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ADVICE GRATIS.

ARTHUR SCAIFE.

A woman's heart although it be as warm as is
cremation,
Is yet in one particular the obverse of a
Saint's;
She can't admit a rival's claim without a reser-
vation,
And qualifies approval by asserting that she
paints.
So when basking in the sunshine of the smile
of your intended,
And the claim of rival beauties raise discus-
sion which is hot;
If you're wise you'll feel the least said is by far
the soonest mended;
And you'll act on this most sensible sugges-
tion like a shot.
And again, when you're married, if you think
she's yours forever,
You'll but tumble to the error which befalls
the common lot.
You've got to keep her heart your own by con-
stant, keen endeavor,
Or take your chances on discovering one
morning that it's not.
Victoria, March 24.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

THE Government's proposition to erect
new departmental buildings has
fanned into a flame the smouldering em-
bers of that old jealousy between the
Island and Mainland, and is likely to
bring forth the same bitterness and spite
as was evinced by the Mainland in the
recent smallpox scare. Many men, par-
ticularly in Vancouver, of great pre-
tensions to public spiritedness and
patriotism then manifested a spirit so
petty and contemptible as to disgrace the
"meanest man," and there is a likelihood
of these individuals excelling all their
previous efforts on this occasion. But
still one can't help giving these fellows
credit for the fuss they are making; they
are up and howling in their own interest
while, with a few exceptions, Victorians
are pursuing their customary easy going
course of come-day-go-day-God-send-Sun-
day. The Mainland will naturally oppose
any measure that has for its object the
addition of a single brick to the Island, so
I am not at all surprised that opposition
has cropped up in the House from quarters
whence it was least expected. There is
no doubt about it that our governmental
buildings are such as to make one feel, if
not actually ashamed, at least inclined to
brag very little about their creditableness
to the enterprise of our Government. One
feels like apologising to one's friends, and
when your rich maiden aunt comes to see
you, this is about the last of the "sights"
of Victoria that you feel like showing her.

They have rightly gained the name that a
well known traveller and writer once gave
them when he referred to them as the
"kindergarten government buildings."
Mr. Semlin's opposition was partly ex-
pected, but his arguments were weak.
The State of Washington found obstacles
in their way, but the government, with
the push and enterprise characteristic of
the nation, proposed erecting buildings
which would represent the total revenue
of our government for three or four years.
In Tacoma alone, the government has just
completed a court house that will fully
equal the value of our proposed executive
buildings, and in Seattle, Spokane and
other centres in the state are buildings
that make the British Columbian feel very
apologetic for his false work in cement
and sheet iron, whose cheapness and
flimsiness are only too apparent.

The captains of ships which carry bricks,
we are told, have to be very careful. An
ordinary brick is capable of absorbing a
pint of water. So with a cargo of brick
in the hold serious leakage may quite well
go on undetected, for the water that enters
is sucked up as fast as it gets in. Where
the danger comes from absorption by the
brick is the possibility of the shipowner
not knowing that the absorption has
taken place and therefore, not being
prepared soon enough to stop the leak.
The power of absorption, if dangerous in
some respects, has its strong points. The
man who has the faculty of absorption,
whether of means or by knowledge, is
building up strength. But if he does not
give out to some extent that which he has
absorbed, his strength will be a source of
weakness and injury both to himself and
others. It is the old story of the talents.
Only those which are put to use add other
talents to those already possessed. The
talent that is tied in the napkin gains
nothing and rebounds upon the owner.
The sponge is useful in absorbing water
only as it gives it out again for some use-
ful purpose, to take in a fresh supply to be
again made use of. The Mainland may
wreck itself and others, if like bricks in
the ship hold, its policy is one of individ-
ual selfish absorption.

An eastern newspaper remarks that no
matter who has been the player, politics
has been at least a vulgar game with the
public possessions. But no direct losses
incurred in the past, estimate that at
what we may, will be for a moment
commensurate with the enormous in-
direct loss that would follow a general
hostility on the part of the people to even
a generous policy of expenditure for
municipal development. The tendency of
popular criticism of late has been de-
cidedly towards parsimony. An ever-
deepening mistrust of both the honesty

and the capacity of the officials the people
themselves create is leading the public to
believe that a degree of insurance against
peculation is to be effected only by the
adoption of a poorhouse system of manag-
ing the city's affairs. No improvement is
to be effected that can possibly be fore-
gone. We must have police, and water,
and sewers, we must enact the street
cleaning farce annually, we must improve
the streets when their condition would
disgrace the County Kerry. But beyond
these commonplace necessities for the
mere foundation of a tolerable existence
official enterprise must receive no en-
couragement from citizens.

It would be difficult to establish a policy
more disastrous than this to the growth
of a city and the welfare of its inhabitants.
No sum of money could possibly com-
pensate for the inestimable loss that
would inevitably result from maintaining
the city at a low state of efficiency. There
can be nothing so costly as inefficiency.
Bad streets exact a heavy tax from every
wheel passing over them; congested
streets are but long toll-gates where traffic
and passers-by pay according to the length
of their way. The congested condition of
Chinatown entails a vitiated atmosphere
and a depression of the public health and
vitality, and it is not necessary to say
that a high state of the general health is
of enormous economic value. Everybody
must have observed how greatly his
productive capacity is lowered from time
to time by depressing weather, and can
understand how adversely permanent
unsanitary conditions affect the general
prosperity. Even the geniality and
brightness of one's surroundings count
for a great deal in maintaining vitality at
a high point, and though one cannot fix
the amount, who can doubt that a
thorough renovation of the city would be
worth thousands of dollars to us. Every-
body must recognize that nothing has paid
this city better than its public improve-
ments. There are very few of them that
the city would part with now for their
cost. For these reasons the wise citizen
will welcome a more active policy con-
cerning improvements. The trouble in
the past has been that improvement has
not moved fast enough, hasn't kept pace
with population and the requirements of
the city.

As a result of the Sons of Erin concert
the two orphanages of this city have been
enriched to the extent of \$202. Every one
will admit that no more worthy objects
of charity could be chosen than the two
referred to above, and no doubt the Sons
of Erin have been used as instruments in
the hands of a higher power to fulfill the
promises of God to the fatherless. But
there is another matter in connection with

the concert to which I desire to make reference. That is the really excellent programme presented on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. It would be like attempting to paint the lily white were I to speak of the magnificent voices of five or six gentlemen who kindly lent their aid, and the same also applies to the lady vocalists; but it was generally remarked that the ladies who played the accompaniments did so with wonderful artistic taste. No doubt the singing of Messrs. Higgins and Philo was in a measure rendered so thoroughly appreciative by the assistance of Mrs. Higgins, and Miss Pauline Frank, the latter of whom might be said to have made her debut that evening. And the same is true of Mrs. Hall, who played for Mr. Brown, and also of Mrs. Perrin. Messrs. Wolff and Pauline, of course all know and to their credit. The piano solo of Mrs. O'Sullivan was a feature of the evening, and more than one remarked the artistic qualities displayed by this lady. It is rarely such an enjoyable event as the Sons of Erin concert is held in this city.

She sat beside me in the car,
Young, fair—and yet so bold!
Looking me in the face, she smiled,
Which pleased me, though I'm old;

When I responded to her smile
She seemed as if she knew me,
At any rate she slowly hitched
A little nearer to me;

She then (more coyish) laid her head
So gently on my shoulder,
Somehow my arms were quite inclined
To reach out and enfold her.

Softly she placed her hand in mine,
My confidence to gain;
But soon I felt her other hand
Was tampering with my chain.

I (quite beguiled) allowed her still
With me and mine to tamper,
Until a lady near her said,
"Baby! that isn't grampa!"

At one of the family hotels of the city the other day I was dining with a lady friend. At the next table sat a number of school teachers, one a teacher of Greek and Latin, another a drawing teacher, another an instructor in history and so on; not common, ordinary teachers you see. I remarked to my friend that I thought it must be source of great pleasure to live in a house where so many cultivated minds were brought together, and she replied with an inexpressible little "moue" and a shrug of her shoulders. I interrogated with my eyes, and she said: "They are all right once in a long while, but for a steady diet they are awful." "I can't understand," I replied. "Oh," said she "fancy people who always spend their evenings reading Browning, discussing social problems or going out to lectures. They are never frivolous enough to tell or listen to jokes, relaxation and fun are unknown quantities to them. After two or three hours of their dusty, musty conversation, I long to mock them and to shock them, and kick my heels and hide." I laughed indiscreetly and one of the dignified women referred to looked around and scanned me through her eye glasses. "She is fixing

you in her mind," said my friend, "and deciding what grade of life you belong to, and in what plane your faculties could best be utilized in the great plan of social economy."

PERE GRINATOR.

A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC.

QUITE a considerable period of time has elapsed since I had the pleasure of contributing to these columns, and renewing acquaintance with them now seems like meeting an old friend again. The cause of my appearance this week is the concert given by Miss Monteith, the Misses Saxton and Dawson, Mr. F. Victor Austin and Messrs. Sewell and Fischel at The Victoria Thursday evening. The audience was composed of the pick of Victoria society, intellectually, musically and socially, a fact highly complimentary to the players, although the financial result would not of course be as satisfactory as from the average popular house. Whoever was responsible for the programme deserves a deal of credit for its general arrangement, while the selections were representative and judicious.

With regard to the star, Miss Monteith, she committed the unfortunate but common error of most trained singers, in selecting possibly her most classically difficult piece for the first number. An audience, no matter how well educated musically, listens critically, and perhaps prejudicedly, to such selections. The consequence was that Miss Monteith had to settle right down to the difficult task of singing her way into the hearts of a mixed audience by means of a highly classical composition. Her first number, "d'Isabelle, de l'opera Pre aux Clercs," was a gem of an aria, full of delightfully sweet runs and passages, which met with practically faultless execution from her well trained, flexible and sweet toned voice. In the lower register, Miss Monteith's voice is marvellously sweet, and is under perfect control; but, as it ascends towards the upper lines, the voice loses its fulness and is not quite so sweet. She therefore showed considerable discretion in selecting works comfortably within the compass of her voice. What largely contributed to Miss Monteith's popularity, too, is her self possession. She has all the originality of a school girl, and good naturedly wins her audience over to her at once. In her second effort, Miss Monteith carried her audience with her in a body. She sang "Robin Adair," but sang it with such incomparable sweetness, pathos and winning power that the most severely polite in the auditorium forgot themselves and clapped their hands as frantically as the most enthusiastic god in the gallery. A graceful response was given in "Molly Bawn," which appealed with just as much force to the sympathies of the audience. Then she resumed the serious, and gave a selection from Haydn's "The Creation," displaying a power of expression, execution and finish that won over to her any few sceptics that were in the audience. I am greatly mistaken if Miss Monteith did not score a glorious victory.

Mr. F. Victor Austin is a figure well

known to Victoria audiences, and as well esteemed. He appeared in a violin and piano duett with Miss Dawson, the famous "Kreutzer Sonata" [Beethoven], and in two other numbers, Wieniaswki's "Legende" and another. In the former, he did some very clever and at the same time some difficult work with the bow, for which he received a merited recall. He also played a composition of his own, "In Memoriam," a piece in memory of the late Duke of Clarence, which possesses a good deal of merit and some originality, especially in the phrasing and chording, both of which were well executed. Musin's "Mazourka de Concert" was also given by Mr. Austin, and that wizard of the violin, Musin, himself, could not have found fault with the taste and correctness shown by Mr. Austin in its performance.

Miss Agnes Dawson is undoubtedly an accomplished pianist, and a conscientious accompanist; in the latter case, perhaps, more inclined to sacrifice the singer for the sake of accuracy in accompaniment. She has a very delicate touch, which brings out all the expression and point in a composition, and even while playing purely technical pieces, has the faculty of having her audience with her.

Miss Saxton is an elocutionist who has evidently studied very hard; her histrionic abilities are considerable and she uses them to great advantage. Her features are capable of great and varied expression, and she has a good presence, but her enunciation is somewhat against her. The pronunciation of the most prominent expressions is broad and rather flat, falling harshly on the ear when the reciter is trying to make an impression in some powerful declamation, or glowing peroration. Miss Saxton selected "The Trial of Queen Katherine [Henry VIII]" for her first effort; a rather heavy choice, and a trifle long, and in it she manifested considerable ability and endurance. She also recited "The Christening," and was warmly recalled.

Messrs. Sewell and Fischel were the funny men of the combination. They intended to be serious, but couldn't. Mr. Sewell was highly sentimental, talking about fields where poppies grow, angels' wings, voices and other heavenly appurtenances and hereditaments in connection with his darling. He told all this to the audience in two or three songs of very much the same tune, which was a heart-rending monotone, and bowed coldly and politely to the footlights when he had finished. Mr. Fischel was about the same, only he had the good sense to torture the audience only once. I should like some evening when I am feeling well, to hear these two in a duett.

THE BYSTANDER.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"We sell more HOME JOURNALS than any other weekly paper."—Kerr & Begg.

"The demand for THE HOME JOURNAL increases each succeeding week."—Hibben & Co.

"Don't know what I'll do when the editor of THE HOME JOURNAL dies."—Harry Davy.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Miss Phillips, of 40 Kane street, was given a surprise party Thursday evening.

Mrs. Samuel Nesbitt and daughter, are expected home from California early in April.

Mrs. Josling and Mrs. Dr. Taylor, of San Francisco, are visiting their father, Capt. Wm. Moore, 173 Superior street.

Sir Richard and Lady Musgrove, are expected from England about the latter end of April, on a visit to Mrs. R. Duns-muir.

Mr. R. J. Frost, the popular inside home of the Victoria Lacrosse Club, expects to leave on Good Friday for San Francisco, to reside.

Mr. F. Landsberg threw open his bachelor's quarters on Pandora Avenue, on Monday evening, and gave his many friends a royal good time.

Miss Zippora Monteith and Mr. F. Victor Austin are going to open a conservatory of music at Vancouver. They will be ably assisted by Miss Marguerite Saxton, Miss Agnes Dawson and others from the east.

The Hebrews are preparing for the celebration of the annual Feast of the Passover, which commences on the 1st April, and continues for eight days. The Synagogue is being renovated for the occasion.

The closing dance of the Iolanthe will be held on Friday evening, April 7th, at Philharmonic Hall. Members wishing invitations for friends are requested to hand in names to the secretary not later than 30th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank entertained a number of invited guests, last Sunday evening, at their residence on Frederick street, the event being the celebration of Mr. Frank's birthday. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

There was a large and fashionable audience at St. James Church last Saturday evening, attending the service of sacred song. Archdeacon Scriven officiated, assisted by Rev. Pymont, of Metlakatla. The following soloists assisted: Mrs. Helmcken, Mrs. Janion, Miss Arrowsmith and Messrs. H. Kent, A. Werner and G. W. Booth.

The Good Friday concert in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Pandora Avenue, promises to be a very successful affair. The choir will sing two part songs, Ora Pro Nobis, and The Bells, as sung by jubilee singers. There will be two quartettes—A Singer's Quarrel by Misses O Neil and Honour and Messrs. Parfitt and Bishop; The Birds are Singing by Misses Luney and Luker and Messrs. Mitchell and Cline. The soloists are: Misses O'Neil,

Luney and Honour, Messrs. Mitchell and A. Parfitt. Miss Burkholder will also recite The Lost Galleon.

Mr. W. J. Cox and Miss E. M. Hogan were married on Wednesday evening by Rev. Dr. Campbell, from the residence of Mr. Ledingham, the event being private. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mary, and the hero of the occasion had the assistance of Mr. R. L. Ledingham. The bride is from Nanaimo district, but is well known and very popular in Victoria, where she and her sister have resided for some time past, while the groom is one of the boys, being popular in lacrosse and other athletic circles, as well as one of Victoria's most promising young men. Johnny was a member of the lacrosse team of years gone by in many a hard fought field, and still has his heart, if not his stick, in the game. The newly wedded pair were generously reminded by their friends with souvenirs of the occasion of their entering a new life, which they have decided to spend in Victoria.

The Musical Society concert at Carey Castle on Tuesday evening was under the direct patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, patron of the society. The Messiah was again repeated under the conductorship of Prof. Yarnley. There were a large number of invited guests present, and the military officers appeared in uniform. The chorus was composed of Miss Mouatt, Mrs. Dennis Harris, Mrs. Worlock, Mrs. Wakem, Mrs. Galletley and Mrs. Shaw, sopranos; Miss Janion, Miss Worlock, Miss Rhodes and Miss Dupont, altos; Sir Matthew Begbie, Messrs. Day, Pegram, Fowkes, Devereux and Shaw, basses; Messrs. Worlock, Aspland, Kingham, S. Wooton and Manning, R.N., tenors. The orchestra was composed of Bishop Cridge, cello; Ernest Wolf and Mr. Nash, 1st violins; Mr. Goward, and Prof. Strouss, accompanist. Mrs. Dennis Harris played 1st violin in the symphony. The following were among the invited guests: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ward, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. C. Redfern, Mr. Jas., Mrs. and the Misses Angus, Mr. and Mrs. Aspland, Mrs. and Miss O'Reilly, Mrs. and Miss Pooley, Mr. W. J. Macdonald, Mrs. Mouat, the Misses Dunsmuir, Miss Harvey, the Misses Langley, Mrs. Keefer, the Misses Pember-ton, Mrs. R. Day, Mr. Justice Walkem, Mr. W. H. Ellis, Mr. Galletley, Capt. A. W. Jones, Capt. Palmer and Lieut. Ogilvie.

"THE WHISPER OF A DREAM."

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL. Did you ever here the "whisper of a dream" or the sound of a "hero's deed"? That's what the reporter on the *Colonist*, who wrote the notice of the Monteith concert, speaks about in referring to Miss Monteith's method of singing. That man must keep a scrap book, and takes every chance of getting off these high-flown metaphors at all and every occasion, for this is not by any means the first bad break that has crept into the columns of the morning paper lately. Perhaps that young man has been testing the qualities

of the harmonious summer brook, with a stick in it, and so got his metaphors muddled; but then he would not do such a caddish trick. Perhaps he did forget himself, though, in the midst of his multifarious, onerous and overwhelmingly responsible duties, and perhaps it was this that caused him to overlook almost wholly the masterly efforts of Messrs. Sewell and Fischel, both of whom brought down the house. It is too bad when these young men are sent to report important events like this, that they cannot keep their mental equilibrium better, and not pass by in silence the best performance. The city editor should give his men a lesson, or draw up a set of rules for the guidance of young reporters.

A FLAT.

THE CANOE CLUB.

The Victoria Canoe Club will hold their first meet on Saturday afternoon, April 8th. The cruise will start from the clubhouse, at James Bay bridge, at 2 o'clock sharp. Members are expected to carry provision, as the cruise will last for six hours, and will be outside the harbor or up the Arm, according to the condition of the weather. A club photo will be taken before the start.

EASTER MILLINERY.

Sample Paris hats for ladies, all the newest styles in leghorns and common straws for girls, silk, velvet and muslin flowers, ribbons, tips, wings, feathers, laces, satins and veilings at Russell & McDonald's, 134 Douglas street.

The prices of medicines are fixed by law in Prussia, and a new price-list is annually issued.

The best kid gloves are not made of kid, but of the skins of young colts. The cheapest kid gloves are made of lamb and rat skins.

Dwarfs are the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands. It is seldom that a full-grown man is seen over forty-two inches in height.

Rosewood is so called because when first cut it exhales a perfume like that of a rose. Roses never grow upon the tree which produces it.

German Magic Pile Cure.

This great remedy, which has relieved and cured millions of people in Europe, is the preparation of the well known Dr. Gross, specialist on diseases of the rectum.

While travelling in Germany last year, I heard of this great remedy, which reminded me of so many people suffering with piles in this country. I was so interested in it that I bought some and tried the same amongst my friends, and found that in most instances it gave the sufferer almost instant relief from a single application.

It is the best ointment placed in the reach of mankind, and should find a place in every household. It will relieve untold sufferings to women during and after pregnancy. It positively cures all kinds of Piles painlessly. I have bought the recipe of this valuable ointment, and every box will carry my signature.

DR. HARTMAN,
VICTORIA, B. C.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

SARASATE, the famous violinist, has thirty-two valuable watches which have been presented to him on different occasions. No wonder that he plays in such good time.

SO LONG as the dear girls can point to the fact that corsets have been found upon the waists of Egyptian mummies, it is of little use to talk to them about the evils of tight lacing.

SIR RICHARD OWEN, the naturalist, left an estate valued at \$175,000. He first came into prominence through his work in the prehistoric department of the Crystal Palace.

THE crusade against kissing is dying a natural death. When young people feel like indulging in such luxuries, it is not the fear of disease-contamination that will restrain them.

A NEW lasting machine enables one operator to last 3,600 shoes in a week. Now let's have some kind of a machine that will make shoes last a few weeks longer than they do.

A BOOKMAKER in Chicago has made a bet at odds of \$5,000 to \$1. This is to say that he risks \$30,000 for the chance of winning \$6. His anxiety to get that \$6 is something extraordinary enough to be noted.

It is stated that in Mashonaland 3,000 acres of land may be obtained for \$25. There can be no fault found with the price, but it will be hard work to convince people that land worth no more than this would be worth taking as a gift.

THE statement is made that an eastern girl grew six inches in height in two weeks. Of course nobody doubts the good faith that prompts the allegation, but suspicion will naturally arise as to the probity of the tape line that kept track of the accumulating inches.

THE British House of Commons is undoubtedly too small for the number of members it has to accommodate, but there is a growing feeling that it would be better to weed out a lot of dead-wood members than to spoil the beauty of the House by enlarging it.

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W. J. JEFFREE.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

ON MONDAY LAST, whilst coming along Government street, I saw a villainous-looking dog pin a Chinaman by the leg, and while I was condoling with the latter, the brute came at me, but a gentleman who was a short distance away called out, and I had just time to avoid this terror. He then showed me where the dog had caught him by the finger, and then another gentleman came across the street and told us he had seen the same dog bite three other persons before he attacked the Chinaman. We found the owner (a lady) in a store close by, who said she had no idea her darling would do anything so wicked and she would not bring it into town again. She had better not, for I'll keep a sharp look out for it. There is only one satisfaction I had, that is, although I am not without sin, I did throw a stone at it, and am happy to say it struck home.

To turn to another subject—but before going at it I must premise I am a bachelor and it is in the interests of married men that I write on the subject, for no married man dare say what I intend saying—perambulators and their motorneers. I attended an auction sale last Saturday afternoon, and the place was crowded. But do you think that prevented the demon perambulator from attending the sale. Not so; the fair propellor of the first one to arrive just drove right in, and, balancing the thing on its hind wheels, described a circle. No. 2, a few minutes after, performed the same trick, and it was not till No. 3 arrived, when the auction room looked more like a living stable than anything else, that the polite auctioneer requested them to make a procession and get to the top end of the room. A few

minutes afterwards, when the auctioneer was looking happy and the crowd growing denser that the procession returned and scattered the audience in all directions. I think if I were an auctioneer, I would put up a big sign "perambulators not admitted." Did the reader ever see two perambulator fiends (ladies I mean) meet on Government street on Saturday night when the crowd is at its biggest. One goes right half turn and the other left half turn, instinctively, thereby usurping the whole footpath as long as their own sweet wills suggest.

Another subject—Who is John N. Muir? What between him and his grievances and the Panama scandals there is hardly room for the Presbyterians of St. Andrew's to get a show to prove how they love their pastor and how the pastor loves them. I wish he (Muir) would go to Heligoland or some other place and take his grievances with him, for I can assure him that the public, and I have been talking on the matter to several of the aristocracy at Campbell's Corner and they assure me that they take a much deeper interest in Bob Fitzsimmons than they do in J. N. Muir, and think Jim Corbett a far greater man than Pastor Macleod. So much for human nature, but 'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." But, while on the subject of the Macleod enquiry, does the reader not think there is a grim irony in opening the proceedings with singing and prayer which is no sooner over than they go at one another like cats and dogs? Could they not wash their dirty linen in private instead of bringing religion, heaven save the mark, into disrepute? But "True religion is the same under every age and name," but it strikes me, with the Rev. Macleod as captain, it will take his flock a long time to get to the other side of Jordan.

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

Scene—A sitting room. Time—8 p. m.
Place—Anywhere. Characters—Henry Dolliver, Mrs. Jennie Dolliver.

(Mr. Dolliver discovered putting on his top coat. Mrs. Dolliver reading.)

Mrs. Dolliver (looking up)—You are not going out?

Mr. Dolliver (carelessly)—You have been misinformed. I am going out.

Mrs. D. (reproachfully)—I think you might stay at home once a year.

Mr. D.—You are more than usually inaccurate, my dear. I am confident that I was at home last Sunday night.

Mrs. D.—When it was raining heavily and you had a sore throat.

Mr. D. (shortly)—We will not discuss that point. Naturally I have demands upon my time that I cannot explain—

Mrs. D. (quickly)—Pray don't try.

Mr. D.—Now, you are angry. Come, now, my engagement is not so pressing that it cannot be postponed until nine, I will give you an hour of my company. (Removes top coat.)

Mrs. D. (sarcastically)—I feel honored. Will you sit down (melting) by me.

Mr. D. (as he sits on lounge)—For heaven's sake, give me room? Do you expect me to sit on air?

Mrs. D. (with symptoms of tears)—You did—didn't use to talk that way. The less room you had the better you liked it.

Mr. D. (remorsefully)—I remember darling, I used to press you closely—

Mrs. D. (in alarm)—Don't—don't—you are tearing my lace fichu!

Mr. D.—You didn't use to talk about lace fichus. (Takes a chair.)

Mrs. D. (coming to him)—Now, you look splendid! You always do when you are angry. It makes your eyes bright. (Sits on his knee.) Ordinarily your eyes—

Mr. D. [struggling]—Say, is this one of those Louis Quinze chairs? They won't bear one, let alone two.

Mrs. D.—Chairs! [reproachfully] You were never afraid of breaking my father's chairs.

Mr. D. [seriously]—You forget that I pay for these chairs. Besides, you are musing my shirt front, and I am going out at 9.

Mrs. D. [rising]—Nine? You never left me before 11—not so long ago.

Mr. D.—You would not let me go.

Mrs. D. [warmly]—Indeed! Many and many times have I called your attention to the clock.

Mr. D.—With your eyes—your arms were around my neck.

Mrs. D. [indignantly]—You will tax me presently with making love to you.

Mr. D.—Well, of course—[hums softly.]

Mrs. D.—Sir!

Mr. D.—Are you going to leave me?

Mrs. D.—I should—but—[tearfully] I have no place to go.

Mr. D. (callously).—Go to bed—you look sleepy.

Mrs. D.—Do you suppose I can sleep after this?

Mr. D.—This? What?

Mrs. D.—This cruelty (icily). Isn't it time for you to go? (Sits at piano). I am about to sing—it may annoy you.

Mr. D.—Sing! I haven't heard you sing for six months.

Mrs. D.—No? I do sing—when you are

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not here. (Sings "Queen of my Heart.") That was Mr. Litewait's favorite song.

Mr. D.—Litewait (scornfully)! Puppy.

Mrs. D.—(after prelude)—Did I tell you I saw him last Wednesday?

Mr. D. (sharply)—You don't mean to say he had the cheek to come here?

Mrs. D. (mildly)—Don't get furious. I saw him on the street with his wife. They say he is very happy, and so is she. He is very devoted and attentive—stays at home ever night.

Mr. D. (tartly)—What a bore he must be!

Mrs. D. (softly)—I don't know—I always found him very entertaining. You know he sang very nicely.

Mr. D.—That's not such an unusual accomplishment. I sing myself—a little.

Mrs. D. (indifferently)—Do you?

Mr. D. (piqued)—I suppose you think I have lost my voice.

Mrs. D. (graciously)—You used to sing very well. Do you remember this? (Plays "Les Rameaux.")

Mr. D.—I should say so. (Sings.)

Mrs. D.—Or this duet? (They sing "Come with Me.")

Mr. D.—My favorite duet, however, is "Dost Thou Recall That Summer Night?" Suppose we try that? (They sing.) Do you remember (laughing) we sang that the evening I first met you at Mrs. Pendercombe's. Do you know it was your sweet voice that first attracted me?

Mrs. D.—Was it really? And do you remember we sang it that night at home when—(pause.)

Mr. D. (vacantly)—When?

Mrs. D.—When you—oh, Harry! (weeps.)

Mr. D.—(dismayed)—Merciful heavens! What's the trouble now?

Mrs. D.—(gently)—Have you really for-

gotten? You stood by my side at the piano, and as we concluded you put your arm around me—and—and—

Mr. D.—(beamingly)—Told you I loved you! I remember. You had on a lovely pink dress—

Mrs. D.—(quickly)—Blue, Harry! I never wear pink.

Mr. D.—No matter what color—you looked like an angel!

Mrs. D.—[nestling]—So you told me.

Mr. D.—And I was almost afraid to touch you.

Mrs. D.—But you did!

Mr. D. [passionately]—Yes, I kissed you. [kissing her], I hugged you [hugs her], and swore I never would leave you.

Mrs. D.—And you never have, Harry.

Mr. D. [fondly]—No Jennie, I never have. I love you after these three years. By Jove, [confused] I see what you mean Jennie—sweetheart—do you really think I had ceased to love you?

Mrs. D. [anxiously]—It's quarter past nine, Harry. You have an appointment.

Mr. D. [decidedly]—I don't care if it is a quarter past 12, unless [extricating himself] you wish me to go away.

Mrs. D. [capturing him again]—Ah, you know better than that. [After a pause] Harry!

Mr. D.—Yes, dearest?

Mrs. D.—How natural this seems! We have been civil and sarcastic, indifferent and ardent, quarreled and sang duets, and wound up by loving each other more than ever. Why, Harry, it doesn't seem as if we were married at all!

SIDNEY.

There is a chestnut tree at the foot of Mount Etna which is said to be 2,000 years old. It is 213 feet in circumference,

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

CHATTY CHEERFUL'S GOSSIP.

I HAVE read both Pere Grinator's remarks to me and also L. C.'s answer, and, frankly, I do not like either of them. It is rather a heavy and tedious subject to handle for one who only intended to write chatty articles, but I cannot quite, for conscience sake, let them pass unnoticed. If Pere Grinator had stopped to think, I do not think he would have written that woman is the greatest factor of evil in the world. Take a crowd or audience anywhere you may wish and you will find that for every bad woman, or every woman who would influence men for the bad, you will have ten good ones—ten who would improve men and give them higher aspirations; ten who would make a man wish he were good enough and pure enough to be their equal. When you want me to read history, do not give me such subjects as an unprincipled heathen queen, who used all her beauty and diplomacy for the sake of gaining what did not belong to her. That good men can be influenced, and that a great many are influenced by women for evil is an undoubted fact, but that is just where their vanity would serve them to a good purpose. If they were found out and exposed, if they only suffered as the women have to, half of the evil in the world would never happen. It is the license that men are allowed that ruins them, not the women.

I do not believe that the majority of men are sordid, avaricious and callous-hearted, as L. C. would insinuate. They are simply selfish. Man has held undisputed sway for so long that he can never believe a woman should have equal rights with himself. He generally considers himself first. They have been accustomed from the first Adam to say "Eve did it and I fell," but women are gradually educating them out of this. The times are gradually changing. It is no longer woman's one ambition to be married and settled down and to take anything in the shape of a man rather than have nothing. All over the world, women are taking possession of what at one time were considered man's exclusive rights, and we hear of doctors, lawyers, captains and other positions being filled by women—and competently filled. When women are in the majority, when voting depends on the most Christian and God-fearing man being appointed as leader—and not the most popular—then we may hope for a change for the less baneful effects of liquor and for men being granted no more license than women are.

One would infer from L. C.'s remarks that marriage is a failure. But this is far from being the case. The number of widows who marry a second and even a third time would disprove this. Men are inclined to be a little selfish and exacting. They love to be waited on and given in to; but should not we be the same, if after a day's cares and toils and business worries we come home tired and perhaps dispirited? It is only man's way of showing his appreciation of you when he lets you wait on him; for see him in a tantrum when you have forgotten to sew on a button. Why he'll even jab himself with a pin to prove to you how badly used he is, and get fearful scratches with the needle when trying to sew on the offending button rather than let you do it. He only allows you to wait on him as a privilege, and when—after his little tiff is over he catches your hand and pulls you up for a forgiving kiss, why it is worth while to forget a button once in a while. Every one knows of the trials and troubles of a mother's life, but, when you have little feet to wait on you and little helping hands to comfort you, you forget all about those trifles and thank God he has given you a home and husband and children to love you.

And now, as a parting word of advice to both of you, do not look down on the human race.

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Find the inherent God-given spark of good in every human being. Try to touch it and bring it out. You will be happier for the experiment, besides doing a world of good to those you are helping. A woman lowers herself by holding a mean opinion of men, and I am sorry for any one who has found the majority of her acquaintances such brutes. Men are only what society has made them and what women allow them to be.
CHATTY CHEERFUL.

Six new diseases, we are told, have come into existence with the styles of dress which require the wearing of multitudinous and heavy skirts. Indeed, I wonder that there are not sixty, says that vigorous writer, Elizabeth Stuart Ward. No doctrine but the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" will touch the problem. We are of tougher stuff than our brothers, or we should have sunk in our shackles long ago.

Stripes seem to have given up the fight and are now only employed for petticoats, some of which are perfect poems or dreams with their wealth of exquisite lace and dainty, charming bows; in fact petticoats nowadays cost more than actual dresses, being made as they are of superb silks, brocatelles, satins or moires, and

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G. A. McCULLOCH.

at times, bearing a founce of real point around their hem.

From the fact that very narrow trimmings are in vogue, many will be able to indulge in them that have not been able to before. The jacket effects now popular for corsages, whether as fronts only, or fronts and a slashed back, offer a field for fur, as the edges of French dresses made in this manner are piped with it, and plaid and draped silk or cloth vests are edged with a band of fur, or with Directoire revers piped with the ever attractive fur.

WHICH LAND IS THE BEST?

BY W. H. M'ELROY.

When all the battles are lost and are won,
The last word spoken, the argument done,
Which, which is the best land under the sun?

The question is pondered by you and me,
As our barks are sailing life's mystic sea,
But as to the answer, we disagree.

"Oh, the very best land," says the German, "is mine!"
And his heart beats quick and his moist eyes shine,
As he fondly sings "Die Wacht am Rhein."

But the Frenchman jeers at the German's praise,
While a tribute to France you hear him raise
In the fervent strains of the "Marseillaise."

At the Frenchman's boasting the Scotchman cries:

"What land so bonny beneath the skies
As the land where the great Sir Walter lies?"

Then a Muscovite voice is heard to declare:
"Were my fellow-creatures but wise and fair,
They'd dote to a man on the Russian bear."

The Irishman answers, with scornful smile:
"Go over the universe, mile by mile,
And you'll find no land like the Emerald Isle."

The Englishman comments, in accents bland,
"I'm thinking there's only one civilized land,
And Britain's its name, you must understand."

The Yankee rising, with deep emotion,
Exclaims: "I'm firmly set in the notion
My Eagle's the gem of the land or ocean."

So, after the battles are lost and won,
The last word spoken, the argument done,
Which, which is the best land under the sun?

The question is pondered by you and me,
As our barks are sailing life's mystic sea,
And, on second thinking, we all agree!

We are not divided, saving in name:
In essence, each choice is really the same,
It springs from a common, ineffable flame.

Whatever our race, wherever we roam,
The spot that is dearest to each is home,
The toast drank deepest is, "Home, Sweet Home."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

BILL NYE is a walking encyclopedia of fun,
and will make you forget all the ills and troubles of life for two solid hours. The pathetic selections of Mr. Burbank blend admirably with the droll humor of Nye, and between these two kings of entertainment the spectator is kept in laughter or tears throughout the entire evening. It was a happy idea, joining those two famous monologists together, and whoever misses seeing and hearing them next Friday night will throw away the opportunity of a life time.

Manager Jamieson is corresponding with Henry Irving's representative, and hopes to be able to secure the great English actor for one night at least.

Edouard Remenyi, the famous violinist, will probably be heard for one night in this city.

John Cort and his concert company are snow-bound in Nebraska.

The date for Patti Rosa has been changed to April 14.

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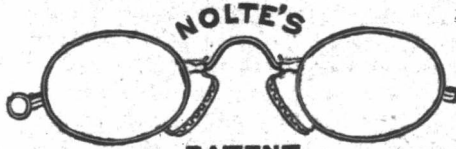
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Lardeau is at the head of navigation on this Arm,

and will be the terminus of steamers and that of the Lardeau & Kootenay Railway. There is no question that the rich Mining Districts which are tributary to LARDEAU will attract thousands of Prospectors and Capitalists during the present season, and that a large town will grow up at that point.

The history of Kaslo will be repeated at Lardeau this year, and investors in Kootenay property should study the situation. Kaslo in many instances has already repaid from 500 to 1000 per cent to investors.

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SINGULAR EFFECT OF EMOTION ON THE SENSES.

Sir William Dalby, consulting aural surgeon to St. George's Hospital, has been noting down some "strange incidents in practice"—that is to say, certain cases within his own experience as a medical practitioner—which he confesses himself unable to account for by any course of cause and effect with which the profession can be said to be at all accurately familiar. The most curious have reference to the effects of emotion on the various senses. One is that of a lady who was standing before her toilet table and looking through an open door into her husband's dressing-room, when she saw in a mirror the reflection of her husband in the act of cutting his throat. From that moment she was absolutely deaf. A similar sudden and complete loss of hearing happened some years later to a young married woman who was suddenly confronted with her husband's dead body at the time when she believed him to be quite well, and when she was going to meet him after a long absence.

On various occasions, Sir William Dalby has noted the remarkable effects produced upon the hearing by emotional influences not only by great mental shocks, but by mental strins. He has known not only sudden grief but also overwhelming joy, instantly to make a person quite deaf. Sir William Dalby has known the sense of smell to be lost by very strong emotional influences, and with this the sense of taste. A remarkable instance of loss of a faculty is that of a brother physician, who in boyhood found himself suddenly deprived of the power of speech. He was a man of middle age and robust appearance. His hearing was perfect and he could understand all that was said, but his replies were always communicated by pencil and paper. One day this physician announced that the power of speech had returned as suddenly as it had originally left him. He added that he was entirely unable to ascribe the recovery to any cause, and Sir William Dalby confesses that his experience does not enable him to offer any explanation.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.

How many people are now living on the earth? How are they divided in regard to the great geographical divisions of the world, to the great political subdivisions, or as to races? Where are the most densely and the most sparsely settled countries? To these questions we find answers given in the publication by H. Wagner and A. Supan, entitled *Bevölkerung der Erde*, the eighth division of which appeared in 1891. For a large part of the earth, these answers do not pretend to scientific accuracy, because they are not founded on an accurate census, or counting of the people, but the estimates have been carefully made after comparing all the information available from various sources, including especially the careful study of this subject made by M. Emile Levasseur, of the Institute of France, and published in the Bulletin of the International Institute of Statistics in 1887 and 1888. According to Levasseur, the total population of the earth in 1886 was 1,483,000,000; accord-

ing to Wagner and Supan, it was in 1891 about 1,480,000,000, the difference being mainly due to the differences in the estimates of the population of China and of Africa. The figures of Wagner and Supan include 836,000,000 people actually counted or registered, or a little over 56 per cent. of the total mass.

Over half of the people of the world live in Asia, and nearly one-fourth of them in China, which slightly exceeds the whole of Europe in population. India contains a little over one-fifth, and Africa about one-ninth of the world's people. Less than one-fourth belong to what are ordinarily known as civilized nations, and of these nearly one-third, or about one-thirtieth of the total population of the world, belong to the English speaking peoples. The density of the population of different parts of the world varies very greatly in different countries—being greatest in Belgium, where it is about 535 to the square mile. The number of persons to the square mile in different regions and countries is as follows: Europe, 95; Asia, 48; Africa, 14; America, 8; Australasia, 1.3; Belgium, 535; England, 480; Netherlands, 357; Great Britain and Ireland, 311; Italy, 272; German Empire, 236; Japan, 271; China, 226; India, 187; Switzerland, 186; France, 184; Austria-Hungary, 170; Denmark, 146; Portugal, 124; Spain, 89; European Russia, 49; Sweden, 27; United States, 17; Mexico, 15; Norway, 15; Canada, 2. A large part of the world is not crowded yet. In Australasia the density of population is only 1.3 per square mile.

In 1660, Riccioli estimated the total population at 1,000 millions; in 1810, Malte-Brun gave it as 640 millions. In 1840, Bernoulli gave it as 764 millions; in 1858, Dieterici estimated it at 1,283 millions; and in 1868 Kolb gave it as 1,270 millions. In 1872 Behm and Wagner issued the first of their reports on this subject, estimated it at 1,377 millions. In 1880 they reached the figure of 1,556 millions. In 1882 they rejected the result of the so-called census of China in 1842 taking 350 instead of 405 millions as its population, which reduced the total result to 1,434 millions, equivalent to 1,401 millions in 1880. In the figures of Wagner and Supan for 1891, a further reduction is made of 46 millions, 38 millions being dropped from Africa alone. According to these revised estimates, the population of the earth increased in eleven years from 1,355 millions to 1,480 millions, giving an average annual increase of 0.84 per cent. Taking into consideration the fact that excessive death rates prevail in semi-civilized and barbarous nations, it seems probable that the average annual increase by excess of births over deaths is certainly less than 1 per cent of the population of the earth.

FRUIT GROWING.

It is satisfactory to have the opinion expressed by Professor Saunders of the Department of Agriculture, that the collection of fruit trees at the Agassiz Experimental Farm is the largest on the continent and to be assured that the experiments that have been made there will be of the greatest value to the people of this Province. But we want

more than verbal opinions and assurances from the officials at Ottawa. We require the Government to see to it that everything possible and that is within their purview be made to work together for our good. Last year a pretence was made of teaching our farmers more about their business than they knew already, by an expert sent out by the Department of Agriculture; but he had not time to complete his task and returned to his headquarters without having accomplished anything.

We ought to be put in possession of the results of years of Governmental experiment and if there is anything to be learned we want to have the full advantage of the teachers towards whose salaries maintenance and travelling expenses we pay more than our due proportion. Most of us know that mixed farming combined with fruit growing is an industry for which we possess exceptional facilities and that there is a home market as well as a demand from our neighbors of the prairie provinces for all the products we can raise. We know too that there are thousands of acres of land on the Island and Mainland, wild and unproductive at the present moment which are admirably adapted for the successful culture of apples, pears, plums, cherries and all the small fruits.

Besides, dairying and poultry raising with the cultivation of fruit form a proper combination for the lands of this Island, which generally are not adapted to farming on a large scale, owing to the limited areas of arable land in any one block. The trouble is that the business is not as well understood as it might be and as teachers are sent out to teach the arts of agriculture and their kindred industry, we claim our full share of their services. We want to know from them not only what is possible of accomplishment, but how the best results can be secured.—*Commercial Journal*.

BUSINESS men for consuls is, we are satisfied to learn, to be the policy of President Cleveland in making his appointments. Mr. Egan was a bright business man and diplomat whom the Republicans sent to Chili, and there have been other shining lights who have been sent elsewhere to represent "the greatest nation on earth." Vancouver was blessed with a splendid specimen in the person of Jay Ewing, while some other "diplomats" hailing from Washington have been no credit either to their nation or to themselves individually. Now the broad policy is to select men for consuls who have exceptional business qualifications and possess sufficient trade instinct to recognize an outlet for American merchandise and ability to aid in working up the market for the product of American manufacturers and farms. As concerns Great Britain, one of the *sine qua non*s has been that the appointee must be a gentleman, and, in this respect, he frequently furnished a striking contrast to his American confrere. Now, however, that, as far as possible, greater stress is to be laid by our neighbors upon business ability, that qualification will no doubt have greater consideration from the Home Government.

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