones, do you?" Wallace—"What leads you to think so?" Willis—"Jones says he likes to play with you."

MRS. BROWN—"Since they have become engaged, they just sit in the parlor, and not a word passes between them." Brown—"Perhaps there is no room for it to do so."

MRS. YOUNGBLOOD (to orchestra leader at summer hotel.)—"What was that long, dreary thing you just played?" Leader—"Dot vos vrom Vogner." Mrs. Youngblood—"It was not pretty." Leader—"Id vos not indended to be."

A NEWSPAPER paragrapher got off the following the other day: "Wife—And so you got your life insured for my benefit? That's lovely! Husband—Yes, my dear; but just remember, if you drive me to suicide, you won't get a cent."

HERE are some remarkable cases: The other day a wagon-maker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; and a blind carpenter reached out for his plane and saw; and a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; and a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt; and a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.

An enterprising local reporter handed in the following to the city editor of an esteemed contemporary: "A large crowd assembled before Mr. Sellow's fancy goods store this morning and watched him while he was engaged in the interesting occupation of dressing the four large handsome French windows that make his place so attractive. The display was much enjoyed." But the compositors were in a hurry and neglected to put any "n" in the "windows."

THOMAS TYRWHITT DRAKE, after Sir Thomas Mostyn, the master of the Bicester and Warden Hill fox-hounds, was a stern and determined man. No one rode more stanchly or made a bigger row when sport was interfered with, as on the occasion when Sir Anthony Rothschild's hounds got mixed up with Squire Drake's. Sir Anthony said: "No shent to-day, squire!" The squire replied: "No, Sir Anthony, the shent is not half so strong as the three per shents in the city."



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Agnes M. Brown, eldest daughter of J. T. Brown, grocer, of Vancouver, and formerly of Scarboro, Ont., was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. E. D. McLaren, to Angus M. Stewart, formerly of Woodstock, Ont., and now of the well-known and popular firm of Messrs. Clubb & Stewart, clothiers, Vancouver. None but relatives of the contracting parties were present at the ceremony. The happy couple left this week for a couple of week's honeymoon in the Interior, bearing with them, it is almost useless to say, the best and sincerest well wishes of a large circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, will, on their return, reside at No. 607 Hamilton street, Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Courtney gave a very enjoyable informal dance at their residence, Cook street, corner Caledonia avenue on Tuesday evening. The following were among the guests: Mrs. and the Misses Erb, Mr. and Mrs. Wooton, Mrs. Blackwood, Mr. B. and Miss Heisterman, Misses White, Misses Gaudin, Misses Way, Messrs. J. E. Wilson, Golding Wilson, H. J. Austin, Geo. Powell, Rocke Robertson, H. E. A. Robertson and E. G. Anderson.

W. F. Wilson, Vancouver, before going east did something which will for some time set business on one side. It is a wedding as well as a business trip. He took unto himself a bride in the person of Miss Dora Buchanan, daughter of Donald Buchanan, contractor of Fairview, and formerly of Clinton, on Wednesday morning.

Miss Fell and Mr. Thornton, sister and cousin of Mr. Fred and Mr. Thornton Fell, arrived from England early this week, and will make a short visit in Victoria. After visiting Lower California, they will make a tour around the world, arriving in England in time for the Christmas holidays.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Stella Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Mainwaring Johnson, to Rev. Cato Ensor Sharp, M.A., at Christ Church Cathedral, on Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 12 noon. Reception will be held from 3:30 to 6:30 p.m. at 170 Fort street.

Chief of Police McKinnon, of the Nanaimo force, was married to Miss Jessie Smith, also of Nanaimo, by the Rev. E. D. McLaren, Vancouver, last Tuesday. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Donald Smith. The newly wedded couple left for Harrison Hot Springs on a honeymoon trip.

G. A. Maguire, dentist, Vancouver, was married Wednesday morning by Rev. J. W. Macmillan to Miss Jennie McLean, daughter of M. C. McLean, Westminster avenue. The wedding was quietly performed and Mr. and Mrs. Maguire left on the Whatcom express at 9 o'clock on their wedding trip.

Cards have been issued for the wedding of Miss Helen Grube Schroeder, and Mr. Elton Esselstyn Ainsworth, of Seattle, on Wednesday, August 22nd. Reception at 8.30 p.m., at 268 Yates street.

The many friends of Miss Lottie O'Neill, well known in Victoria musical circles, will be pleased to learn that she is recovering from a severe attack of illness.

The Countess of Glasgow was in Vancouver this week. She was en route to join her husband, who is Governor-General of New Zealand.

Mrs. A. R. Hill, of Portland, Ore., is visiting Mrs. E. E. Blackwood and will leave Tuesday, for Sprague, Wash.

His Lordship Bishop Scott, of the diocese of Sydney, N. S. W., was in Vancouver this week on his way home.

Mrs. D. E. Kerr, nee Miss Forest, formerly of Victoria, but now of Chicago, is on a visit to friends here.

Mrs. Erb and Mrs. Blackwood gave a pleasant picnic party last Thursday at Goldstream.

Mr. E. V. Bodwell left Wednesday morning for Harrison Hot Springs on a two week's vacation.

M. D. Ross and daughter left Monday evening for Portland, accompanied by Miss Geisselman.

S. M. and Mrs. Okell, and Mrs. and Miss May Stephens are home from the Mainland.

Mrs. Gordon, of Westminster, is the guest of Mrs. R. E. Gosnell, of Menzies street.

Mr. John S. Allen and daughter, of England, are guests at the Hotel Dallas.

Mrs. William Dalby was a passenger from the north by the Danube, Monday.

Miss Cusack and Miss Hayward have returned from a visit to Nanaimo.

Mrs. McElhinny, of Portland, is visiting Mrs. Jackson, Work estate.

Herbert and Mrs. Stanton, Nanaimo were in the city last week.

Lieut-Col. Peters and daughter are back from the Mainland.

Mr. R. P. Rithet is expected back from California next week.

Sir Henry and Lady Pennoyer, of London, are in this city.

Miss Dawson, of Vancouver is visiting in Victoria.

Miss Gill was visiting on the Mainland last week.

Mrs. J. H. Brownlee is visiting Tacoma.

Mrs. Gaudin is home from the Mainland.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

LACROSSE.

LAST Saturday's game of lacrosse may not have been the best exhibition we have had of the Canadian national pastime, but it was without doubt the most exciting. The reasons for this were many the principal one being that it was the last of the league schedule to be played in the city, and it was believed that it would be only by a miracle that our boys could win, as they were better fitted to enter an hospital than to go upon a lacrosse field. Ross Eckart was unable to play; Frank Cullin could hardly hold the stick in his hand; Pete Blight was suffering severely with his shoulder. Archie McNaughton had a swollen arm. Rube Williams was not himself, and Ditchburn played with a sprained ankle. The winning of the match under these unfavorable conditions reflects the greatest credit on the home team. The game itself was remarkably free from exhibitions of bad blood. The only deplorable circumstance of the match was the unprovoked and unmerited assault made by Quann, of the Vancouvers, on Mr. J. G. Brown, one of the umpires. Quann by this action, most emphatically asserted his right to the distinction of being the champion hoodlum on the Pacific coast. It was not the blow of a man, but that of a contemptible coward. I have been an interested spectator of lacrosse matches for the last twenty years, but I must confess that I never witnessed a more blackguardly exhibition than that presented by Quann on this occasion. His name will go down to future ages with Jack the Ripper, as a slugger. Honorable men and women will shrink from him as they would a serpent. It was a matter of surprise to many, and to none more than of

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## SPORTING TIPS.

The Victoria Yacht Club will take a cruise to-day.

There will be a grand bicycle meet at the Brockton Point Grounds, Vancouver, to-day.

A presentation and an address to Mr. Jacobs was one of the pleasant features of the recent lawn tennis tournament.

W. Harrison, of this city, and C. H. Hayward, of Vancouver, are matched for \$100 a side in a mixed athletic contest to be disposed of at Beacon Hill this afternoon. The events will be 100, 200, 300 and 440 yards races, hurdle race, running high jump and running long jump.

## AN OBJECTION.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—One of the most shameful exhibitions offered of late years in the Church of England occurred at Christ Church Cathedral on the occasion of the funeral of Rev. S. C. Scholefield, as reported in the *Colonist*: the fatuous travel of two clergymen forming a bodyguard for the remains to Victoria; the due watch at night with lighted candles perpetrated at last in the Cathedral itself, but, as falsely stated, according to custom with other forms and ceremonies not once alluded to in the form of burial service; finishing with the filling in of the grave by clerical hands all unaccustomed to pick and shovel work.

All, all speak of the decadence of our church and its fatal and not slow march to Romanism. Why was the incense swinging and the senseless chant of Latin words omitted? As I have before said, if the clergy could only appreciate the disgust felt by us laymen when any such puerile, where not hostile, acts are perpetrated, they would surely forbear. I will ask one question: Are such things prescribed in our prayer book?

ANTI-ROMANIST.

## IS SUICIDE A CRIME?

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL:

It was with great interest that I read what under your "charter" you were pleased to say in your last issue regarding suicides and their peculiar ways. That you have voiced the popular feeling with regard to this subject, I am prepared to admit. I do, however, take issue with you regarding the majority of the points in the article in question. At the risk of being called morbid-minded, I have for many years held that suicide is the one right which the world has wrongfully attempted to withhold from man through the ages. Society, which views with indifference the advent of a being into con-

ditions of prolonged and unspeakable misery, and hounds him through life with wolf-like vindictiveness, views aghast and with loud cries of disapprobation the escape of the tortured victim through the only means in his power. I suppose, too, that so long as man's hopes and fears, toils and disquietudes are made the sport of his fellow-man, so long will suicide be regarded with disfavor. There is little sport in a dead man, even though he can be kicked with impunity. But when he has in desperation sought the windowless palace of rest, the clamour with which the world assails its portals might well be spared.

Why should it follow that the suicide must have "abandoned faith in present and future, in God and man?" Are we so god-like in our attributes that the weary soul may turn from us, even though unbidden, to the loving Father who holds alike the small and great beneath the shadow of His throne? How have we dared to limit that great tenderness which could cry from the cross of agony, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do?"

You bring reasons many and strong for the step, and still with savage hand withhold what is often the only relief. Your statement that suicide "bespeaks cowardice, confesses defeat," while echoing popular feeling, is far from true. Mr. Editor, I stood once beside the long mounds that mark where lie a thousand victims of man's lust for power. Soldiers of the North and South mingle their bones in one common monument to Liberty. These men died in the savage rush of massed bayonets in the wild charges up to where the batteries bellowed death at every gasp. They died, and we call them heroes. We honor them. The man who called them cowards would meet the laugh of scorn, the smile of contempt. Yet, perhaps, not a man of them went into the battle without a hope—he might be spared—he had a chance—his life, precious life, might not be ended. Why dubb as coward, then, the man who, with even that small hope removed, not only meets, but prepares his fate? I have always thought, could we look within those chambers where men have stood listening to the lap of the waves on the shore of the dark stream, many a hero's heart would be found throbbing on the brink.

As to the moral aspect, in these days of grinding greed, perhaps, it would be well to say but little. The Aztecs raised a great shout when the priest's knife sought the heart of the victim on the altar, thus drowning his cries of agony. Society does the same when a man suicides—and for much the same reasons.

SECRETARY S. C.

lacrosse players, that the referee did not rule him off for the rest of the match. True, Quann apologized; but Hugh Lynn, his fellow-townsmen, would do the same thing, providing it saved his neck.

The first game was ragged in spots; but there were many brilliant plays, in which Macnaughton, Blight, C. Cullin, Ditchburn, Cusack, Quigley and Suckling participated. Cusack made a nice shot on goal, Quann was behind the flags and the ball struck him, and the umpire's hand went up. Time—14 minutes.

In the second game, Spain got the ball after the face, after which Ken. Campbell secured it and scored for Vancouver. Time—2 minutes.

The third game lasted ten minutes. The clever playing of Blight, Spain, F. Williams, Macnaughton and Quann was the distinguishing feature. Miller scored for Vancouver.

In the fourth game, Patterson, Macnaughton, F. Cullin, W. Cullin, R. Williams, Blight, C. Cullin and Smith did effective work. Smith fouled Blight, but the referee ruled otherwise. Ralph scored for Vancouver. Time—5 minutes.

The fifth game was for blood. After playing 12 minutes, F. Cullin secured the ball and scored for Victoria.

In the sixth game, the veteran W. H. H. Cullin did some very good work, as did also Jackson and Belfry. C. Cullin scored for Victoria. Time—10 minutes.

The seventh game was hotly contested. Macnaughton, Blight and Belfry worked hard. C. Cullin scored for Victoria. Time 40 seconds.

The Capitals defeated the Shamrocks, five goals to one, at Ogdensburg, N. Y., last Thursday.

Next Saturday, the James Bays will play the Nanaimos on the Caledonian grounds.

Teams, said to be from Comox and Saanich, played an exhibition game of lacrosse at Seattle, last Sunday.

## CRICKET.

The Navy defeated the Law, last Thursday. The batting of Lieut. Barnes was particularly good.

The Wolves and Lambs will play at the Caledonia grounds to-day. The teams will be chosen from the following players:

Wolves—C. E. Pooley (captain), A. G. Smith, S. F. Morley, A. C. Anderson, B. H. T. Drake, B. J. Perry, T. E. Pooley, C. W. Ward, C. P. Wolley, P. Æ. Irving, S. Y. Wootton and K. Macrae.

Lambs—W. A. Ward (captain), A. T. Goward, C. Little, Dr. J. Helmcken, C. N. Gowen, Lt. Barnes, A. C. Elmore, G. S. Holt, D. Doig and J. Hinton.



## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

IT is foolish to talk about fashions in house furnishing. The best bred people, the most artistic and the most real are those who never consent to adopt a thing on its merit of fashion. They put into their homes what they love and desire. They buy nothing because their neighbors have done so and nothing for its price or vogue. Those ladies who buy white and gold chairs because they are all the fashion, who are crazy this year for sixteen century furniture and the next year for Shearston—why, such ladies are hardly worth considering, and their home rooms have no character at all. A woman also is in an unhappy fix who is constantly comparing her possessions with those of her neighbors to the disparagement of her own belongings and who desires to cast them aside for new things. A real housewife grows to love her chairs and sofas and her carpets. They are the dear, familiar face of her home, and she should not any more desire its flippant change than she should desire to give up the tranquil monotony of her life for the adventure and constant change of a Roman Rye.

One hears a good deal about feminine extravagance in dress and its deterrent effect upon the marriageable young men, who shrink back in terror from the altar when they consider what it costs to dress a girl according to the dictates of modern fashion. Therefore it is interesting to read of a certain Miss Fraser's new gown, made in the year 1676, which cost \$1,676, and of which it is recorded, "It frights Sir Carr Scroope, who is much in love with her, from marrying her, saying his estate will scarce maintain her in clothes."

Verily there is nothing new under the sun. Not in centuries has there been made a gown so resplendent as that worn by the Medici's queen, whereon were embroidered 3,200 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. And what belle in the last cycle has been arrayed so resplendently as that Mme. de Montespan, who wore at a great court festival a gown of gold on gold, bordered in gold, bordered with gold and over that gold frieze stiched with a gold mixed with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been imagined."

An old tome credits Queen Elizabeth with being the first woman to wear silk stockings. Here is the story:

In the second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1560, her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty as a New Year's gift with a pair of black silk stockings, the which, after a few days wearing, pleased her highness so well that she sent

for Mistress Montague and asked her where she could help her to any more. Mistress Montague answered, "I made them very carefully on purpose only for your majesty, and seeing these please you so well I will presently set more in hand." "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

The desire to dress well is natural to any young lady who mingles in general society. One cannot appear well without being dressed well. Whatever her attractions, mental or physical, she must be dressed to some extent, at least, in the prevailing mode to render her an acquisition to the circles in which she moves. A person of great genius, of distinguished reputation, and acknowledged social standing, may dress eccentrically without detriment, perhaps, to herself individually, but for another in a less pretentious position to effect the same style is to excite the severest criticism, if not downright denunciation, of her compeers. To dress well is an art which is not understood or practiced by everybody, for everybody does not know or appreciate the combination of colors which renders the wearers well dressed in the eyes of the critical beholder. To say of a lady that "she is always well dressed" is to pay her a great compliment, for it implies that whatever may be the occasion—whether arrayed for the parlor, the opera, the theater, or the street—she has the requisite taste to dress in accordance with the style of the company she anticipates mingling with. We therefore advise young ladies to dress well; not showily or ostentatiously, but neatly and becomingly, and, of course, within their means, for no young lady should allow her apparel to cost more than her circumstances warrant.

It takes hot weather to bring out a woman's, or for that matter a man's real character, but more especially a woman's. You may pick up a certain amount of gossip and dainty bits of scandal in a drawing room, but if you want to get at a woman's soul observe her in warm weather, when she isn't swathed, wound and bandaged in a heavy gown and wrap, to say nothing of tight walking boots, close veil, thick gloves and fur collar. She is in no mood for confidences in winter garb. Her very smile is artificial, her voice unnatural, her gestures cramped, her glances without expression, but when like the butterfly she sheds this dull, heavy coverture and emerges into the sunshine a thing of gauzy, filmy, cobwebby textures, which leave her moments free and let the air come to her in an intoxicating flood, then if she has any

"psyche" it will manifest itself. Her smile will infect you, her laugh thrill you, her touch magnetise you, her words fascinate you, her glances spell-bind you, her breath intoxicate you, her sighs hypnotize you, her caresses fill you with soft and dreamy languor, such as startles over the lotos-eaters.

Given a garden, a girl and the month of August, and a man of course, and an engagement will follow as hard upon Hamlet's mother's wedding upon father's death. In tightening up of pores winter gives a vicious tug at the running strings of our imagination. Thought is very much like the sap trees—it takes warmth and sunshine to set it flowing. I'm told that an Eskimo maiden who, when the mercury is far below is as silent as the Aurora, babbles like any of the rest of us upon entering her snow hut and finding the thermometer coquetting with the freezing point.

Mary Anderson, in her book, will explain why she left the stage at the zenith of her fame.

Lady Margaret Scott is again the English golf champion. She retained the place she won last year by defeating Miss Pearson.

Mrs. Rider Haggard is always beautifully gowned. At the recent "drawing room" she attracted much attention by her beautiful dress.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, wife of the inventor, it devoted to bowling and has some high scores to her credit. Riding and driving are, however, her favorite diversions.

A woman bicyclist, Signora Maria Forzani, recently rode from Turin to Milan a distance of 150 kilometers, in 8½ hours with one hour's rest included.

Miss Kate Field affects very pronounced colors, red being her favorite shade. She has a reception dress in which this color abounds, with very becoming effect to the wearer.

Miss Virginia Fair has a rather penetrating voice, which she uses with some skill as a ballad singer, and is very small in stature, with dark brown hair and eyes and a very pretty little turn up nose.

Miss Willard, president of the W. C. T. U., is not a person to strike at trifles. She is 54 years old, but in spite of this she has taken to riding a bicycle—an art which cannot be mastered without considerable trouble.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord, that much discussed dowager, rejoices in the possession of five

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diamond necklaces. One of them is among the finest in the world and is valued at a quarter of a million, and every stone in it is flawless.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is a very beautiful woman, even in Salvation dress attire. What she would be in an evening dress is a question her friends never tire of propounding, but with little hope of ever witnessing the much desired picture.

### HER DEBUT.

THEY were having their coffee after a rather elaborate dinner—Quavers and Oliver.

Quavers, the composer, was the fashion. His host, St. John Oliver, known to his friends and acquaintances as Coaly, only three and twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal mine proprietor, Matthew Oliver.

"Will, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it. Come to the point at once. Your dinner was a good dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know"

"Don't beat about the bush, my boy. Diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it?"

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," replied the young fellow, with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in. I want to speak to you about Lally Broughton."

"Oh, little Lally Broughton. What has she done? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters back, eh?"

"It isn't exactly that," replied young Oliver.

"Quavers," cried the young man excitedly, "I want you to introduce me to her. I—I—hang it, man, I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent bouquets and floral banjos, and I have sat in the same seat all through the long run of that new comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort at her feet. And every night, Quavers, she has bowed and smiled at me—until last week, and then I was ass enough to put a ring and note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my flowers aside with her foot."

"You dear boy, you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you, though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody, but because you're not a bad sort of chap, and you mean honestly. You do mean honestly, eh?"

The young fellow took Mr. Quavers' outstretched hand.

"I'm sorry for you," said the composer kindly. "You'll have to wait a fortnight, and then the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm

going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lally Broughton in the morning. Is that good enough?"

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the young man excitedly. "If—"

"Oh, I know—if the devotion of a lifetime, etc. I'll take a whisky and soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is just three years ago (began the composer) that I made Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera had been accepted; the final rehearsal was on.

We began at 9.30 a. m., not done—not really done—till 10 o'clock that night, and we went right through everything, and a precious anxious time it was, I can tell you.

And everybody was down upon me, and the stage manager was down on everybody, and the ballet master had lost his head. The chorus master was like a raving lunatic.

And the prima donna's understudy had just sent in a medical certificate—not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet anchor, was in splendid voice.

Just then a very curious incident happened. A little, pale, blue-eyed chorus girl suddenly fell down in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair. The girl had fainted.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said Wackles, kindly enough, when she came to herself.

"Oh, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl—for she is but a girl—"I didn't mean to, I really didn't. Please don't say anything about it."

"It ain't a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in his low comedy manner. "Look at me. I don't faint. When a professional lady wants to faint, she should faint out of business hours."

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little sob. "And, oh, Mr. Wackles," she added—and there was an awful look about her eyes—"is that a real loaf, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at one of those long French loaves of bread which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder, as though it had been a battleaxe.

"Of course it's real," said Wackles.

"Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir? I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since 8 this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsal, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor."

At that moment I was sent for from the manager's room. Sparklebury was there. So was Mr. Mephibosheth, who repre-

sented the syndicate that was running our piece.

"Miss Dulcet has thrown up her part and has left the theatre, Quavers," cried the manager.

"We are just bust," said Sparklebury. I rushed out. I ran across the stage.

"Wackles," I said hurriedly to the low comedian, "we are done! Dulcet has chucked us, and there is no understudy."

"Please, sir," cried little Lally Broughton, clutching my arm. "Oh, please, Mr. Quavers, do give me a chance sir. I'm letter perfect in the music and words, and I know all the business, and I feel—I know I can pull you through."

Lally Broughton did the trick, sir. We rehearsed the last act. She went through the other three with the principals the next morning, and in the evening we sprang our new prima donna upon the world of fashion.

That girl has made my fortune, Oliver. I'm to be married to her this day fortnight, added Mr. Quavers, with a smile. I think I should like you to be my best man, because, you see, we are both in love with her.

"Quavers," replied Oliver after a pause, "I—I shall be delighted. You're a lucky fellow."—*C. J. Wills in St. James Gazette.*

Jeanet's Gilder writes to the *New York World* that she met an American in Paris a few days ago who expressed great anxiety for the future of New York. If we don't do something to make New York more attractive," said he, we shall have no millionaires there to spend their money. They are over here in shoals. Besides Willie Astor, who has burned his ships behind him and made England his home, there is W. K. Vanderbilt, who has a country-house in England, and has just taken a three-years' lease of a hotel in Paris. And George Gould is now hand-in-glove with the Prince of Wales; you know what that means! He is willing, even anxious, to pay a high price for the friendship of a prince. He, too, is going to have a house in England, and with his royal highness as his sponsor, he will get all he wants in the way of social distinction. And the Gould girls are in Paris now, and all the impecunious titles in France are at their feet. They crushed one pretty effectually, a duke at that, and a man with no end of pedigree, but an exhausted exchequer. He was 'given the sack' as soon as his intentions became known, and that was pretty soon after he got an introduction. I never saw so many Americans in Paris before in my life. New York must do something to hold her millionaires, or they will all be living in England or France before long.

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**MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.**

LADY HENRY SOMERSET visited the Palace Theatre in London, recently. Since then she has written a letter to the newspapers declaring that in the tableaux vivants at that establishment petticoats, bodices "and all" are frankly dispensed with for the first time in a Christian country, and yet all are bidden to assist at "this exhibition of unclothed women." Lady Somerset adds: "This letting women make public merchandise of the beauty of their bodies is the gravest insult and dishonor put upon women in our time. I appeal to the English public, as accomplices in the ruin and degradation of these girls, and demand to know why the County Council does not interfere. Whether the letter will have any effect beyond being a splendid advertisement for the Palace theatre is more than doubtful.

Florence St. John has taken May Yohes' place in "Little Christopher Columbus" at the Lyric theatre, London. Geraldine Ulmar has also joined the cast.

There are probably only two English actresses capable of touching the part of

"La Tosca"—Miss Olga Bradon and Patrick Campbell. The first named formed a company for the purpose of bringing Sardou's play on a tour from middle of September, and the interesting feature in connection with the tour is that Miss Bradon will visit the town at which Sarah Bernhardt recently appeared in the same character. Mrs. Lucas, who, before her divorce from Mr. Govett, her first husband, was well known in the best Bohemian society, will play the Queen, and the cast will also include Charles Thursby, who was responsible for the production of "The Blackmailer" the work of two Oscar Wilde fledglings.

Augustin Daly has engaged Henry Dixey for next season.

A Turkish Bath is coming to the coast in November. It is a splendid farce comedy, and has always done a good business. The petite Marie Heath is the star with Eugene H. Macoy, manager, and Frank Hurst in advance.

Programme of concert to be given at Mount Baker Hotel by the B.C.B.G. band, Saturday evening, Aug. 18th. Concert begins at 8:15 prompt:

- PART I.  
March.....Cyrene Commandery.....Cogswell  
Overture.....The Golden Crown.....Hermiston  
Request number.....  
Polka.....Hornpipe.....F. J. Smith  
Intermission.  
PART II.  
Grand March....Tannhauser.....R. Wagner  
Grand Selection.Robert Bruce.....Bonissone  
Introducing The Garb of Old Gaul, On Cannon Banks, Ye banks and braes O' Bonny Doon, Brose and Butter, Blue Bells of Scotland, The Campbells are Comin', Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, There's nae luck about the house, Rob Roy MacGregor, Money Musk, Blue bonnets over the border, Grand Finale.  
Request number.....  
March.....Ermine.....Wiegman  
.....God Save the Queen.....  
J. M. FINN, Band Master.

It is probable that Fischer's vaudeville company will appear at The Victoria on the evening of August 25.

The San Francisco Chronicle, speaking of the new play "Friends," which will be seen here shortly, says: "Mr. Royle's very clever play, 'Friends,' acted by a very strong company, has been drawing large houses at the California Theatre where it promises to do a second week's business bigger than the first."

McKee Rankin's company will give a production of "The Kanuck" at the Vancouver opera house next Monday evening.

The piano solo rendered by Prof. Stael in the parlor of the Oak Bay Hotel last Wednesday evening was a musical treat.

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**THE KENNEL.**

ANTOINE ALMANZIA, so well and favorably known as a breeder of Gordon setters and Queen Anne spaniels, is now located at Esquimalt, where he conducts a boat house and boat building shop. His dogs are all in good shape, and on Wednesday morning he came near losing a fine pup by drowning. The pup had fallen off of the landing, and was unable to clamber up over the slippery log, and was just about exhausted when a canoeist happened along and rescued it.

H.M.S. Hyacinth, which left for Honolulu last Saturday, had on board two dogs from Mr. Almanzia's kennels. One was a Gordon setter pup and the other was a four months old spaniel. Both were sold to officers of the ship at good prices.

We are able to present to our readers an item which will prove very interesting, especially to Gordon setter men. The setters belonging to Sir Matthew Begbie are always been admired for their high class and thoroughbred appearance, and it was always a matter of regret that their pedigree was unknown. However, since Sir Matthew's death, it has transpired that the original dogs were presented to him by a very dear friend of his youth, a clergyman, who obtained them from the Duke of Cleveland's kennels in Yorkshire.

Mr. Fox, the Admiral's steward, is greatly annoyed at the item which appeared in this paper referring to his spaniel as a pup. We meant no disrespect to the dog, and are pleased to mention that it has arrived at maturity, and was presented to Mr. Fox by Capt. McCallum, of Maplebank, who wished to find it a home where it could not kill chickens.

Mr. Brown, chief mate of the Lorne, bought from Mr. Penny, of Turner, Beech & Co., a St. Bernard mastiff for \$25.

Mr. G. W. R. Stuart, of Hatley Park, near Esquimalt, has been fortunate in rearing one pup from his collie bitch, Ellendine Mabel, and sired by his Marker. A short while ago, the pup broke her fore leg, and through unskilful setting, will go through life with a crooked leg. Mr. Stuart has not been successful in recovering his dog, Marker, that was lost last March, though he has a hot clue.

We hear that a young man over in James Bay has a collie that he is keeping very quiet, not even allowing his best friends to see it. He says he is getting the dog in shape for the winter shows.

The Globe Savings and Loan Co., of Toronto, has been registered in this province; capital stock \$10,000,000.

**POULTRY.**

WE hear that considerable dissatisfaction is expressed by the poultry fraternity over the prizes offered for poultry at the forthcoming show. According to a list which was published in a daily paper, the birds are to be shown in pairs, and we much mistake the temper of the poultry raisers if they allow this antiquated method to be foisted on them. Some of the directors of the B.C.A.A., who think that poultry is out of place at a fall show, should travel through the east during show time and see what attention is paid to that department by wide awake easterners.

H. R. Cornwall is thinking of getting out some golden Hamburgs from his old home in Yorkshire.

The *Canadian Poultry Review* for August contains a capital illustration of a group of white-faced black Spanish fowls. Such pictures are first-class educators, in striking contrast to those printed in the majority of poultry periodicals. It has often struck us as surprising that black Spanish are not more plentiful in these parts, as they are extremely hardy when matured, and retain all their many good qualities for as long as eight or ten years.

Every poultry fancier should have a copy of the *Am. Standard of Perfection*, of which a few more are to be had at this office—price, \$1.00.

**PENSARN KENNELS.**

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

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Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,  
Fellow Ontario Veterinary Medical Society.  
Diseases of all Domestic Animals treated  
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Telephone 182. Residence and Infirmary: Cloverdale, Saanich Road. Telephone 417.

**IT'S HOT!**

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

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First-class Teaching Faculty—British University Graduates. University, Professional, Commercial and Modern Courses.

Reasonable fees. Cricket, football, swimming, athletics, etc.

PRINCIPAL: J. W. CHURCH.

Autumn Term begins Sept. 10th, 1894.

**The Chase Metallic Roof-Plate.**

**POINTS OF SUPERIORITY:**

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

Thinness and perfect adaptation of the same.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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: - Dentist - :

JEWELL BLOCK, COR. YATES AND DOUGLAS STS

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## COLLABORATEURS.

By S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

ARCHER was tempted to treat White's request with levity; but it would have been cruel to jest, as his manner was too serious to admit of that, and besides he was not given to simulation.

White's letter induced Seymour to indulge a similar idea. The latter was pulling away at a corn-cob half-filled with the ashes of a previous smoke, and asking himself whether he should also write. "I didn't act altogether properly," he reflected, "but she might have stretched a point and forgiven me. When we were leaving the station, I looked everywhere for her pretty face, and she must have purposely remained away." Seymour, piqued at the remembered slight, emptied the ashes out of his pipe by viciously striking it upon the tire of the wagon wheel against which he was leaning. His show of temper was only momentary, though, and his eyes assumed a far-away dreamy look. Seymour's thoughts had wandered back to the scene at Union Station, Toronto, upon the departure of the Queen's Own Rifles and Grenadiers for the North-West. The Queen City people were proud of their two regiments, and there were few dry eyes, and many a fervently uttered "God speed you, my boys," from bent, gray-headed forms. Friends came for a last fond look, and a hurried hand-shake. It was not an occasion for calculating reserve, and the assembled host of people sympathized with those who could not control their feelings. Sweethearts clung to their soldier-lovers, nothing abashed. What cared they, though the eyes of the gaping multitude noted their loving embraces. And now the whistle gives three short shrieks. There is a sudden lurch forward, an explosive grunt from the smoke-stack, a hiss of escaping steam, and the wheels are grinding the rails with the well known rumbling sound. Amid hurraing crowds and waving kerchiefs, with the swelling chorus of "Litoria" from a thousand student throats, the train rushes out of the station, and Seymour struggled with a choking lump in his throat, as he stood on the rear of the car, straining his eyes at the rapidly receding city, until a sharp curve blotted everything from view. He had prayed for just one glimpse of the one he loved, and that had been denied.

Archer was a non-belligerent, though he had identified himself with the ambulance corps, and received some instructions in the way of dressing and bandaging wounds. He fully intended to assist in the carrying of stretchers, or in any other way that he might be called upon to render service to the sick and maimed.

Hardly a sound was heard in camp. In the east, appeared a faint glow, like the reflection of some distant conflagration, and soon after a rim of the refulgent disc of night peeped over the plains. The rim enlarged to a segment, and finally a circular shield of burnished bronze was lifted clear of the horizon.

Archer was lying on his back, puffing rings of smoke into the stilly air, and gazing drowsily at the moon, majestically describing an arc as it drifted on its upward way. His thoughts were shifting through the various phases of the rebellion, and the probable outcome. Would Canada be able to quell the dissatisfied half-breeds without the aid of Great Britain? The outbreak had assumed serious proportions. At first it was suggested that Quebec would sympathize with Riel, but the Victoria Rifles of Montreal bravely responded to Canada's "call to arms," and from St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Georgia, there was a fellow-feeling and a common desire to aid in suppressing the disgruntled half-breeds and their copper-colored supporters.

Archer's eyes had closed. The pipe stem had slipped from his mouth. Once more Pine Bay and Ethel. Once more the hotel balcony. Oh! what rapture, to gaze into her eyes, to be privileged to hold her hand! But she is leaving him, with a sad, pitying look in her face, and now he tries to follow, but something holds him back. He is straining, tugging—frantically, agonizingly striving to rise from his chair. He gnashes his teeth in rage, savagely, furiously cursing the mysterious force chaining him to his seat. He can just discern Ethel's form on the further shore. Now she fades from sight. His ears are buzzing. A mist gathers in his eyes. Horrors! something is clutching his throat. He is suffocating.

"Archer, don't look scared to death. What were you dreaming about? Something creepy, I'll gamble. I found you digging your claws into the ground in a perfect frenzy. I seized you by the collar, and tried to roll you over on your side. You were lying on your back. You seemed to be possessed of the strength of a demon. A nice fellow. Look at your meerschaum smashed into a thousand pieces." Archer, on awakening, sat up dazed, looking as if he were going to faint, and trembling violently. He passed his hand over his face and wiped away the cold perspiration that was running into his eyes, causing a smarting feeling, which he further irritated by rubbing.

"Archer, we haven't much time. We'll be off in a few minutes. Here's a letter. Will you kindly forward it?"

Archer jumped to his feet, determined to shake off the nervousness induced by the hideous nightmare.

"There seems to be a regular letter-sending epidemic. I'll see to it, though,

Seymour," responded Archer, taking the envelope and hastily slipping it into his pocket.

Archer and Seymour had struck friendship. In the long tramp over melting snow and ice along the shores of Lake Superior, Seymour contracted a severe cold, and could hardly keep up with his comrades. Archer often carried his rifle, and frequently helped him over a difficult portage. At Port Arthur Seymour suffered a slight attack of fever, and the surgeon was half-inclined to send him home, but he begged permission to accompany the troops. Archer nursed him through a short illness, and Seymour never lost an opportunity of proving his gratitude.

A start was soon made, and the train of forty-five waggons, carrying provisions and stores, threaded its way over the undulating prairie, looking like a ghostly caravan of the desert.

At daybreak, the enemy's camp was sighted, situated upon the higher of two hills. A ravine with a small creek running through it almost encircled the position, which had been well selected for the purposes of strategy and defence. An advance was made as noiselessly as possible. Poundmaker did not look for an attack. His spies had informed him that Col. Otter's column had camped en route, and he never reckoned on a night march. The braves were wrapped in the dreamless slumber that comes when wearied with the feverish tossings of the night. Pity to awaken them. Many would have slept in the happy hunting grounds for eternity. The Indian sentinel paced up and fro, all unconscious of the soldiers stealthily creeping along in the faint light of dawn. A coyote barked in an adjacent copse. The Cree picket pricked his ears. There was something wrong—he could not tell what. He paused and listened on the alert with anxious eye and receptive ear. His heart throbbed against his buckskin tunic in an agony of suspense. A startled prairie hen shot into the air and buzzed into a clump of poplar. A hawk circled skywards from a lofty perch on a cottonwood limb. The sentinel did not doubt now. There was a lurking danger. In a flash, his ear was strained to the ground. Breathlessly, he listened. Yes, his suspicions were too true. He heard the tread of horses and men, swishing through the tangle of grass and stubble with a sharp, strident snap. A soldier stumbled over it. Both barrels of a muzzle-loader were discharged in rapid succession, and the shots, emphasized by the previous deathly silence, rang out with startling clearness, and detonated from hill to hill.

Before the echo of the report had died in the distant stretch of prairie,



B. C. CUSTOMS RETURNS.

The following is a summary of the customs returns for the four ports of the Province of British Columbia for the month of July, 1894:

IMPORTS.

	VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
Perishable Goods	\$137,380 00	\$ 60,331 00	\$ 25,612 00	\$ 13,875 00	\$241,198 00
Free Goods	70,034 00	221,786 00	12,805 00	700 00	305,325 00
Total Imports	\$207,414 00	\$282,117 00	\$ 38,417 00	\$ 17,575 00	\$545,523 00

REVENUE.

	VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
Duty Collected	\$ 46,481 11	\$ 21,315 32	\$ 10,011 77	\$ 4,571 75	\$ 82,382 95
Other Revenue	603 14	632 10	130 82	168 92	1,536 98
Total Collections	\$ 47,084 25	\$ 21,947 42	\$ 10,142 59	\$ 4,740 67	\$ 83,919 93

EXPORTS.

	VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
The Mine	\$ 27,382 00			\$213,967 00	\$241,349 00
The Fisheries	85,682 00	\$ 10,452 00	\$ 10,500 00		106,634 00
The Forest	3,236 00	60,254 00			63,490 00
Animals and their produce	77,479 00	1,131 00	1,382 00	37 00	80,032 00
Agricultural	62 00	65 00			127 00
Manufactures	3,014 00	4,426 00	21 00		7,461 00
Miscellaneous	4,633 00	30 00		20 00	4,683 00
Total Exports	\$201,488 00	\$ 76,361 00	\$ 11,903 00	\$214,024 00	\$503,776 00

\$97 gold coin. \$21 silver coin.

blanketed braves and frowsy-headed squaws, sleepily rubbing their eyes, had waked from the cone-shaped tepees. Poundmaker and Big Bear had succeeded in uniting their warriors. The Indians numbered five hundred fighting men, whilst the Canadian force aggregated two hundred and twenty-five combatants. The teamsters had been ordered to fire the grass in a dozen places, and a line of snapping, roaring flame was racing across the plains. This had been done to prevent an attack in the rear, for it was well known that the Indian cayoes would become unmanageable as their hoofs struck the charred, smoking soil.

(To be continued.)

Reports to the interior department state that the crops west of Regina and in the Calgary district are very poor this year.

The New York World says: "There never was such a year of depression in the United States. The New York Tribune, a pronounced protectionist paper, estimates the loss resultant from "the year of tariff controversy" exceeds "in money more than four years of civil war." It goes on to say: "The production of wealth by industries has diminished in quantity more than forty per cent. in iron and wool, about a quarter in cotton and leather products, and probably \$2,000,000,000 in aggregate value. During the whole year millions of men and women have been deprived of work. The reduction in wages has averaged not far from twenty per cent., and this alone means to the working millions a loss greater than the nation's debt at the close of the Civil War. All this tremendous loss has been sustained in consequence of an effort to change radically the tariff, and it is not here intended to argue whether the results, if success had been attained, would have justified the sacrifice. But success has not been attained. The party has failed to agree, and, according to its President, has failed to perform its pledges.

The Shoe and Leather Journal is of the opinion that compulsory arbitration will be one of the immediate results of the labor troubles in the United States. The interests of the people are, it says, so closely identified with the interests of corporations and individuals that government will have to step in and exercise a wholesome control. It is worthy of note that out of 692 strikes and eight lock-outs in England in 1892, no less than 345 were settled by mutual conciliation or by mediation. Besides, there is a growing opinion on all sides in the Motherland in favor of various forms of arbitration and conciliation. We observe that in view of the conduct of the Pacific railway systems of the United States, Congress is being memorialized that in the event of their failing to their meet obligations to the Government, the mortgages be foreclosed and the various systems operated by the Government, thus boycotting the combination which maintains charges at an unwarrantably high figure.

DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS.

Late of London, England, general family and obstetric practice, with special attention to diseases of children and diseases of the chest and stomach; over twenty-five years' experience; many years a member of the British Homoeopathic Society, British Gynecological Society and Pathological Society of London. DR. WILLIAMS may be consulted at all hours at his office and residence, 94 Pandora, near Quadra street, city. Telephone 153.

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EGG LEMONADE PHOSPHATE COFFEE CHOCOLATE

10 Cents.

Or a glass of  
Hires Root Beer,  
Ottawa Beer,  
Raspberry Phosphate,  
Strawberry Phosphate,  
Orange Phosphate,  
Blood Orange Phosphate,  
Coffee and Cream,  
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Etc., Etc.

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For Twenty Years.				To Age Seventy.			
An'l.	S'l-An'l.	Q'ly.		An'l.	S'l-An'l.	Q'ly.	
25	\$13 75	\$ 7 15	\$ 3 72	\$15 74	\$ 8 18	\$ 4 25	
26	14 00	7 28	3 80	15 97	8 31	4 33	
27	14 25	7 41	3 85	16 20	8 42	4 38	
28	14 50	7 54	3 92	16 46	8 56	4 45	
29	14 75	7 67	3 98	16 72	8 69	4 52	
30	15 00	7 80	4 06	17 00	8 84	4 60	
31	15 25	7 94	4 13	17 30	9 00	4 68	
32	15 50	8 06	4 19	17 61	9 16	4 76	
33	15 70	8 16	4 24	17 94	9 33	4 86	
34	15 88	8 26	4 30	18 29	9 52	4 95	
35	16 04	8 34	4 34	18 65	9 70	5 04	
36	16 24	8 44	4 39	19 04	9 90	5 15	
37	16 44	8 55	4 45	19 45	10 12	5 26	
38	16 68	8 67	4 50	19 89	10 35	5 39	
39	16 92	8 80	4 58	20 44	10 63	5 53	
40	17 20	8 94	4 65	21 05	10 95	5 70	
41	17 48	9 09	4 73	21 69	11 28	5 87	
42	18 05	9 39	4 88	22 38	11 04	6 05	
43	19 05	9 91	5 15	23 11	12 02	6 25	
44	20 16	10 48	5 45	23 89	12 43	6 49	
45	21 40	11 13	5 79	24 72	12 85	6 69	
46	22 76	11 84	6 16	25 60	13 31	6 93	
47	24 26	12 62	6 56	26 54	13 80	7 18	
48	25 92	13 48	7 01	27 63	14 32	7 45	
49	27 73	14 42	7 50	28 90	14 87	7 74	
50	29 72	15 45	8 04	29 72	15 45	8 04	
51	32 14	16 71	8 69	30 92	16 08	8 36	
52	34 80	18 10	9 41	32 18	16 73	8 70	
53	37 70	19 60	10 19	33 52	17 43	9 07	
54	40 85	21 24	11 04	34 94	18 17	9 45	
55	44 27	23 02	11 97	36 45	18 96	9 86	
56	47 60	24 75	12 87	38 04	19 78	10 29	
57	51 25	26 65	13 86	39 72	20 65	10 73	
58	55 00	28 60	14 87	41 49	21 58	11 22	
59	59 10	30 73	15 98	43 37	22 56	11 73	
60	63 40	33 01	17 17	45 34	23 58	12 26	

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# IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

## IMPORTS.

The following is a summary of the quantity, value and duty on imports at the port of Victoria for the month of July, 1894:

ARTICLES.	VALUE.	DUTY.
Beer and porter	\$ 1,125	\$ 409 44
Wines	28	8 64
Whisky, brandy, etc.	5,551	1,110 20
Books, pamphlets, etc.	1,615	551 24
Textiles and manufactures of	265	79 50
Manufactures of grain of all kinds	11,219	3,298 80
Flour	2,638	818 50
Meal, corn and oat	82	13 20
Rice	4,936	2,954 02
Other breadstuffs	2,219	440 80
Tricycles, Velocipedes, and parts of		
Railway and tram		
Bituminous	326	16 20
Iron and manufactures of	91	27 30
Iron, bleached or unbleached		
Not dyed, colored, etc.	128	32 00
Bleached, dyed, etc.	1,375	420 60
Iron	27	
Clothing	1,258	440 15
Thread not on spools		
Yarn, warp, etc.		
Thread on spools	338	84 50
All other manufactures	1,724	523 90
Drugs and medicines	15,001	5,779 10
Marble, stone & Chinaware	333	107 00
Woolen goods & embroideries		
Shawls, shirtings, etc.	178	53 40
Other fancy goods	65	19 30
Other products of	184	64 40
Fruits and nuts dried	431	97 17
Green, oranges and lemons	843	216 85
Other	989	129 45
Other	7,216	2,238 81
Manufactures of		
Manufactures of		
Bottles, jars, etc.	108	32 40
Window glass		
Plate glass		
All other manufactures	433	128 00
Explosive substances	801	233 35
Percha, manuf's of	3,124	805 82
Hats, caps, and bonnets, beaver, silk or felt	121	36 30
All other	98	29 40
Iron and steel and manuf's of		
Band, hoop, sheet, plate	63	15 71
Bar iron & railway bars	63	17 68
Cutlery, hardware, etc.	1,612	425 01
Machines, machin'y, etc.	3,605	964 71
Pig iron, kentledge, etc.		
Stoves and castings	144	39 61
Tubing	385	138 71
All other manufactures	2,905	845 67
Jewelry & watches & manuf's of gold and silver	2,095	516 40
Manufactures of	91	29 05
Leather, all kinds	200	31 83
Boots and shoes	1,008	252 00
All other manuf's of	291	78 15
Marble & stone & manuf's of	64	7 05
Metals and manufactures of	439	107 09
Optical instruments	1,426	403 10
Mineral and products of	2,203	568 86
Flaxseed or linseed	68	11 00
All other	1,082	316 78
Paints and colors	308	41 45
Paper, envelopes, etc.	1,460	444 15
Pickles, sauces, capers, etc.	488	170 80
Provisions, lard, meats, fresh and salt	7,018	1,514 80
Butter, cheese	2,032	547 57
Bees and roots	74	7 40
Silk, manufactures of	3,551	1,101 80
Wool, all kinds	450	150 22
Wool, ground & unground	87	11 87
Wool, all kinds	2,562	4,090 24
Wines, sparkling	288	162 30
Other than sparkling	1,467	1,368 48
Whisky		
Tobacco and cigars	3,027	2,684 37
Vegetables	3,053	1,307 76
Wood, manufactures of	1,357	352 90
Woolens: Carpets, brussels and tapestry	376	112 80
Clothing	357	117 20
Cloths, worsteds, etc.	380	119 35
Dress goods	1,157	347 10
Knitted goods	146	51 10
Shawls	271	67 75
Yarns	89	23 45
All other manuf's	689	249 64

ARTICLES.	VALUE.	DUTY.
All other dutiable goods	24,075	5,409 93 03
Total dutiable goods	\$137,380	\$46,484 11
Free goods	70,034	
Coin and bullion		
Grand total	\$207,414	\$46,484 11

The following are the free goods entered at the port of Victoria for the month of July, 1894:

ARTICLES.	VALUE.	DUTY.
Animals for improvement of stock		
Articles for use of Army and Navy	45,636 00	
Asphaltum or Asphalt		
Broom Corn		
Coffee		379 00
Cotton waste		124 00
Dyes, chemicals, etc.		165 00
Fish and products of		
Fisheries, articles for, nets, seines, etc.	1,471 00	
Fruits, bananas, olives, pineapples, etc.	839 00	
Fur, skins not dressed	10,796 00	
Grease for soap making, etc.		
Hides and skins		160 00
India rubber and gutta percha, crude		4 00
Metals—Brass and copper		9 00
Iron and steel, all other		8 00
Tin and zinc		1,639 00
Other		1,290 00
Oils, vegetable		251 00
Salt		206 00
Settlers' effects		3,777 00
Sugar		2 00
Tea		1,129 00
Tobacco leaf		429 00
Wood, cabinetmakers, etc.		205 00
All other free goods		1,515 00
Total		\$ 70,034 00
Coin and bullion		
Total free goods		\$ 70,034 00

## EXPORTS

From the port of Victoria, for the month of July, 1894—the produce of Canada:

THE MINE.	QUANTITY.	VALUE
Coal	tons 432	2,160
Gold dust, nuggets, etc.		25,222
THE FISHERIES.		
Fish of all descriptions		200
Fish oil	gals 940	384
Furs or skins of creatures living in the water		85,098
THE FOREST.		
Other articles		3,236
ANIMALS AND THEIR PRODUCE.		
Other articles		77,379
AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.		
Other articles		62
MANUFACTURES.		
Liquors—spirituous & malt of all kinds	24	31
Sewing machines	1	10
Other articles		649
Grand total		\$ 194,431

Goods, not the product of Canada, for the month of July, 1894:

	QUANTITY.	VALUE
Animals and their produce		
Meat of all kinds	lbs 520	100
Manufactures—		
Iron—pig and scrap, castings, hardware, etc.		20
Boots and shoes		3
Sewing machines		85
Wood m's of all kinds		129
Other articles		2,087
Miscellaneous articles		3,615
Total		\$ 6,039
Coin—gold		997
—silver		21
Grand total		\$ 7,057
Total exports of all kinds		\$201,488

Rooms 19 to 22, Board of Trade Building.

**C. H. STICKELS,**

Consulting Electrical Engineer and Purchasing Agent.  
Electric Light and Power Apparatus and Supplies.

Estimates for complete electrical installations, either light or power. House wiring plans and superintendence a speciality. All wiring under my superintendence guaranteed.

## FREE ON APPLICATION

By postal card or personally to 62 King's Road, a pamphlet entitled "The Great Salvation," as delineated in the Scriptures of Truth; helping the honest-hearted to return to the Apostolic faith.

Some persons have an idea that it is necessary to purchase a book at Sampsons before they can have the privilege of using the exchange. This is not so. Sampson will exchange your novel for any one in his shelves in payment of the usual fee. Sampson's Book Exchange, Douglas & Johnson street.

**ED. LINES,** General Scavenger, 236 Yates street. Yards, etc., cleaned. Orders left at Geo. Munroe, 82 Douglas street; Speed Bros., cor. Douglas and Fort; or Blair & Gordon, cor. Merzies and Michigan will be promptly attended to.

## THOMAS BRADBURY

Statuary, Monuments, Tombs, Headstones, Copings, Etc., Etc.

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## FOR THE THIRSTY

Soda Water—all flavors  
Ice Cream Soda,  
Home-Made Ginger Beer.

## ICE CREAM

made from Pure Cream, upon the latest improved French and American methods.

All who have tasted it pronounce it superior to any ice cream made on the coast. A trial will convince you.

## MONTGOMERY'S

ADELPHIA BLOCK,  
Government Street, near Yates.

## ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

For the next 30 days, I will sell my stock of spring and summer goods at greatly reduced prices.

Suits, \$20 and up.  
Pants, \$5 and up.

## Campbell, the Tailor

88 Government Street.

**CHAS. HAYWARD**  
ESTAB. 1867  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER**  
52 GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA, B.C.



Distilled Water Only Used.

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(LIMITED.)

VICTORIA.

VANCOUVER.

(:~) Pure Beverages. (:~)

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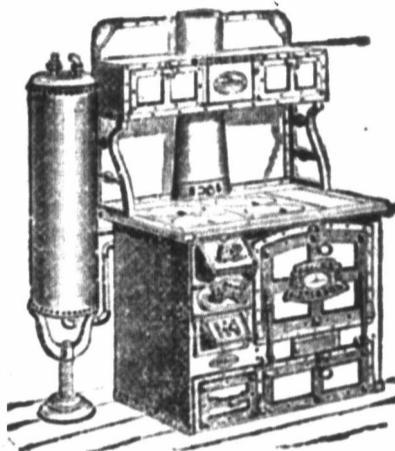
P. O. BOX 175.

It is announced that the great octopus, the Standard Oil Trust, has obtained possession of certain valuable oil wells in Petrolia, Ont., with the object of controlling, with the aid of its Russian associates, the oil product of the world and securing for the industry all the protection that is given the enterprises of the respective countries.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Bank of England — "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as it is often termed — was recently celebrated, the charter of the bank having been granted July 27, 1694, in the reign of William and Mary. The proceedings were participated in by the attaches of the institution, and a large number of guests.

THE aggregate tonnage of the mercantile marine of the British Empire is 12,427,596 tons, while that of France and Russia together only equals 1,539,507 tons. The entire number of vessels exclusive of war ships built and under construction in the United States during the last fiscal year was 894 of 134,394 tons while in Great Britain the figures were 318 of 718,204 tons. These are both steam and sail, but are exclusive of un-rigged craft.

THE New York Times remarks that in that state it would require an ownership of 1,000 shares of a four per cent. stock, or 500 shares of an eight per cent. stock, before the limit of exempted individual income under the law would be reached and taxation would begin. As showing how rich capitalists continue to evade the payment of taxes it cites several railway companies, including the New York Central, the New York and New England, in which the average holdings of the 40,683 shareholders is but 51 shares each, in one of the richest of them there being less than a hundred persons who, according to the stock books, hold as many as 500 each. This being the official statement, it is a fraud on the face of it, for it is not the small holders by whom these gigantic corporations are owned and controlled.



**THE MAJESTIC**  
Steel and Malleable Iron  
Range is without a peer in the  
Market. Heating and Cook-  
ing stoves, Cutlery, Lamps,  
Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

**McLENNAN & McFEELY,**  
Corner Government and John-  
son streets.

**C. MORLEY,**

P. O. BOX 366.

— Manufacturer of —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE,  
ETC., ETC.

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### DINING PARLORS.

Corner of Yates and Langley Streets.

The Cosiest Place in the City.

A fine assortment of choice European delicacies to hand.

The Great Ne Plus Ultra Concertina must be seen and heard to be appreciated.

## IDEAL PROVISION STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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W. Blakie, Manager.



# THE HASTINGS ART STUDIO



) FOR FINE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Hastings, Manager. 56 Fort Street.



## BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

At the semi-annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of British Columbia, held in London on 11th July, the chairman announced that the profits for half year applicable to dividend were £31,020 18s 2d. A dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum and a bonus of one per cent., which is equivalent to four per cent. for the half-year was declared. This left a balance of £7,020 18s 2d, which was carried forward, no addition being made at present to the reserve fund, which remains at £275,000. The chairman, Sir Robert Gillespie, in reviewing the situation, referred at length to the peculiar and harrassing circumstances of the past half-year, and added the following, which will meet with a hearty echo on this side:—"Well, now, the condition which I have referred to has necessarily involved unusual anxiety to us, unusually positive instructions to carry out a certain system, and also to work our business upon a very conservative line; and I think it is only due to our officers—with, I must say in parenthesis, one or two exceptions—to say that they have loyally and very properly carried out the wishes and instructions of the Court. Had it not been for this, and had we not contracted our business and increased our reserves very largely, our position might have been very different to what it is to-day. I hope you will feel for and sympathise with us because of the anxious time we have passed through, and I hope you will thank those to whom is due the successful issue at which we have arrived. (Hear, hear.) I am sorry to read day by day in the newspapers that there is such a disturbance, and such a disturbing element, existing in the United States of America. What may be the result it is difficult to say; but, although we must not talk politics here, I must thank God we are not a democracy. But let us hope that with a firm hand these troubles will be overcome, and that the people will settle down again, and that there will be no further conflict between Labor and Capital which is the destruction of commerce, and that we shall see a revival in trade and a better feeling and less want of confidence existing throughout the great continent of America. The depression has affected Canada most seriously, but while I say that, let me also express my pride and my pleasure

## ARTHUR HOLMES, CLOTHIER.

Suits for Boys and Youths.  
Gents' Furnishings.  
Hats. Gloves. Scarfs. Night Shirts. Etc.

78 YATES STREET.

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Graduates of Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE: 86½ GOVERNMENT STREET, ROOMS 1, 2, 3.

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.

## Imperial Vinegar & Extracts Manufact'ry

Lemon, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry and Pineapple.  
Pure Malt and Whitewine Vinegars, Tomato Catsup and Sauce.

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P. O. BOX 108.

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

that Canada has gone through this trial so triumphantly, that her banks have stood firm, and that her securities at the present moment stand, I believe, at their highest in the market."—*The Shareholder.*

The Victoria West Steam Bakery is offered for sale by the Brackman & Ker Milling Co. The bakery is fully equipped with all the latest improved biscuit and soft bread machinery, and is in complete working order.



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 For Flannels. **BORAX SOAP**

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**THE CASH TAILOR**

See our \$20 Suits and  
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Strangers and visitors will find it to their advantage to employ our Hacks  
 the rates being uniform and reasonable.

First class double and single Buggies and Phaetons can be procured at  
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Sparkling Champagne Cider—in bottles, quarts and pints.  
 Orange Cider—in 5-gallon kegs and bottled.

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Manufacturers of Ciders, Sauces, Vinegars and Pickles  
 Goods delivered to any part of the city. or at boats, free.

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ROOMS TO RENT AT REASONABLE RATES

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**\$1** SHOES  
 FOR MEN AND  
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 FOR WOMEN  
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 Prices are right. Call and in-  
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Gents' clothes cleaned and re-  
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1,000 pairs of Sample Shoes AT  
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**Steam Laundry**

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