

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 31.

VICTORIA, B. C., MAY 13, 1893.

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## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

WALKING home one evening last week, a friend stopped me to ask the cause of a smile that overspread my visage. I was unconsciously smiling, but it could not be helped. The explanation given my friend was found in a paragraph in a daily paper, with the heading "An Episode." The subject of the episode was the now threadworn subject of the tramp being turned away, in a starving, fainting condition, from the rich man's house, and finding a rough but warm welcome and supper at the cottage of the laborer. Such an old, old friend as this episode being sprung upon me in a badly disguised style of local dress was too much; I had to laugh, although the story was such a barefaced plagiarism. However, it was not so much the theft I was amused at as the clumsy manner in which it was rigged out, something like a jackdaw in peacock's feathers. In a moment, I cast my mind's eye around among my most distinguished friends and acquaintances in Victoria, and although I know of quite a number of fairly well laid out grounds to private houses in Victoria, I know of nothing so grand or extravagant as the writer of the episode drew on his imagination for. As to the mansion spoken of—well, I will let it go forth to the world that we lick creation for the splendor and magnificence of our private residences; the staff of culinary artists—I will also acknowledge that some of our very rich people actually do sport a couple of Chinamen in the official part of the house, and possibly another to open the door to the visitor, who receives a grunt or "no savee" and the door slammed in his face, while John goes to find "bossee." Be it ever so dirty, there is no place like home, so I will not contradict a word of that episode. None of our merchant princes ride home on the street cars; they all have broughams with rich upholstery and plate glass windows, which broughams are made to sweep gracefully up the spacious carriage drives leading to the baronial mansion; a gentleman of birth (who has a lordly disregard for aspirates) handles the ribbons; powdered flunkies attend the doors, etc., etc.

It looks like old times, the days of the boom, to see Francis Bouchier decorating the city of Victoria again, and he hasn't forgotten how to do it either. He is the same old Francis, not having been even a little corrupted by "those horrid Yankees," as the non-voting English dude styles them. Francis is an artist on the question of living, and many a dude who attempted

to follow his example is now rusticated at Kaslo and other health resorts in the search after healthy restfulness from importunate creditors. Still Francis bobs up like a cork on the waters, and no doubt he will yet be the cause of a good many more corks bobbing up in Victoria.

How often it is that one is struck forcibly by the fact that the weather is used as a basis of a friendly salutation. You meet a friend as you are persistently chasing yourself towards your office, and he says, "Good morning. Fine day, isn't it?" And then you reply,—"How are you? Yes, lovely weather." And the skies may be overcast and the air full of the spray-like indications of coming rain. Just keep tab on yourself for one day, and you will find out that some remark of that nature is the invariable greeting. But it is not an intended piece of mendacity, nor is it an entirely unconscious reference to climatic conditions used to open a conversation or to supplement the regular and conventional form of greeting. The fact that you will tell your friend, or that your friend tells you, that the weather is beautiful, or that it is a fine day, when you both know that the statements are absolutely false, is due to the inherent desire in all natures to be pleasant, and to say something of a cheering nature. It is a desire to be pleasing, and if your friend greets you with a smile and a cheerful look, you at once get the reflection of his apparent feelings and immediately suggest that it is a beautiful morning. It is an involuntary personal compliment and there is a good deal of human philosophy behind it, if one stops to think.

My friend McLagan, of the Vancouver *World*, gave his readers a little homily, the other day, on the subject of hypocrisy, choosing for his text a couple who shall for the present be nameless. Whether it is the province of the public paper to preach private personal morals is a question that is open to argument, but the fact remains that people residing in glass houses should be careful of the direction in which they cast stones. I have a dim recollection of a holy man who used to sell the scriptures in concise form, on the instalment plan, and who was not averse to certain promptings of the flesh at the same time. People should be consistent in matters of this kind; and before plucking the mote out of their brother's eye, should be sure there is not a beam in their own optics.

Archbishop Gross' lecture on Monday evening was a very interesting affair, although quite a number were disappointed that there was so much philosophy and so little science in it. Those people went to hear a scientific disquisi-

tion and were treated to a very philosophic, in fact, religious, chat. This is not saying that His Grace could not deal with the subject from a scientific standpoint, for he has proved himself as earnest a scientist as he is a deep thinking philosopher and earnest theologian. Still it was deeply interesting, made doubly so by the venerable speaker's fine magnetic presence and profound learning. It is a peculiar fact that these very scholarly, learned men employ language that is beautiful almost poetic, in its simplicity, and Archbishop Gross is no exception to the rule. I listened to his remarks with a deal of attention, and was glad that I had thus spent the evening.

I am reminded that time works changes, by a little story I heard the other day. I will not vouch for its originality, and will give it just as it came to me:

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years had married. They met at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

In many respects, James J. Corbett, who appears at The Victoria next Thursday night, is one of the most remarkable men that ever appeared upon the stage. The counting room of a bank would be the last place where the knowing ones would look for material of which gladiators and champion pugilists are made, but it was behind the grated screens of the Nevada National Bank, of San Francisco, that James J. Corbett, a young man of studious habits and gallant address, who had graduated from the College of the Sacred Heart, earned his living for some time. His physical superiority, his dexterity of movement and quickness of eye soon began to manifest themselves, and it was but a little while after Corbett paid his initiation fee to become a member of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco, that the members of that organization offered him extraordinary inducements to become its professor of boxing. During

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the time that Corbett was employed as paying teller of the Nevada Bank, his associations threw him in the company of society people whose tastes had a leaning towards amateur theatricals. Corbett, being the most handsome and altogether manly looking fellow, he, of course, was repeatedly chosen to play the gallant lover in these performances. Records of these amateur performances would show that the now champion once smote the heart of adoring femininity as Armande in "Camille." All this of course served to mature Corbett's likings for the stage, and so successful did he become in amateur theatricals and such flattering comment was made of his several appearances upon the stage, that he decided to give up his position, where he had been so successful, and adopt the stage as a profession. His superior physical development, and the benefits derived from his constant training while professor of boxing, together with the unanimous advice of friends, led him to become a professional pugilist, rather than any personal inclination or liking for the calling in which he has acquired the championship. It is the public knowledge of his college education, the refined associations of his early life, the manly manner in which he has conducted himself since gaining his memorable victory over an undaunted champion of ten years, and his domestic habits, that have added much in drawing out audiences of a much more select kind than have ever been known to attend performances of plays in which a noted pugilist was the star.

The departure of Col. Sargison, (he ought to have been a General long ago) for the east, leaves the *Colonist* in an absolutely defenceless condition. It is a well known fact that the good-natured manager is a man who loves peace better than war, and it is only now, since the Col. has left that he realizes, how utterly unable the *Colonist* is to resist an attack of the *Times* freebooters. Of course Manager Ellis has fortified Langley street, and a zereba (as we used to say in Egypt) has been thrown out around the Government street entrance. Major-General Norris, a veteran of '66, will see to it that the line of communication is kept free at the latter point, while Col. Cullin, who distinguished himself at Batoche, will be in command on the Langley street side. With these extra precautions the manager hopes to be able to "hold the fort" until the return of the Colonel.

I offer my apologies to Mr. Macgurn by saying, "if I have done anything amiss I am quite willing to make amends by doing it over again." Therefore, as Mr. Macgurn has cleared away all the charges preferred against the management of the lacrosse club last year, (that is, to his own satisfaction), would he please brush away the mysterious circumstances surrounding the importation and exportation of one Frank Doherty. As bearing upon the statement of Mr. Macgurn that "the funds of the lacrosse club were not used to import players," will he go so far as to say that the funds were were not used to export players; or if there were used for the

latter purpose will he explain wherein the difference lies as regards the general charges I made in a previous issue.

As one interested in the cause of Christianity, I regret the attempt of the Ministerial Association to interfere with the actions of the city Council. I apprehend that the council is elected by the citizens of Victoria to represent them, and not altogether by the clergymen of the city. As regards spiritual matters I am willing to consult my spiritual adviser, but I cannot for a moment see how, when it comes to secular matters they should know more than myself. Personally I do not like to see the band in the park on Sunday, but, I realize the fact that there are many others, and perhaps a majority, who have not time during the rest of the week to visit the park, and who would really enjoy the music. They do not perhaps feel disposed to spend their time listening to a dry sermon, (and it is a noteworthy fact that Victoria clergymen preach dry sermons), when they can study the beauties of the higher teacher—Nature—accompanied by the delicious music of Prof. Pfedner's band. I hate tyranny, no matter whence its origin.

In a Presbyterian church, last Sunday evening, a reverend gentleman, in the course of his sermon, remarked that a business carried on on Christian principles would be more prosperous than one that was not. While I believe that this Rev. gentleman was serious and conscientiously believed that the statement he made was correct, still I am compelled to disagree and join issue with him. At the present time, when competition is so keen, all sorts of schemes are resorted to and deception is practised by men of business to a greater or less extent, in order to successfully hold their own, and a person who endeavors to carry on business on true Christian principles cannot practise deception, therefore he cannot compete with his fellow tradesmen. This is not saying, however, that there are not any successful Christian business men. I know of several right here in Victoria.

Another clergyman, in an address a recent Sunday, represented Voltaire and Paine as expiring in agony and despair, because they had not accepted the evangelical scheme of salvation. I have no other interest in either of these men than simply to get at the facts, and the facts are not as the clergyman stated. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* contains the following statement in regard to Voltaire: When the priests came, for whom his attendants had sent, "he was in a state of half insensibility and petulantly motioned them away." The legends set afloat about his dying in a state of terror and despair are certainly false. The writer, however, as true Christians should, regrets that Voltaire should have missed his last opportunity of consulting the priests. And I think the value of his testimony is enhanced by this regret.

The recent life of Thomas Paine, by Mr. Conway, subjects the stories of his death to a thorough investigation, and concludes with the remark: "Few souls are now so belated as to credit such

stories." The fact is that shortly before the death of Paine, two clergymen entered his room and began to speak to him of his opinions. In reply, he simply said, "Let me alone, good morning!" and these were his last words. The woman in whose house he died, testified that "he expired after a tranquil night."

I do not write this to depreciate Christianity, but merely to suggest that a clergyman, however consuming his desire to do good, is not emancipated from the common duty of being accurate in his statements. It is not legitimate to "glorify God and save souls," by misrepresentation. There will necessarily be a reaction when those who have been frightened into a profession of faith by the alleged horrors of an infidel's death-bed, discover that Voltaire and Paine passed as peacefully to their final account as does the average clergyman.

Follow me in another ramble through the Chinese quarter, the tumor on the heart of our city. Pass down the south side of Cormorant street, open the innocent looking trap doors in the sidewalk and descend with me beneath the earth. Surely you are not surprised to find that human creatures live like rats in Victoria? Walk carefully, for fear of tumbling over sleeping Chinamen. Nonsense, man; the smoke and foul air should not make you feel ill. Cannot see? Take my hand. We will reach a back door in a minute. See that glimmer of light ahead? That is the Johnson street ravine. Careful, now that we are outside. Don't slip and fall into that festering heap on the banks of the ravine. Look up. The filthy streams trickling down the bricks are from the rooms above. Did not imagine the place was so bad! King cholera is coming, man, and will have a royal reception. How do you suppose they kill off a few of the surplus millions in China? They allow the filth to accumulate, and cholera does the rest. Come along, the good people of Victoria will educate "John," even at the expense of our health. Did you ask whether that was a woman smoking opium? Certainly it was. Surely women have as much right to smoke as men. Do white men smoke opium! Come along. We will leave the honeycombed section and walk through an alley to Fliguard street. Just enter this tenement and see for yourself whether white men smoke. Only two white men! But you entered only one opium "joint." There are dozens in this locality. Did I understand you to say that you knew one of the Chinamen? He cooks for your friend. That is nothing. All the cooks come down here and a majority of them smoke opium. Your friend and his children are in danger from many diseases through their cook carrying them home; but "John is so good you know, and he is cheap, don't you see!" Ah, those papers on the windows. Chinese lottery tickets. Drawings three times daily. Hundreds of whites, men, women and boys—buy tickets. Why is it allowed? Ask me something easy. See that brick three storey building. Dozens will be there at 11 o'clock to-night to find the result of the drawing. Any lepers here? Oh! no. The citizens of Victoria placed them on an Island and will keep them as long as they live. Hospital, oh, yes! They own an hospital within a few feet of a number of residences occupied by whites. The Chinese require no hospital. It is a morgue. To save burial expenses they deposit dead bodies in the building during the night. The city buries them next day. Tired, are you. Well, we might adjourn for a week, and leave the dark ways of our "friends" for another time. PERE GRINATOR.

LOCAL TOPICS IN RHYME

THE MAYOR AND ALD. MUNN.

I've got a little bit of sport,  
Which to you I shall now report,  
Of a row that occurred in the Alderman's court  
Between the Mayor and Alderman Munn.

Munn said that the vote was not correct,  
As his bosom heaved and his head erect—  
"Count them again and you'll detect  
A mistake," said Alderman Munn.

And now the Mayor, who looked severe,  
Then began to domineer,  
"I'm not agoing to stand this here,"  
Says he to Alderman Munn.

"Perhaps you think that I'm a fool  
And just come here to be your tool,  
But you will find that's not my rule,  
Mr. Mayor," says Alderman Munn.

"I've quite as much right, I think, to be heard  
As anyone else upon this Board,  
And from my duty I won't be deterred  
By even Mayor Beaven," says Munn.

Alderman Miller at every turn  
Moved that the "Council do now adjourn;"  
But this suggestion they all did spurn,  
And so did Alderman Munn.

Long raged the fray, to our delight,  
And would have lasted half the night,  
But Miller's "adjourn" came in all right  
And shut up Alderman Munn.

But they only adjourned to have it out,  
And from the rooms we could hear them shout,  
And the Mayor was finally put to rout  
By the gallant Alderman Munn.

CONFESSON AT CHRIST CHURCH.

There is serious alarm in the Church, I am told,  
About innovations that are thrust on the fold,  
And the wrath of Low Churchmen 'tis pleasant to see  
When they say that "confession" there never will be.

They say if others want that they've got an alternative—  
They can join the R. C.'s and be thorough conservative,  
They can have holy water and confession galore,  
But in Christ Church Cathedral they're wanted no more.

We neither want candles, nor tapers, nor incense,  
Nor to other religions give any offence;  
But, when we go to our church to sing and to pray,  
We want to have it in the orthodox way.

Bishop Cridge, I am told, is simply adored  
By the flock that attend the Church of our Lord,  
Where they pray as they prayed before they left home—  
As the Church of England demands, and not that of Rome.

And the people of Christ Church are loud in their wail  
At the scenes that occur in this temple of Baal,  
And the might of the Priest, as if smote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the "Church of our Lord."

Then stop this intoning, this sing song and droning;  
We don't need the confession in act of atoning;  
We'll confess to the Lord, and to no one beside,  
Who alone is our shield, our help and our guide.

The new Bishop's a-coming, and what will he say  
To this queer state of things since Hills went away?  
He'll find, I still think, after what has occurred,  
That most have cleared out for the "Church of our Lord."

Why can't parsons be honest in their holy profession,  
That never took vows to go in for confession,  
Which, by doing, if I rightly interpret their words,  
They're usurping a power that alone is the Lord's.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

WHO is to blame for the *contretemps* that occurred at Beacon Hill last Saturday? As I understand it, the Victoria C.C. had invited the Navy to have a game of cricket, and, on arrival on the ground, found it was already in possession of base ball fiends, who refused to move a little further off when politely requested to do so by Mr. Pooley. I never saw such a dog in the manger lot; any ground would have done them equally as well, but things are coming to a pretty pass when the national game of cricket is to give way to the foreign game of base ball. Anyway, whether they were right or wrong, they might have remembered the Navy were our guests, and any one with the ordinary feelings of a gentleman would have given way at once. I would suggest to the Park Commissioners that base ball be relegated to the other side of the Sound, where they could get an audience to appreciate it, for I don't think the freaks of this club on Saturday last will tend to endear them to the community. I hope the officers and men of H.M.S. ships won't think we are all members of base ball teams.

Not to be outdone by the Board of Trade, the Ancient Order of L. O. A. F. E. R. S. held their annual dinner at the Cafe de Paris, one day last week. Monsieur Antoine out-antoined himself, if I might use the expression, to pander to the delicate appetites of his guests. Punctually at eight o'clock, the Grand Master of the Order arrived, attended by his suit (the only one he had) and secretary, etc. Having wasted a full half hour, which was spent in the bar waiting for the others to arrive, they decided to go ahead with the feed. But one word about the menu. It was beautiful. The names of the different kinds of grub were written in the French language, which any one of any breeding and refinement knows is the ordinary court language, and having often been presented at (the Police) court myself, of course I was quite "ofay." The soups consisted of Potage a la Lucullus, which in English means a sort of pottage similar to that which Esau sold his birthright for. Another soup was Consomme Colbert—of course, everybody knows what that is. Of fish, we had Maitre d'Hotel, which means the mother of the hotel, with pomme de terre a l'Anglaise (the common English spud). Of entrees, we had steake tenderloine with sauce Bernaise (bear's grease, I suppose) and potato a la Dr. Bernado; veale tricandeara a la cunge goode au marasquino; lambee a la menthe (lamb only a month old); and other things too numerous to mention. But the list is not by any means ended; the last I went in for was Tutti Frutti perdeen with some chocolate eclairs. When the cloth had been folded up and put away, the lacqueys put the vin ordinaire on the table (anglice rot gut). The secretary then got on his

pins in a very exhausted condition, after this unwonted hard work, and proceeded to read letters of apology from the following, all of whom are past grand masters of the Order: The Prince of Wales, the Gov. General, Jim Corbett, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Marmaduke Wood, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Christopher Columbus' distinguished relative, and many others too numerous to mention. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, the chairman got up to respond on behalf of the Order. He alluded in feeling terms to the many members who are suffering from hard times, and to the envy of the rich to their order, which he said was in vogue long before the Tower of Babel or the Pyramids were ever heard of, in fact it was co-existent with the foundation of the world. "The Jews," he continued, "have not been more persecuted than we have; we have been driven from every city and country under the sun, but still we contrive to exist, and our numbers instead of decreasing are increasing and shall continue to thrive 'until the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'" He instanced the case of several martyrs to the cause, notably Marmaduke Wood, or Marmy, as he was familiarly called, having been driven from his country for his country's good. His eloquence was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the host wanting to know who was going to pay for the dinner, and, as none of the Order happened to have any money, the meeting broke up in disorder and adjourned to their own rendezvous—Campbell's Corner.

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That it delights the juvenile swell to be seen smoking and drinking in public.  
That the influence of the skirt dance has its effect on the morals of the community.  
That most successful doctors are those who have had least to say about their patients.  
That a deal of nonsense is written about the luxuries of the nineteenth century hotel.  
That women at the shops who push, squeeze and shove are merely "inspecting things."  
That the number of people who live upon audacity and nerve is simply enormous.  
That fashions become more and more grotesque and trying to girls who are not pretty.

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DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOLS.

TAKE NOTICE.

At 81 Johnson Street will be found a large stock of new and second-hand clothing cheap for cash. Highest price paid for second-hand clot in.

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SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE best marksmen are usually those with gray or blue eyes.

THE dirtiest and most unhealthy city in the world is Amoy, China.

FULLY 800,000 domestic animals, valued at \$6,000,000, are annually devoured by the wolves in Russia.

THE flying foxes in Australia are multiplying so rapidly that it is feared they will soon become as great a pest as the rabbits.

A YOUNG lady in Pottsville, Pa., was so delighted on receiving her engagement ring that she rapturously kissed it. Her ecstasy suddenly ceased when she accidentally swallowed it.

THE telautograph, another electrical wonder of the present day, transmits autographs, likenesses and pictures by telegraph. Any kind of writing is reproduced in exact copies.

BALD-HEADS are rare in China. A Mongolian genius, years ago, discovered a method of sticking in hairs in the bald spots, and his secret was soon learned by his imitative countrymen.

IN legal circles, it is rumored that Sir Charles Russell will visit this city after the Behring's Sea arbitration is concluded, with a view to establishing a legal firm with his former associates the Prince of Wales and Lord Baltimore.

THE income of the Chinese physician, Li Po Tai, who died recently in San Francisco, where he had long resided, was over \$40,000 a year. He had many white patients. His specialty was asthma, and to this malady he succumbed.

THERE is a marked difference between a fort and a fortress, according to the definitions rendered by a little schoolgirl in Washington. She defined a fort to be a "strong place where they put men in," and a fortress a "similar place where they put women in."

IT is rumored the services of several well known photographers have been secured to attend the great base ball match on Monday afternoon at Beacon Hill. It is stated that owing to the two teams not being able to select a referee, Chief of Police Sheppard will be requested to appoint one.

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA

Derby Sweepstakes

To be decided by the result of the ENGLISH DERBY, run at Epsom, May 31st, 1893, (241 Horses Entered).

\$20,000

Divided as follows:

First Horse.....	\$10,000 00
Second Horse.....	3,000 00
Third Horse.....	2,000 00
\$2,500 among Starters and \$2,500 among Non-Starters.	

10 per cent. deducted from all prizes.

Tickets entitling the subscribers to one chance in the Sweepstakes, price \$2.00, can be obtained at all leading hotels and saloons, or directly from W. R. Jackson, Box 372, Delmonico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., or W. G. Stevens, Box 283, Pioneer Bodega, Victoria, B. C.

The Drawing will take place at the Delmonico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., on 29th May, 1893. The most reliable manner of forwarding subscriptions to the Sweepstakes is by Postal Order.

Copies of the drawing will be sent to all local Agents, and a full list of the numbers drawn will be published in the principal papers of Canada and the United States of May 30th, 1893.

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39 - 41 Johnson St.

HAD NEVER HEARD OF THEM.

A gentleman just arrived in this city from Ballysloughguthrie says that he never heard of Russell & McDonald, the cheap dry goods merchants of 134 Douglas street, before coming to this city. It seems incredible.

A MEDICAL gentleman in Kansas has succeeded in an agricultural experiment which will interest all classes. He has crossed the tomato with the potato, and produced a vegetable which possesses some of the qualities of both articles. He calls it the "potomato."

The Home Journal is copied every week by over 100 papers in Canada and the United States.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Arion Male Voice Glee Club concert will be given in the Institute Hall, View street, Wednesday evening, 17th inst. The club will be assisted by Miss Heathfield and Mr. Nash, who will give soprano and violin solos. The principal feature of the evening will be the male voice part—simply the club chorus. The management have announced that guests will be expected to present their cards of invitation on entering the hall.

It is understood that in the course of a few weeks, Mr. A. Stewart Potts of the *Colonist* staff will go East on a visit to his home in Toronto. Rumor also hath it that Mr. Potts will return a married man. He denies the soft impeachment, but the information comes from reliable sources and is given for what it is worth.

The concert given by the Musical Society in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, Tuesday evening, was very successful. The hall had been tastefully decorated with evergreens, flags and bunting, and the programme supplied by the Society was much appreciated by the audience.

The Ladies' Aid Society, of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, were entertained at luncheon, last Friday afternoon, by Mrs. Frank Adams at her residence on the Gorge Road.

J. S. Murray leaves this evening on a five weeks' visit to his old home—Caledonia, Haldimand county, Ont. He will return via Chicago and visit the World's Fair.

Mrs. T. C. Sorby, Menzies street, entertained a number of friends, Thursday evening. Dancing was the principal feature.

Mr. W. Spencer Hampson has gone to San Francisco to meet his sister who is coming from New Zealand to pay him a visit.

A large Raymond excursion party is coming over from the Sound, this evening, and will remain in the city until Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. L. Belyea gave a very enjoyable dancing party, Thursday evening, at her home, Regents Park, St. Charles street.

A public reception will be given His Lordship Bishop Ferrin in the Oddfellows' Hall, on Saturday evening, 20th inst.

Mrs. T. M. Henderson, of 258 Fort street, gave a pleasant candy party to a number of friends, Thursday evening.

Ernest Miller, who has been attending the Toronto Law School, has returned home.

Miss Beaven, of 115 Simcoe street, entertained a number of friends, Thursday evening.

A. A. Davidson and bride have returned from their honeymoon trip over the Sound.

SPENCER'S ARCADE



New Jackets

New Dress Goods,

—NEW—

Dress Trimmings,  
JUST IN.

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Government St.

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Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store

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Boys' Shirt Waists, white and colored.

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## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

JAMES J. CORBETT, although the acknowledged champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, is an unusually modest man, considering the position he occupies. His irreproachable domestic habits have done much in drawing immense audiences. He is much devoted to his stage work, and his appearance in his play of Gentleman Jack at the Victoria Theatre next Thursday evening will be one of the events of the present season. The story of the play is an exceedingly interesting one, and the third and fourth acts give admirable opportunities of displaying Corbett at his best. In the third act he is shown in his training quarters, in which he punches the bag with almost marvellous dexterity. In the fourth act, he appears in the prize ring, and competes for honors with Prof. Donaldson. All these incidents are introduced in a reasonable and natural manner, and have to do entirely with the unravelling of the story of the play. He is supported by a carefully selected company. In the Madison Square roof garden scene, many attractive specialties are introduced, including the performances of Dagmar and Decelle, two remarkable Danish warblers. In this scene there is one very striking line addressed to the champion by his sweetheart. Corbett as Jack Royden, speaks of his friends advising him to become a pugilist. She says: "You could not be a gentleman and be a pugilist," and the hero replies, "Oh, yes, I could; a gentleman at heart is a gentleman at anything."

Mrs. W. J. Florence will be seen at The Victoria on the evenings of May 29 and 30, in two plays—The Old Love and the New, and the Mighty Dollar. As Mrs. General Gilflory, Mrs. Florence has made her name famous throughout the world as a comedienne. The Mighty Dollar abounds in bright wit and excellent practical suggestions. As the merry, gossipy, but with all warm-hearted widow, Mrs. Florence is humorous and pathetic by turns, snading off the changes from lively to severe with the nicety of nature. In the Old Love and the New, Mrs. Florence is equally at home.

\* **W. H. PERRY,** \*

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**42 JOHNSON STREET**

**WALTER D. KINNAIRD**

**THE CASH TAILOR,**

**46 JOHNSON ST., VICTORIA.**

New Goods Just Arrived.

SCOTCH TWEED SUITS.....\$23 TO \$35  
IRISH SERGE.....\$28 TO \$32  
PANTS.....\$ 6 TO \$14

Cinderella was greeted with a fairly good house. The performance was up to the average, the scenic effects very good, and the specialties were novel and entertaining. The Clorinda of Kitty Belmour was highly amusing, and in fact there was nothing that could be really called inferior throughout.

The Seattle *Dramatic Star* says that the theatre-goers of Victoria will soon have an opportunity of witnessing some fine acting by a new stock company.

Our Boys, with the cast which produced it two or three weeks ago, will be repeated at The Victoria on the evening of May 25.

Madeline Merli is looking for a November date at The Victoria, for a production of The Story of a Kiss.

I. E. Philo, has left for New York City, where he will take a course in voice culture.

Nat Goodwin and The Gilded Fool will soon be seen at The Victoria.

Bobby Gaylor comes to The Victoria June 3.

A Boston jury has granted a woman whose husband divorced her, that he might marry another woman, \$10,000 damages. The verdict is directed not against the errant husband but the woman who succeeded to the first

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wife's place, and the cause is given as alienation of the husband's affections. If this verdict stands in law ladies marrying divorced men will be obliged to do so subject to the claim of a sort of chattel mortgage held by the first wife. All of which will complicate matters considerably, but can't be expected to deter a woman who is bent on marriage.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

PLAID silk waists are to be worn this summer with dark skirts. The silks are very cool and always look well. They are to be seen ready made, with full ruffles down the front and large, loose puffed sleeves. The waists are made so as to be worn either outside the skirt or inside with a fancy belt. Plaid skirts, however, are not as nice for summer wear as the light wash silks, which come in delicately colored patterns. These are made without lining, and when washed carefully preserve their good appearance for a long time.

The prettiest model for a blouse is a bodice of sheeny shot silk, with sleeves of the bishop pattern. The front consists of two long, loose pieces of silk, which are arranged crossover fashion by the wearer herself, passed round the figure to the back like a belt, brought forward again and tied or fastened with a pretty ornament on the left side of the waist. If smartly put on so as to follow the lines of the figure, it is most becoming.

As we are just entering upon the days when driving is especially delightful our women may like to know that French ladies complete the driving toilet with a specially made skirt; it has two openings, each buttoning at the side, so that it can be slipped on or off with ease. The headgear for driving is a little toque of cloth, with a puffing of velvet where it touches the hair and a bird's plumage for trimming. Tirconne hats also are especially stylish this season. They are trimmed with breichwanz, a sort of feather band, with a few folds of velvet and a stiff straight plume.

As touching on the variety of occupations in which young women are now engaged, the following story, by "Claire Foldairolles," may not prove uninteresting:

The following is not a strange relation, merely *ben trovato*; it is the absolute truth. I have it from the lips of a young club friend of mine, from whom I learned a great deal while teaching him his French verbs. Several years ago he fell in love with a pair of dark eyes, large, liquid and full of Oriental softness fringed with glorious

lashes that had a speech almost as eloquent as the orbs themselves. A look from those eyes would have stiffened the flabby sinews of that young clubman and made him commit any crime, from highway robbery to flat burglary, but he never got it, and so they parted, he and the eyes. But a year or so after, while hurrying home toward nightfall, my young clubman was suddenly seized with a violent toothache. He had to lead a German that night; the refractory molar must come out, and looking about him the legend "Gas Administered; Teeth Extracted Without Pain," happened to meet his gaze. As female assistants are not uncommon in dentists' offices, he was not the least bit surprised upon being met at the door by a comely young woman, who conducted him to the operating chair, asked him to designate which tooth he wished to have extracted, and then proceeded to put him under the influence of the gas. There was a sound of rushing waters in his ears, a brief period of unconsciousness and then that pair of heavenly orbs, so richly radiant, so liquid and lustrous, with their wonderful lashes gently rocking like the wings of a butterfly, was hanging over him.

"*Melanie, mon adoree!*" he gasped, but a strong fume of carbolic acid cut short his rhapsody. He strangled and she replied: "I am now a professional woman, a graduate of the College of Dentistry. Do you wish to preserve this molar?"

## SACERDOTALISM.

When Bishop Perrin arrives, he will find sacerdotalism in full bloom in his Diocese, and the clergy in priestly orders, not only in sentiment but in costume. In various of the parish churches, to carry out this propensity, they have introduced the choral service of the cathedral, and, instead of as in former days, the clergyman in an unassuming manner beginning the service, it is prefaced by the sensational appearance of some fourteen little boys in white surplices, followed by ten or twelve men similarly arrayed, with the clergyman in the rear. Instead of the service being as of yore, that is one of minister and congregation, it has now become a sing-song service monopolized by the minister and the surpliced choir in which the congregation have only a subordinate part. The Psalms

of the day, in place of being read alternately, now carry with them the monotonous infliction of being sung, in which their meaning and words are lost. Even the responses of the Litany, so peculiarly the province of the congregation to answer, are sung for them in an appropriate, mournful tone by the choir.

The former simple and devotional service of the Church of England is gone, and in its place this choral formality. Now, this Church of England service requires not the choral service embellishment, and is, "when unadorned, adorned the most."

The service at one of these parish churches, with its surpliced choir and procession, only requires the incense and the gilt cross to make it resemble the church they parted with, but now seem to admire and strive to imitate. The Church of England was formerly one of parson and flock or clergy and congregation; by present sacerdotalism, it has become changed to priest and the people. EPISCOPALIAN.

## A PRECIOUS TOY.

One of the most valuable of toys ever made is that recently constructed by a jeweller, of Turin, Italy. It is a boat made of a single pearl. The outlines of the boat are said by those who have seen it to be perfect. It has a sail beaten from solid gold, and is studded with diamonds. The binnacle light is a ruby of wonderful brilliance, and for a rudder it has an emerald. The stand upon which it is mounted is made of the purest of ivory; and the whole toy—stand, boat and all—weighs less than half an ounce. The value of this marvellous thing is \$5,000.

A distinguished French scientist has declared that the electric shock as administered to criminals by the New York law does not kill, but only induces unconsciousness, and that the victim is afterward finished off by the dissecting knife. The statement, if true, is chiefly of interest for scientific purposes, as it has no particular bearing on the murderer's ultimate fate. Perhaps we have in electricity the coming anæsthetic. Certainly the unconsciousness which it induces as applied in New York is very profound and permanent.

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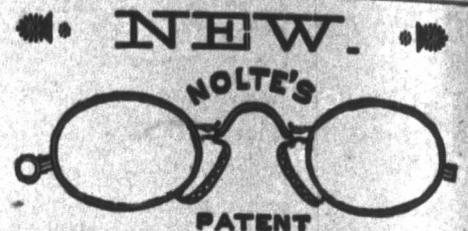
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HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

The president of the London Chamber of Commerce gives twelve maxims for success, which he says he has tried through twenty-five years of business experience:

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight for it.
3. Master all details.
4. Always know more than you are expected to know.
5. Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.
6. Treat failures as stepping-stones to further efforts.
7. Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back.
8. At times bold; always prudent.
9. "Men say. What do they say? Let them say."
10. Make good use of other men's brains.
11. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
12. Preserve by all means in your power "a sound mind in a sound body."

CANADIAN SARDINES.

An interesting account of one of Canada's new industries appears in the *Quebec Chronicle*. Mr. J. B. Letellier, a nephew of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just, became satisfied that the Canadian sardines in the vicinity of Kamouraska, Que., were identical with those of the Mediterranean, and conceived the idea of founding a sardine canning industry in the St. Lawrence. In the winter of 1891-92, he put himself in communication with the principal packers of Italy, and ascertained the point from which comes the fine olive oil used in the packing of sardines. This delicate oil he purposes to use here. A company called L'Union Sardinere du St. Laurent, was formed and the services of a French specialist secured as overseer. The company has a capital of \$100,000, and expects during the coming summer to put up fully a million tins of the little fish. The factory is situated at St. Andre, about 110 miles below Quebec. Here they have for their female employees, who are drawn from neighboring villages, a large two storey hotel. During the season of packing, which is from the end of May to September, 250 to 300 people are employed in the factory, and \$1,500 to \$1,800 per week paid out in wages. Besides this, the fishermen and habitants who take the sardines in their fisheries are paid from \$4,000 to \$5,000 for their fish during the season. Large as was the output of the factory last season, it is interesting to know that it will be materially increased during the present year.

ENGLISH SHIPPING INTERESTS.

There is no industry in the United States as well protected as England protects her ocean carrying trade. The protection granted varies according to the necessities of the case, but is always enough to accomplish its purposes. The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company receives from the British or Canadian Gov-

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 April, 1893:

IMPORTS.

	VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
Dutiable Goods.....	\$200,858 00	\$ 51,316 00	\$ 21,770 00	\$ 11,781 00	\$285,725 00
Free Goods.....	125,201 00	47,940 00	12,733 00	1,603 00	187,477 00
Total Imports.....	\$326,059 00	\$ 99,256 00	\$ 34,503 00	\$ 13,384 00	\$473,202 00

REVENUE.

Duty Collected.....	\$ 68,511 91	\$ 18,874 85	\$ 8,592 80	\$ 3,114 85	\$ 99,094 41
Other Revenue.....	10,613 43	1,757 12	89 20	257 30	12,677 05
Total Collections.....	\$ 79,125 34	\$ 20,631 97	\$ 8,682 00	\$ 3,352 15	\$111,771 46

EXPORTS.

The Mine.....	\$ 15,414 00	\$ 872 00	\$ 443 00	\$220,810 00	\$237,539 00
The Fisheries.....	1,208 00	1,560 00	4,987 00	.....	7,755 00
The Forest.....	49,446 00	.....	296 00	.....	49,742 00
Animals and their produce.....	10,983 00	1,260 00	164 00	457 00	12,864 00
Agricultural.....	4 00	447 00	.....	.....	451 00
Manufactures.....	5,030 00	26,581 00	424 00	122 00	32,157 00
Miscellaneous.....	826 00	5,151 00	50 00	.....	6,027 00
Total Exports.....	\$ 33,465 00	\$ 85,317 00	\$ 6,364 00	\$221,389 00	\$346,535 00

\* \$420 gold coin and \$306 silver coin.

ernment enough to compensate for any loss it may suffer by under-bidding American lines. Having driven the American line between China and San Francisco from the field by means of subsidies, it is now proposed to attract the travel from Australia the same way. The *Toronto World* is quite certain that "Canada will take away from the Americans a big share of the carrying business between North America and Australia just as the Canadian steamship line played havoc with the traffic between San Francisco and China and Japan." The *World* declares also that the best class of visitors from Australia, China and Japan to the World's Fair will come by the way of Vancouver. England protects her interests where the cost of protection is not greater than its profits. She never refuses protection from principle. She would protect her agricultural interests but for the fear that the greater cost of breadstuffs would disable her in the hand-to-hand conflict for the markets of the world. But the free-trade party in the United States refuses protection on principle. It declares protection unconstitutional. It will have no interests that cannot sustain themselves in competition with the whole world. Steamship lines that cannot compete with foreign subsidized steamship lines must go. Under this rule, the American flag will soon disappear from the ocean. There is also danger that the free-traders may attack the clause in the navigation laws which excludes foreign vessels from the coast-wise trade.—S. F. Call.

FOREIGN COAL SHIPMENTS.

The following are the shipments for the week ending May 6—

Date.	Vessel and Destination.	Tons.
1.	Polar Bear, str., Alaska.....	33
2.	Haytian Republic, str., Portland.....	87
3.	Wachusett, str., Wilmington.....	2,467
4.	Montserrat, str., San Francisco.....	1,492
5.	Pioneer, str., Port Townsend.....	18
6.	Grandholm, ss., San Francisco.....	1,629
7.	Tacoma, str., Port Townsend.....	50
8.	Bawnmore, str., San Diego.....	3,000
Total.....	.....	8,776

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## FIRST PRICES

Still rule, but will only rule until the 15th of May next, when

## PRICES WILL BE ADVANCED 25 PER CENT.

The Movement towards LARDEAU has already begun. Stores and Hotels are under construction. The Townsite is being cleared, streets are being made, and Wharves and Warehouses will be at once built. A Road will be built to a crossing of Fish Creek, where a substantial Bridge is to be built. Revelstoke being convenient, all supplies of Lumber and other material are being brought from there to fill the demand for building purposes. Don't neglect to make enquiries while prices of Lots remain at their present figure.

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