

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. I., No. 45.

VICTORIA, B. C., AUGUST 20, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

THAT'S WHY.

Our daisy lay down
In her white nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that could speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover,
Asked me over and over,
Ask if they were surer when told.

There close to her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried:
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kissed you," she said.
—New York Mercury.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

THERE are a certain number of men in every community who are designated "dangerous people." Primarily there were three great divisions of the inhabitants of this earth. First and foremost, the honest people were set aside by themselves, that is to say, they were in a metaphorical sense set aside, but, as a matter of fact, a good many of them were actually brought into contact with the other two classes, and not having strength of mind and of will sufficient to resist the influence of their surroundings, they fell away from grace. Of this, however, more anon. To go back to the subject of division. The first class of folk being termed honest all others should have been regarded as dishonest, but good thinking people realizing that man is frail, made charitable allowances in some cases. Thus instead of one division, there became two, and men who were not honest were classed either as knaves or fools.

Of honest men, I have nothing to say. They are few and far between. When you find one, he is a jewel and well worth preserving. Rare gems are valuable. Likewise to the knaves I have nothing to say. Their name is legion and their occupation—well they are of all occupations. Some become aldermen and even members of parliament. Some are lawyers, doctors and clergymen—let us hope these latter are scarce. Merchants and tradesmen, mechanics, miners, laborers, men in every walk of life are to be found who are nothing more or less than knaves pure and simple. Why even professional gamblers, saloon keepers and black legs are sometimes said to be knaves, but they are not the worst kind of knaves!

Fools are as plentiful as the sands by the sea shore or the leaves in the forest or the grass of the prairie. All fools are not labelled. Now and then a man develops

the disease to such an extent that the world notices it. Then people say he is insane and they send him to the asylum where behind the iron bars of the cage provided for his safe keeping, he lives a harmless life, save only that the general public is taxed for his expenses. But all insane men are not sent to the asylum, neither are all fools.

Neither are insane men or fools the most dangerous persons in a community. I consider that there is still another class who are infinitely a greater menace to the well-being of society than either. I refer to the scoundrel who will invade the sanctity of the domestic circle and spirit away the virtue of the unsuspecting female. One would suppose that the fireside of the widow, who prays to God on high to protect her orphan children, would be proof against the wolf in sheep's clothing. But not so; "the devil goeth around like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," and the guileless orphan girl suffers.

It matters not if the circumstance I am about to relate is founded on fact. If it contains the elements of truth, the victim is deserving of the tears and pity of all. If it is fiction, the prayers of the righteous should be offered that it is not so.

The scene is laid in Victoria. The villain in the play is what a weak-minded woman would call "sweet," but men, accustomed to the ways of the world, would designate him absolutely repulsive. In his character there is not a redeeming feature. Already, it is said, he has a wife and children. But that cuts no figure. He is not long here until he becomes acquainted with a young girl, and by false promises accomplishes her ruin. Coward that he is, he deserts her in her hour of trouble. The young woman gives birth to a child which dies, and the mother is recovering her health—her virtue can never be recovered. The villain again appears upon the scene, and now the curtain rises once more. I will avail myself of the space afforded in the next paragraph to express my opinion of the reptile, in a few mild but terse remarks.

Conscious of the reverence with which every British subject is inspired for the justice of our great system of jurisprudence, Mr. Prettyman again pollutes our atmosphere with his vile presence, knowing that he is safe from lynching, which, after all, would be too humane a method of removing him to the infernal regions, there to contaminate the dwellers in Satan's abode. And what is really astonishing, this invader of the widow's fireside, this menace to virtue and to the well-being of our social condition, has the cheek to offer his hand to honest men. Is it any wonder then that an honest

man should have shown his resentment? I believe the Charlton Act can be made to apply to creatures even so low in the scale of humanity as this lecherous, heartless brute, and I am further pleased to learn that steps are being taken to demonstrate the efficacy of the law. It is bad enough to have leprosy and smallpox in our midst, but it is really more than can be stood without complaint to have an animal such as I have described above running at large. He must be restrained from setting at defiance our code of morality. Those in high authority demonstrated that they were able to kill off the smallpox, and they will further earn the good-will of this community if they throttle the villain in the play I have outlined above.

It now seems that an 8-inch pipe on Fort street and a 10-inch pipe on Government street could not carry off the sewerage of these thoroughfares. One may well say that more liquid cannot be carried off than we receive by water supply into the city. But other matter has to be carried off as well as liquid, and the falls being gentle, the doubt arises. One reason why no connections were made at the time of laying drains was, of course, increased exigencies, probably double. Now they will cost a little more. Let me ask, is a connection to be made every 30 feet, or a subsidiary pipe laid, taking three or four houses with a connection from that? The city will probably do the work at the expense of each property.

Let us remember with patience that we are yet only emerging from the village state, and our aldermen are village wits—not all, but some. We are approaching city growth, and will soon have city wits to guide us. Let us pay our aldermen fairly and liberally; our M.P.'s devote less time and get more pay. I am forced to say that we have hitherto been free from the itching palm and even a hint of malfeasance, and this, I am persuaded, will always be a characteristic of a Victoria Council.

What infatuation is it of Mayor Beaven and the city Council to attempt to get the Jubilee Hospital? Has politics anything to do with this? As though enough were not already under their management. I was going to ask is the city to borrow money to buy the present building and land, and the Government be reimbursed for their outlay? But I see an \$100,000 by-law to borrow money is already out and to be presented to the public on the 22nd inst. There is a saying, whom the gods wish to destroy they previously render irresponsible for their actions, or words to that effect. There is a certain foreigner "whose ways are declared dark and his tricks vain." Is the complaint catching? If so, the manipulators of the

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VICTORIA, B. C.

scheme should be quarantined, for they have certainly got it.

In this connection, I might ask, if an infectious ward is to be maintained at the Jubilee Hospital—or rather smallpox ward—for typhus fever, etc., are infectious—what becomes of the usefulness of Albert Head Station; or will this be reserved only for arrivals from foreign ports and suspects?

I have met several of the patients recently discharged from the quarantine station, and one and all of them speak highly of the way they were treated while there. Dr. Richardson particularly is praised for his attention to those under his care. One patient informs me that when the buildings were being erected, the good doctor took off his coat and with hammer and nails worked as hard as any of the carpenters so as to give the sick people protection from wind and rain. The Jubilee Hospital authorities are to be congratulated upon having secured such a thoroughly competent and humane physician to look after the patients in that institution.

The merchant tailors of this city, if their side of the story be true, have just cause for complaint. They allege that it has been a custom of certain wealthy men in this city to allow their accounts with the tailor to run a year before settling. The injustice of this to the tailors will readily be observed. They have to pay for their goods at a stipulated time, and also to straighten out money matters with their men every Saturday night. In view of the fact that some of their customers do not pay promptly, the merchant tailors find it extremely difficult to liquidate their own indebtedness at the appointed time.

What is the secret of the utter unneighborliness of the adjoining Republic to this country? The Behring's Sea is an old question, the American side proceeded on mis-statements, if not deliberate falsehoods. The annihilation of the seal at the Pribyloff Islands—though the ocean is now swimming with them—is made the excuse for the attempted banishment of all but the American Company from Behring's Sea, the interest solely and purely of the late and the present Alaska Company. This company has trailed the American flag in the mire, besmirching its dignity by degrading its officers to be menservants of the company for a paltry \$100,000 a year. The sole ownership of Behring's Sea, so wilfully contrary to tradition and fact, was put forward to cover the piracy of attacking and robbing British sealers on the high seas.

Now arbitration with its utmost pomp and air of unreality is to be resorted to—on what, in wonder's name? Whether the Americans or the company are to prey on British sealers?

I always thought that the British flag could "traverse the pole or the zone" unquestioned, and that the naval force of Great Britain was the marine police of the world. It has not always shown such pusillanimity as in this whole Behring's

Sea affair. We may speak of Russia as a treacherous, aggressive power, but the government of the United States is an unneighborly, over-reaching, uncomfortable government, especially towards Canada; witness the McKinley tariff, Behring's Sea, the canal dues, and boundary question; witness the aid and comfort to Fenianism and now Home Rule, the two latter especially none of their business. Couple with this internal weakness and incapacity to maintain law and order.

PERE GRINATOR.

THE LATE LORD SHERBROOKE.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: "Reading your interesting memoir of the late Lord Sherbrooke, I am reminded of some lines that humorously reflect the feeling of those who knew him in the height of his political fame. The story goes that a witty member of the House once relieved the tedium of debate by the following composition, which was passed round the House, and eventually found its way to Mr. Lowe, who turned it into Latin:

Here lie bones of Robert Lowe—
Where he's gone to I don't know.
If to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell to happiness above;
If, haply, to some lower level,
I can't congratulate the devil.

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- 1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200.....\$125 00
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- 1 18-carat gold English Lever, cost £30.....\$ 65 00
- 1 18-carat gold chain, 32 penny-weight.....\$ 25 00
- 1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275.....\$125 00
- 1 Diamond Ring, 2 1/2-carat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
- 1 pearl, 8 1/2 grains.....\$ 35 00
- 1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less 1/4.....\$180 00
- 1 2 1/2 carat do.....\$225 00
- 1 Ladies' seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00.....\$250 00
- 1 Piano.....\$ 75 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case, Rosewood, well fitted up.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut.....\$ 10 00
- 1 music box, plays 10 tunes.....\$ 20 00
- 1 music box, plays 6 tunes.....\$ 15 00
- 1 double-barrel shot-gun, No. 10, maker Henry Toller, cost \$75.....\$ 25 00

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WEDDING BELLS.



Mr. W. Watts, of Watts & Trott, Vancouver, left, on Sunday, for Toronto, where he will marry Miss Leckie of that city.

The well-known representative of a Toronto wholesale house will be married toward the end of September to one of the fair daughters of Victoria, residing on the Work Estate.

Mr. John Alfred Hurlev was, on Tuesday evening, in Christ Church Cathedral, united in marriage to Miss Maria Thompson, daughter of the late Henry Thompson, of this city. Miss Amy Thompson supported the bride, and Mr. William Burton the groom, Mr. J. D. Thompson giving the bride away. Rev. Canon Beanlands was the officiating clergyman. The newly-wedded couple left on a trip to the Sound.

A very pleasant party gathered at the Troy House, Seattle, on the evening of the 13th inst. to celebrate the marriage of Mr. Bernard Brereton, formerly of England, and Miss Cora Cord, youngest daughter of Mr. D. W. Cord, of the Moodyville Mills. Mr. Thomas Duggan was groomsman, and Miss Lillie Cord, sister of the bride, bridesmaid. Rev. John Damon officiated. There were many guests, and after the ceremony a reception was held until the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Brereton for Portland. There were many costly presents.

Mr. J. A. Russell, of the firm of Yates, Jay & Russell, barristers, of Vancouver and Victoria, was married at New Westminster on Wednesday to Miss Jessie Miller, eldest daughter of Mr. James Miller, of the Royal City. The ceremony, which was entirely private, was performed by Rev. Dr. Smith. Mr. F. R. McD. Russell acted as best man, and Miss Jennie Miller as bridesmaid. The happy couple left on the Atlantic express on a tour across the continent, followed by the salutations of their many friends. On their return they will reside at Hotel Vancouver.

Right Rev. Bishop Cridge, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, on Thursday united in marriage Mr. J. E. Phillips, of New Westminster, and Miss Elizabeth Mowat Wilson, second daughter of Mr. William Wilson, of this city, at whose residence, 21 Quebec street, the ceremony

was performed. Mr. J. A. Jackson supported the groom, Miss Bella Wilson and Miss Susie Spring acting as bridesmaids. There was a large gathering of relatives to witness the marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips left for the Royal City on Friday morning, with the best wishes of a host of friends. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome and costly presents.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Miss Landes, of Port Townsend, is in the city.

Miss Jenns returned from the mainland, Tuesday.

Calvin Philips and wife, of Tacoma, are at the Driard.

Dr. Powell returned Wednesday evening from Vancouver.

Thos. Ellis and wife came down from the interior Thursday evening.

Mr. Geo. Tooley and family, Vancouver, visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mrs. J. W. Sinclair came home by the Yosemite last Tuesday night.

Mrs. Wollaston was a passenger from the mainland, Tuesday evening.

F. Gregory was a passenger from Vancouver, Wednesday, by the Yosemite.

Miss Freda Bloomingtondale has gone on the steamer Islander for a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Byron Z. Holmes, of Portland, Or., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Allen Francis.

Harry Moody has left for Philadelphia, to complete his studies at the Dental College.

Chief Delaney, of Port Townsend, is over in Victoria on a brief visit to some of his friends here.

Mart. Egan has severed his connection with the *Daily News* and will in future be found with the *Times*.

Crown Solicitor Hunter went up to Nanaimo on Thursday on matters connected with the Department.

Tom Kains, surveyor-general, has returned from his holiday in the east, accompanied by Mrs. Kains and children.

Mrs. G. W. Haynes and Miss Haynes, of 96 John street, have gone to Mayne Island to spend a couple of weeks with friends.

Rev. Henry Beer, of St. Vincent, Minn., spent Wednesday in Victoria. He met many old friends here, who were delighted to see him.

Invitations are out for a pink party at the residence of Mrs. Van Volkenburgh, 215 Johnson street, next Wednesday evening, 24th inst.

R. T. Williams and family, who have

been spending a month at their summer residence on James Island, returned home on Wednesday.

Commander (formerly Lieutenant) Stanhope, of H.M.S. Warspite, left Thursday morning for England, via the C.P.R. and North German Lloyd's steamer Havel.

R. J. Ker, the popular and efficient treasurer of R. P. Rithet & Co., Ltd., left on the steamer Islander for Alaska last Wednesday evening on a pleasure trip.

W. S. Dalby, for a long time purser on the C. P. N. Co.'s boats, left on the Kingston on Thursday evening en route to Philadelphia, where he will study dentistry.

Hon. Col. Baker and Mrs. Baker arrived on Tuesday evening by the Yosemite, and were guests of Hon. Mr. Pooley. The Col. left by yesterday's steamer for the Mainland on a brief visit.

W. R. Tiffin, general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, with headquarters at Stratford, and C. M. Fraser, M.D., of the same city, reached Victoria on a pleasure tour Thursday evening.

Sunset Lodge, K. of P., will open their new Castle Hall, Broad street, on the evening of August 31 with an entertainment and social dance. It is expected that the event will be a social success.

Ex-Probate Judge Frank P. Bakeman, of Chicago, has decided to come to Victoria to locate. He will purchase a house and bring his family here, and it is understood will have charge of the legal business of the Canada Western Railway.

The family of Col. Kane have left New York for Victoria via Niagara Falls and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and will arrive here next week. The family consists of Mrs. Kane and Misses Gwendoline, Madeline and Gladys Kane. On the journey westward they will be joined by Gordon St. Aubyn Kane, the colonel's son. They will all make their home in Victoria.

The sports' committee of the Exhibition Association will, in all probability, secure the protested lacrosse match of the 23rd of May last for the last of the show. In the interest of Victoria, the lacrosse club of this city should do their utmost to assist the committee.

Large additions of novelties in fine dinner and table ware in Crown Derby and other popular decorations, have just been received by Weiler Bros., as well as other goods of almost unlimited variety, and the public are cordially invited to inspect same. They are offering some special bargains in carpets, curtains and rugs, to make room for their large fall importations.

A Brighton bookmaker, who for many years made life wearisome to a now broken sport by persistently winning money from him; recently ceased from troubling and went where weary pencils are (presumably) at rest. The plunger was asked if he was going to attend his enemy's funeral. "No," he replied, "but don't let my absence be taken to imply that I don't approve of it."—*London News*.

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HOME JOURNAL.

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Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

LACROSSE playing is a manly sport, and the wholesome exercise develops moral as well as physical strength. There is a certain sloppy dude in town who is a little sorry he found this out.

THE female portion of this city will learn with regret that Mr. Aaron Lewis, in a matrimonial arrangement which he is about to consummate, has overlooked them, having found his affinity in San Francisco.

PHYLIS has made him a sweet plum cake,
(Sing hey for a bride in the bright springtime!)
With her own hand she the sweet did make,
(Sing hey for the lilt of a merry rhyme!)
Home to the cottage when day is done—
(Sing hey for the wife at the rose grown door!)
He ate the cake at the set of sun,
(Sing hey for the hearse with the plumlets four!)

A WRITER in the Nelson *Miner* says: "Owners of property in the townsite of Columbia who wish to enjoy to the full the magnificent sport obtainable by trolling for trout over their lots should not delay their visit longer than they can help, as towards the end of this month, some of the corner stakes will begin to show above the water, when it will be impossible to fish in any other way than with a fly."

THE news of the appointment of W. H. Ellis, Esq., M. A., B. Sc., to a Chair in Toronto University, will be read with pleasure by his many friends in this city. It was not generally known that Mr. Ellis was entitled to write M. A. after his name, but Toronto University has confirmed what has hitherto been nothing more than a suspicion. We opine that it will be some time before Col. John M. O'Brien will be appointed to a Chair in Toronto University.

RUSSIA, Spain and France, and other European countries where cholera has appeared, are fighting it in the most energetic manner, and may succeed in keeping it within bounds. But its march is mysterious, and it may at any time appear upon our shores. If the grip could cross the Atlantic so easily, why may not cholera, even so "isolated" in various countries. The best safeguard against its spread are extra sanitary measures in the most populous quarters, and now is a good time to begin those measures.

AS THE world becomes more enlightened it will be generally recognized that the

prevention of cruelty to animals is in the line of self-interest, and especially does cruelty in the treatment and care of animals destined for food consumption result disastrously, for it develops, or directly produces, the germs of disease, to be after introduced into the human body. The grand law of all nature is harmony, and such an interruption of this law as abuse of one portion of creation by another is revenged by her inexorable justice.

A CERTAIN well-known newspaper man in town, who boasts that he is the only bachelor member of the staff of his paper, was given a surprise party last week when the announcement was made that "his wife had presented him with a bouncing boy baby." The aforesaid newspaper man was unable to appreciate the joke until he heard how the story came about. Some one requiring the services of a nurse made enquiries at her place of abode, and was informed that she was away attending Mrs. ——. A messenger was thereupon sent to Mr. —'s residence, when to the surprise of all concerned it was ascertained that there was no Mrs. ——. It subsequently developed that there was only a mistake in the name. What's in a name, anyway!

PLANS have been prepared for the erection of a new building for THE HOME JOURNAL at the corner of Broad and Government streets. The building will be nine stories high, two stories broad, and three stories deep, devoted entirely to the work of this paper. We realize that the new premises will cost a large amount of money, but the ever-increasing business of this great family journal demands that an early change be made. We have also ordered a 10,000 h. p. Corliss steam engine and a double-cylinder two revolution horse-press, similar to the one used by the *News* when that enterprising "English" journal first launched upon its brilliant career. Visitors will be invited for the opening night, when a handsome souvenir number will be issued, showing the excellent quality of the work we will be able to turn out with neatness and despatch. Arrangements have also been made for the manufacture of our own boiler plate, of which we will use a large quantity. We will be in a position when the next epidemic breaks out to issue smallpox bulletins from our own correspondents, which will be made a great feature of the paper. Special attention will be given to the arrival and departure of smuggling vessels, great care being taken to be up to, and even ahead, of the times. Verily this is a great paper for the home and fireside!

He called her miss and she called him mister: they continued this till one night he kissed her. Then their bashfulness they perceived was folly; now he calls her Bess and she calls him Cholly.

She was a pretty girl and she blushed a bit as she stepped into the editor's room.

"I suppose you don't care for poetry here, do you?"

"No," said the editor diplomatically, "I can't say we do."

"I guessed as much from the verse you published," she rejoined. And then she was gone.—*Washington Star*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"The Stowaway" will be at The Victoria Sept. 15 and 16.

Marie Heath is billed for two nights at The Victoria—Sept. 28 and 29.

The great sensational drama "Yon Yonson" will be seen at The Victoria Sept. 8 and 9.

Manager Cort has billed Nellie McHenry in "A Night in a Circus." She will be here for two nights, beginning Sept. 12.

The ever popular Sol Smith Russell has dates at The Victoria. On the night of Sept. 21 he will produce a revised edition of "A Poor Relation," and "Peaceful Valley" on the following night.

The opening of the Victoria Theatre on Thursday evening next, will be inaugurated by Charlie Reed and Willie Collier, two of America's best comedians, and their great company in the funniest of all farce comedies, "Hoss and Hoss," of which the *San Francisco News Letter*, July 9th, says: "What's in a name, after all! The title of Charlie Reed's new play, 'Hoss and Hoss,' would create a natural prejudice, but on its first performance, Monday night, at the California, the prejudice, if it existed, died as natural a death. Farce-comedy calls for no criticism; it is what the people make it. 'Hoss and Hoss' has considerable original ingenuity of construction, but whatever its merits or faults, toe actors in it are undeniably bright and clever. The wildly off-ferocious uproariousness of William Collier's style, and the quaint simplicity and irresistible unconsciousness of Charlie Reed suggest to every auditor the obvious impression that as hoss and hoss they are 'a whole team.' Arthur Moulton—Bertie Hoss—is graceful and *debonair* as ever, and easily leads the singing, aside from the 'specialty' vocalists. The dance done by Moulton, Baker, May Jordan and Ellene Crater is one of the prettiest things in the performance, besides being novel. Dancing, indeed, is a feature of 'Hoss and Hoss,' which appears to have captured the entire 'Lightfoot Brigade.' Louise Allen (Mrs Collier) naturally carries off the ladies' prize in this line, in her Kangaroo dance, but her pretty competitors are close after her, if not neck-and-neck—notably May Jordan, the popular little grotesque dancer. Charlie Reed's songs are full of his own original drollery in subjects and rendering, even the undying 'Tamale' song having received a new touch. Collier's ditties are equally characteristic, and James B. Gentry sings a song, with a tie between the stanzas, which is full of the prevailing oddity, and captures the house. Arthur Moulton and David Baker made a hit in the song, 'The New York Beau Brummel.' As a matter of course, Charlie Reed makes of Lawyer Hoss rather a burlesque than a character of either farce or comedy, but he does it so well as to justify his title of 'plain comedian,' 'in black and white.'

THE DRAMA.

to be at The Victoria

for two nights at
and 20.

and drama "Yon
at The Victoria

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finning Sept. 12.

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AND THE BAND PLAYED.

Twas at a hall they met one night;
She seemed as sweetly fair
As poet's wildest, fondest dream;
Her lovely sun-kissed hair
Curled artlessly in dainty waves
Her sweet blue eyes above,
And while he gazed in ecstasy
The band played "Woman's Love."

And when he ventured to request
The favor of a dance,
She acquiesced so charmingly,
With such a well-pleased glance,
His heart beat faster than before,
No longer did he mope;
And while he "autographed" her card
The band played "Wait and Hope."

The dance being over they sat down
To have a little chat,
And every topic they discussed
She seemed to have down "pat."
His brain just whirled with delight,
So charming did she seem,
And while he sat enraptured, thrilled,
The band played "Love's Young Dream."

The time flew by; he took no note
Of how the hours went;
He only felt a sense of joy,
Of peace and great content;
He then and there made up his mind
To make her his forever,
And while she smiled her sweetest smile
The band played "Now or Never."

They strolled together, arm in arm,
Far from the ball-room's glare,
And found a corner in the cool
Conservatory, where,
Mid flowering plant and rustling leaves,
His form with fear vibrating,
He told her how he loved her, and
The band played softly—"Waiting."

He said, "Oh will you be my own
Dear, loving little wife?
And shall we drift, dear, hand in hand,
Adown the stream of life!"
She smiled again the same sweet smile
At all his language flowery,
Then said "I'll be a sister"—and
The band played "Annie Laurie."

DYING WORDS OF NOTED MEN AND WOMEN.

It is well.—Washington.
I must sleep now.—Byron.
Thy will be done.—Donne.
Is this your fidelity?—Nero.
Then I am safe.—Cromwell.
Let the light enter.—Goethe.
And is this death?—George IV.
Independence forever.—Adams.
God's will be done.—Bishop Kerr.
God will save my soul.—Burghley.
Lord, take my spirit.—Edward VI.
Lord, make haste.—H. Hammond.
Lord, receive my spirit.—Cranmer.
The artery ceases to beat.—Haller.
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.
It is the last of earth.—J. Q. Adams.
God preserve the Emperor.—Haydn.
I am about to die.—Samuel Johnson.
Give Dayrolles a chair.—Cheslerfield.
I shall be happy.—Archbishop Sharp.
Don't let poor Nellie starve.—Charles II.
I have endeavored to do my duty.—
Taylor.
I thank God I have done my duty.—
Nelson.
I feel as if I were myself again.—
Walter Scott.
An Emperor should die standing.—
Vespasian.

The best of all is, God is with us.—
John Wesley.

Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.—
Alfieri.

It matters little how the dead lieeth.
—Raleigh.

I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying.
—Thurlow.

I loved God, my Father, and liberty.
—De Stael.

A dying man can do nothing easy.—
Franklin.

My country! O, I love my country.—
William Pitt, the younger.

Remorse! remorse! Write it! Write it!
Larger! Larger!—John Randolph.

This is the last flickering of a lamp that
has long been burning.—Gen. Wool.

We are all going to heaven, and Van-
dyke is of the company.—Gainsborough.

I have seen all things, and all things
are of little value.—Alexander Severus.

I want nothing, and I am looking for
nothing but heaven.—Phil. Melancthon.

Gentlemen of the jury you will now
consider your verdict.—Lord Tenterden.

I thank God that I was brought up in
the church of England.—Bishop Gunning.

O Liberty, Liberty, how many crimes
are committed in thy name.—Mme. Ro-
land.

Let us cross over the river and rest
under the shade of the trees.—Stonewall
Jackson.

I am dying out of charity to the under-
taker who wishes to urn a lively Hood!
—Hood.

I am going the way of all flesh. I am
satisfied with the Lords will.—John
Newton.

Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius, pay
it soon, I pray you, and neglect it not.—
Socrates.

Throw up the window that I may once
more see the magnificent scene of nature.
—Rousseau.

Soul, thou hast served Christ these 70
years, and art thou afraid to die! Go out,
go out!—Hilary.

If I had strength enough to hold a pen,
I would write how easy and delightful it
is to die.—William Hunter.

I pray you see me safe up, and for my
coming down let me shift for myself.—
Sir Thomas Moore on the scaffold.

My soul I resign to God, my body to the
earth, and my worldly possessions to my
relatives.—Michael Angelo.

When you wish to know what to do
ask yourself what Christ would have
done in the same circumstances.—Horace
Mann.

I had provided for everything in my
life, except death, and now, alas! I am to
die, though entirely unprepared.—Caesar
Borgia.

It will not be long before God takes me,
for no mortal man can live after the
glories which God has manifested to my
soul.—Toplady.

Had I but served my God with half the
zeal I served my King, he would not have
given me over in my gray hairs.—
Cardinal Wolsley.

Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts
of my executioners. Adieu, forever my
dear children, I go to join your father.—
Marie Antoinette.

Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall
this day light such a candle in England

as, by God's grace, shall never be put out.
—Latimer to Ridley.

Do not weep for me, nor waste your
time in fruitless prayers for my recovery,
but pray rather for the salvation of my
soul.—Isabella Aragon.

I have lived long enough, and I am
thankful I have enjoyed a happy life; but,
after all, look on this life as nothing better
than vanity.—John Locke.

What is the matter with my dear child-
ren? Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry.
Be good children, and we will all meet in
heaven.—Andrew Jackson.

I am perfectly resigned. I am surround-
ed by my family. I have served my coun-
try. I have reliance upon God, and I am
not afraid of the devil.—Grattan.

Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my
heart and say, that since I came to man's
estate, I have never intentionally done
wrong to anyone.—Francis Marion.

Here is a book (the Bible) worth more
than all others ever printed; yet it is my
misfortune never to have found time to
read it. I trust in the mercy of God. It
is now too late.—Patrick Henry.

Not one foot will I flee so long as breath
bides within my breast, for He who shaped
both sea and land this day shall end my
battles, or my life. I will die King of
England.—Richard III.

Father in heaven, though this body is
breaking away from me, and I am depart-
ing this life, yet I know that I shall for-
ever be with Thee, for no one can pluck me
from Thy hand.—Martin Luther.

I shall die regretting; I have always
desired the happiness of France. I did all
in my power to contribute to it. I can say
with truth that the first wife of Napoleon
never caused a tear to flow.—Josephine.

Lockhart, I may have but a moment to
speak with you. My dear, be a good man,
be virtuous, be religious, be a good man;
nothing else will give you any comfort
when you come to lie here.—Walter
Scott.

Thy creatures, O Lord! have been my
books, but The Holy Scriptures much
more. I have sought Thee in the courts,
fields and gardens, but I found Thee, O,
God! in Thy sanctuary—Thy temple.—
Lord Bacon.

I have meditated upon the state of the
church, the spouse of Christ. I have
fought against spiritual wickedness in
high places, and I have prevailed; I have
tasted of the heavenly joy, where pres-
ently I shall be. Now, for the last time,
I committ soul, body and spirit into His
hands. Now it has come.—John Knox

A correspondent gives an account of
how the Russian imperial family spend
their evenings when sojourning, during the
summer, in their beautiful residence on
the shores of the Baltic. After dinner, the
Czar and the Czarina, accompanied by the
Grand Duchess Xenia and Olga and the
Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch,
drive to the large palace of Peterhof,
where tea is served on the terrace over-
looking the gardens. The band of the
mounted guards plays on the beach, where
all the monde elegant who are spending
the summer at Peterhof are walking about.
When the last piece has been played, there
is a moment's silence; then a soldier steps
forward, says the evening prayers under
the century-old trees, and the imperial
family drive off.

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VICTORIA

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That it is a summer for prominent people at isolated and obscure country places.

That dishonesty in sporting events is more in evidence this season than ever before.

That games requiring exertion are not in favor with the girl of the period.

That it is an unwritten law that summer resort acquaintances can be dropped any time.

That dicky birds must carry the news to the men who "never read the papers."

That there are more kinds of ladies nowadays than quills in a porcupine.

That he who boasts and brags upon short acquaintances can be set down a snob.

That the higher the wages of modern servants the less the beauties want to work.

That the country is full of men who are erroneously called and referred to as "Millionaires."

That they are mean people who begrudge clergymen a few weeks' vacation

That there is too much high life below stairs on some of the trans-Pacific steamers.

That the proportion of families who enjoy their country seats is sadly small.

That it is a mistake to think that the rich are the largest contributors to charity.

That there is as much beauty in artificially small waists as melody in tin horns.

That the bogus land companies hold out to allure while the innocents are abroad.

That the craze for short stories has caused to be published many very silly ones.

That some of our reputed richest people ever wear the most unhappy expression.

That the number of cheap imitation swells this summer is remarkable.

That men too proud to work rarely hesitate to live at the expense of their relatives.

That more converts to religion are made by good example than one hour sermons.

That a public official without discretion were better at work with the plow.

The late Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, had an aggregate of \$95,000 insurance on his life.

"Pa," said Japhet, "if the unicorn dies, may I have his horn for a cane?"

"Yes, my son," said Noah; "but, although the unicorn is quarreling all the time with the lion, I should hate to have him die. You will find the prussic acid in the medicine chest."

And hence it was, little children, that the unicorn became extinct and Japhet walked ashore at the end of the trip with a handsome walking-stick in his hand.

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45, \$19.04; 50, \$22.04; 55, \$29.24; 60, \$41.50

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Don't Know?

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56 D u as Street

BRIGGS AT THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

C. Algernon Briggs, who has been on the road, Since last May, is fully aware That social distinction's all stacked in one load, For his frail young shoulders to bear. This worries him some, you can see by his brow, Where breaking's begun before fall, By that grim old spectre that handles the plow, And furrows the forehead of all. C. Algernon's line is imported cigars, As one would infer from the swell And the boisterous fuss he makes in the bus —When Briggs strikes the country hotel.

The porter is "Cholly"; he calls the clerk "Joe," Says: "How are they comin' now, Jim?" While rolling his name on the register so That even the boarders know him. "You'll give me the bridal room, eh? Joey, dear, And Cholly, you take up my case— And say, Cholly, bring me a bottle of beer From Old Billy Whittington's place." At supper it's "Sadie, go bring me a steak," Or "get me an egg, won't you, Nell?" Or "a lemon, please, Blanche," for he's running the ranch —Is Briggs at the country hotel.

At dinner the guests read the bill of fare through Save Briggs, who says softly to Dot: "Just bring me my dinner, now Dottie, won't you?" And Briggs gets the best of the lot, He's free with his money and runs a great bluff: "Oh, well, I'll charge this to the house," But when he's in town he's quiet enough, And funds it back meek as a mouse. For there the gay Algernon sleeps in a flat, And feeds at a chophouse as well. Though he isn't deuce high when at home, he can fly When he stops at the country hotel.

If I were an artist and wanted the face Of Caesar returning to Rome, Or of Alexander in search of a place Unconquered on all the earth's dome, Or were I a sculptor and anxious to mold Proud Cato, with haughty lip curled; Or hew out a figure of Atlas of old, Who reeled 'neath the weight of a world— I'd not copy from the conventional form That all antiquarians sell; For the whole classic lot I'd take a snap shot At Briggs in the country hotel.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

In a law case, in which a question of identity was being discussed, the cross-examining advocate said to the witness, "And you would not be able to tell him from Adam?" "You have not yet asked the witness, Mr. X.," interrupted the judge, speaking in a studiously deliberate manner, "whether he is acquainted with the personal appearance of the personage whose name you have just mentioned. There must be order in your questions."

CARDINAL GIBBONS' JOKE.

"A Limb of the Law" sends The Halifax Mail the following. He thinks that although the joke may tell against the profession, still it is too good to be unknown among them:

"When Cardinal Gibbons was bishop of Richmond, Virginia, he happened to be the defendant in relation to some church property. When called to the witness stand the plaintiff's lawyer, a distinguished legal luminary, after vain endeavors to involve the witness in contradictions, struck upon a plan which he thought

would annoy the bishop. He thereupon questioned the right of Dr. Gibbons to the title of bishop of Richmond, and called on him to prove his claim to the office. The defendant's counsel, of course, objected to this as irrelevant; but the bishop, with a quiet smile, said he would comply with the request if allowed half an hour to produce the necessary papers. This being allowed the bishop left the court room and returned in twenty minutes with a document which he proceeded to read with great solemnity, all the more solemn as the paper was in Latin. The plaintiff's lawyer pretended to take notes, industriously bowing his head once in a while as if in acquiescence, and seeming perfectly convinced at the end. When the reading was finished, he announced that the Papal bulls just read were perfectly satisfactory, at the same time apologizing for his expressed doubts. The next day it leaked out that the bishop, unable to find the Papal bulls at his residence, had brought to the court and read a Latin essay on Pope Leo the Great, written by an ecclesiastical student, and forwarded by the president of the college as a specimen of the young man's skill in Latin composition. The smart lawyer never heard the last of it.

RESPECTABLY JOINED.

I once had a curate who got greatly obfuscated by the number of the bans he was called upon to publish one Sunday morning. So, when at last he got through his task, he wound up by saying: "If any of you know any just cause or impediment why all these persons may not respectably be joined together in holy matrimony ye are to declare it." Of course he meant respectively, but his mistake caused an audible titter from certain of the younger members of the congregation."—The Cornhill Magazine.

A gentleman who has travelled considerably along the Northern Coast of this Province stated to a representative of the News-Advertiser recently that he was surprised that so many British Columbians should visit Alaska every year, instead of taking a trip along the coast of this Province and up some of the numerous inlets. The scenery, he said, far surpasses that of Alaska, and anything prettier than the numerous waterfalls in Cascade Inlet could not be imagined.

An exchange contends that the endorsement of a cheque for deposit by simply writing one's name across the back is unsafe, as if it is lost or stolen it may be cashed by the bank on which it is drawn as if made payable to bearer. Moreover, that once endorsed in blank by the payee, no subsequent endorsement by the bank where deposited to "pay to the order of such and such a bank" can avail. It is contended that the only proper endorsement is: "Collect for account of," in which case the words operate as a notice to all concerned that the original holder has not parted with his title to the cheque and that all subsequent holders are agents for the purpose of collecting only.—Insurance Chronicle.

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Lot 1, block 27, Montreal street, 104 feet front x 100, 5-room house, hard finished, \$2,000; \$1,100 cash, \$1,000 in two years.

Lot 14, part of sections 23 and 24, Beckley farm, James Bay, 30x160, 2 houses renting for \$10 and \$18 per month; \$2,800.

Lots 101 and 102, Edward and Catherine streets, Victoria West, block N, 120 feet on Edward street, 132 feet on Catherine, 2 houses, greenhouse, bathroom, stable, etc., \$4,000.

No. of lot, part of C, block V, Victoria City, 8-room house, bathroom, water, gas, etc., stable; \$3,250; terms half cash; balance 3 years at 8 per cent.

NW 1/4 section 33, range 6, 20 acres, \$40 per acre, Fort Angeles, W. T.

Lot 220, block 44, Michigan street, James Bay, 60x120, 5-room house; cash price \$1,700.

Lot 5, block 3, Howard and Charles streets, 50x115, 4-room house, bath-room, stable, etc., \$575; terms \$50 cash; \$15 per month.

Section 109 Beechy Bay, Sooke District, good land, some rock, beautiful situation, \$1,600.

Lot 32, Chandler street, Gonzales Farm, half acre, \$1,000; terms, \$400 cash; balance in two years, quarterly payments at 7 per cent.

Lot 28, section 69, Oak Harbor, Mount Baker Avenue, 60ft 7in x 154ft 1in x 122ft 5in; 7-room house, shed, etc, fenced, \$1,600, terms \$850 cash; balance 2 years at 10 per cent.

Lot 5, block 3, sub-div of suburban lots 75 and 76 section 71, 50 x 115, 4-room house, No. 8 Edmonton Road, \$800.

Section 10, range 6, South Saanich, 80 acres good land, 30 acres cleared, 20 acres slashed, 30 acres cultivated, sea shore; \$8,000; terms, \$100 cash, balance 8 per cent.

Lot 81, Lake District, 6 acres good land, not cleared, \$2,100; terms \$1,550 cash, balance 1 year at 8 per cent.

Lot 42 Johnson street and Fernwood Road, 60 x 114, two-story, 8-room house, 24x41, woodshed, chicken-house, \$3,500; terms \$2,000 cash, \$1,500 in 1 year at 8 per cent.

Lot 4, Battery street, 8-room house, bath, pantry, hot and cold water, \$4,200.

Lot 16, block 73, Edmonton Road, 47x146, cleared, not fenced, cash \$475.

Section 100, Lake District, 1/2 of lot 5 and whole of lot 6, \$2,130; 7 1-10 acres of land, 1/2 acre cleared.

Lot 18, subdivision 70, West Fernwood estate, 51 x 135, \$400; terms \$150 cash, balance \$35 quarterly at 8 per cent.

Lots 23 and 24, Cadboro Bay Road and Oak street ea, 40 x 120, two 2-story houses, 6 rooms, bath, closets, etc., \$4,300; terms \$1,000 cash, balance \$30 per month without interest.

Lot on Cadboro Bay Road, corner of Oak st, 40 x 120; \$450.

Lot 63, Whittier avenue, Cloverdale, 1/2 acre, 2-story house, 10 rooms, plastered, good well, \$2,500; terms \$300 cash; \$500 quarterly, or \$500 cash, \$200 quarterly.

Lot 24, Richmond avenue, 40 x 135, \$2,100; 1/2 cash, balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 19, Moss street, 65 x 90, \$700, terms 1/2 cash, balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 21, block 10, Powderly Avenue, \$525; half cash, balance 3 and 6 months.

Lot 16, part of section 38, part of lots 34, 36 and 38, Esquimalt District; \$1,000.

Lots 12 and 13, Springfield estate, 6-room house, \$2,100; terms \$100 cash, balance \$25 per month without interest.

Lot 15, Alberni District, 150 acres, black loam, all crab apple, 2 acres of orchard, 30 acres seeded with Timothy and clover, small house, 12 x 14; \$3,200.

Lot 15, block 31, Springfield estate, 4-room house, bath and pantry, \$1,400; terms \$200 cash, \$15 per month.

Lot 8, section 74, Victoria City, \$20,000, 15-room house and 1 1/2 acres land.

Lot 30, Oak street, off Cadboro Bay Road, very easy terms, \$450.

N 1/2 of S 1/2 of block 43, Cloverdale estate, \$350, 1/2 cash, balance to suit.

Section 107, Lake District, 10 acres, \$85 per acre.

Part of section 16, S. Saanich, 50 acres, 1/2 cleared and fenced, at \$60 per acre or \$50 cash.

Lot 20, Springfield estate, No. 20 Front street, Victoria West, 5-room house, pantry and c, \$1,250

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