

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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SATURDAY OCTOBER 6, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

**RUMOR** has it that a ship's captain, not so long since from the Mother Country, is likely to receive the appointment of Harbor Master for Victoria, as successor to the late Captain Clarke. He is said to have possessed himself of lots of local influence, and, out of the three or more candidates who, it is said, were selected as being the most eligible, is understood to have the biggest pull. We do not object to people from the Old Land receiving some consideration, but when we already have among us those who are as well qualified—men who have lived among us and have aided in building up our city and province—I do not think that it is the proper policy to cross the Atlantic in search of office-holders. The latest appointment of the Department of Marine for Victoria was another mariner, who had only made a few trips up and down the coast. We have plenty of material, either native born or sufficiently long here to have become acclimatized, without giving all our good things to people who, in spite of the fact that they are British-born, are strangers to us.

In Fenimore Cooper's "Nick of the Woods," one of the most interesting characters is the Nathan Quaker—the man of peace—who, covertly, it is true, committed more destruction among the Indians, as the dreaded "Jibbenaousay," than all the boastful whites who made no

bones of drawing a bead when they saw a topknot. In Victoria West, we have a man of peace—a clergyman—who is at present contending for what he claims to be his own property, which he alleges has been appropriated as a public road. Time and again, has he put up a fence, only to find it thrown down during the night. Considerable bad blood has been caused by the proceedings in this matter which, at the beginning, ought to have been taken up by the city authorities, for whom it was to have initiated such action before the courts as should have determined beyond question the rights and the wrongs of the case. However, even at the meeting of the council, according to the daily newspaper reports, "the matter was left over, and the council adjourned." That is assuredly not the proper way of attending to the business of the public.

Every change in our social or industrial conditions produces its special type of man. The original Adam was a creation, the later gentleman is an evolution. He grows out of his environments. He may be open to criticism and by no means void of sins and follies, and when he ripens into maturity as the type of a class, we are very likely to condemn the apple but spare the tree. The two, however, are as closely and naturally related as is an acorn to an oak, or a gooseberry to its native bush. We are apt to overlook this fact in dealing with those who are strictly representative men in our industrial and commercial life. They may not be what we want them to be, but from top to bottom, and in a vital and thorough sense, they are just what we made them. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The monopolist of to-day, with all the vices and evils belonging to his mercantile sovereignty, the stuff of which he is made and the spirit that vivifies it have their nativity in the age that produced him. In fact, he is as much a product as he is a sinner, the difference between him and the smaller fry being that he carries under one hat what a thousand others have only in the shape of mince-meat.

The man is simply a type of a system. To reform this gentleman, we must commence by reforming ourselves, and it is just here where the cure of some of our industrial and commercial diseases must

commence. It is very easy, and, in fact, is quite the fashion, to raise our voices against the cupidity and despotism of monopolies and corporations, and at the same time be ready to seize the biggest egg on the table for our own breakfast, and compel a sick wife to take in washing to pay for our own beer. The difference in such a case between a monopolistic monstrosity and ourselves is one of size, but not of spirit. He can swallow a Jonah and we choke at a sprat.

In dealing with such men, let us not forget the conditions that make them a possibility. When the industries of the world were on a smaller scale, and the means and the markets thereof narrower, it was not possible to mobilize either men or money as it is to-day. The pendulum swung on a smaller clock. If an employer was tyrannical or bilious, the reach of his whip cord was limited, and if he was avaricious and greedy, there were but few trees from which to shake the persimmons. These pea-in-a-thimble conditions have passed away; the pea may be as small, but the thimble in some cases would make a hat for the planet. That this power is abused is no surprise, for to have power and not abuse it is one of the rarest of human virtues.

Of course, in this age of so-called equal rights, personal freedom, and a considerable amount of paper religion, it is not in fashion to be without some respect for law and humanity. If there is any iron in our souls, it must have a velvet skin, and if we are Shylocks in business, we must include that gentleman in Samaritan cloth. Hence the later Adam. He builds towns, endows libraries and donates to charities, and yet, in a business sense, his soul would find hotel accommodations in a gooseberry. He loves money, and the world loves him because he has got it. He is the god of the crowd, nor for what he is, but for what he has. We have evolved this type of man in an age where the sinner and the saint are considerably mixed. It is not his money nor his power that makes him a wart on the public body. It is the abuse of these things and blindness to their responsibilities; so the larger the tree, the broader its shadow.

Since typewriting was invented the busy little god of human hearts called Cupid has been alert, for it has become quite a fad that susceptible employers should wed their attractive typewriters.



There is nothing so very extraordinary in this fact, for many of the employees are fair to behold, and others who lack the essential qualities of beauty have a natural glibness of tongue or an eloquent way of using their eyes, which make them attractive.

Not the middle-aged only, but the somewhat aged employer is caught in the net of the typewriter when she chooses to spread it. There are always flies buzzing around for something sweet, and they are caught when they least expect to be. Woman is in herself a sugar trust if she chooses to be. Even a woman past her prime, be she a virago or a saint, can flatter most men by patting their vanity, for no vainer creature than man, although it would be quite an insult to charge him with a quality supposed to be exclusively feminine.

Typewriting brings the sexes into such personal proximity that a shrewd woman, and a girl also, can soon master the weak points of the sage gentleman who is apparently all business. Charlotte Bronte, in her introduction to the "Professor," a really interesting book, although swallowed up in Valeria, tells a solemn truth when she states that there is an immense undercurrent of romance locked up in the heart of the business man. Hard dealings with the world do not smother his pathos or keep back his tears when, unperceived, he reads a romantic story. It is no wonder, then, that the newspaper should chronicle the marriage of so many men engaged in the professions and in mercantile trade with their typewriters. What else could be expected from the confidential business relations of employers and employes? The magnetic current established between them mentally is sure to be the genesis of that respect, admiration and sympathy which comes to the susceptible. The result is a ring, a parson and the retirement of the typewriter.

The subject of electric lighting is continually discussed—the proposed methods by which it can be most satisfactorily carried on and whether or not it can be the more satisfactorily secured by contract or by the city as at present doing the work itself and also making it its business to supply private consumers. There is a great divergence of opinion on this subject, which makes it exceedingly difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. However, it is known that so far, under the present plan, a sufficient number of public lamps have not been supplied and that frequently on nights when the darkness has been such as might almost be felt, there was nothing by which the citizen could be guided, those at headquarters being manifestly directed by some obsolete almanac or the state-

ment of some one or other that the moon would be at its full, or at some utilizable stage at such and such a time. The rule of thumb or of something else has had too much to do with the Victoria City service, and the sooner a change is effected the better. There is something, too, radically wrong with the manner of hanging the lights. They are apparently too far distant from each other, are too high up, and their glare at certain distances is such as to increase the dangers and difficulties rather than otherwise. Victoria requires the latest improvements, and in the new arrangements these must be had.

Lord Dufferin, addressing the Library Associations' Conference at Belfast, Ireland, the other day, observed that a reverence for books even by the unlearned was a feeling worthy of due cultivation, and those he addressed as its priesthood should be held in the greatest honor. Nor was the world of to-day indifferent to either of these sentiments. In every country in which he has resided, he had found philoblibion societies and book collectors held in the highest esteem. Nay, he himself had sometimes been treated with unwonted honor merely because he was the happy owner of what was alleged to be the smallest book in the world, while many years ago he knew in Africa a young lady who was reputed a great heiress and was wooed and triumphantly won in that capacity, though her sole fortune consisted in the possession of a rare, or rather unique, Egyptian manuscript. On the other hand, the absence of bibliographical knowledge had sometimes led to strange results. A non-literary but obviously intelligent gentleman—a self-made man, in fact—having accidentally come across a copy of Shakespeare, ordered his bookseller to send down in his next parcel of new publications whatever fresh work might appear from the pen of the same author, as, in his opinion, he was a very entertaining fellow, while a continental capital was thrown into an uproar by one whom they all loved and revered enquiring whether her daughter, who was recovering from her confinement, had seen "Barchester Towers," for the whole afternoon was fruitlessly spent by chambermaids and aides-de-camp in a search for Dr. Towers, M. P. Had they known their Trollope properly they would not have mistaken the title of one of his novels for the name of some eminent physician on tour.

Eighteen feet below the present level of the city streets lies the London of the ancient Romans, as the discovery of many tessellated pavements, fragments of pottery, etc., has long ago proved.

But modern London is gradually pushing itself far below the Roman remains, an instance of which will presently be seen in the position of the Central line of railway, which lies at a depth of eighty feet. It is curious to note that at the point where the railway will emerge from beneath the Thames, it will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, pass beneath the main sewer, which already runs beneath the District Underground Railway, so that there will be here an enormous sewer sandwiched between a steam railway and one worked by electricity.

Lawyers as a class have very little faith in the evidence given in the witness box, and particularly is the case as regards female witnesses. A New York woman of bad reputation has been explaining how she committed perjury in a recent inquiry. In the first place, she said, she did not swear on the Bib'e, and in the next place, when the oath was being administered, she just waved her right hand in the air instead of holding it straight up. Perhaps the incident is of interest as tending to show that conscience is never quite uprooted unless in a person of education or of superior mental activity. The woman in question is a perjurer, and worse, for her whole life has been vicious. Yet she has her scruples about taking a false oath, as the childish subterfuges show. A rather better woman, but smarter or better educated, might have calmly lied her way through it—Bible, straighthand and all.

A man that lies will steal. He may not deliberately put his hand in your pocket any more than he will tell you a lie that you can at once nail. Beware, however, of the man who is always playing "ducks and drakes" with the truth. "If I were a wholesaler," said a well known man the other day, "I would not risk a dollar in some of the men I see advertising in the daily papers. The man who says he is selling a \$250,000 stock of shoes at half cost, when he has not a tenth of that amount of goods in his store, is just as liable to tell a manufacturer he has a surplus of \$25,000 when he is dodging the bailiff. The man who advertises to sell a \$3.50 "kid" shoe for \$1.25, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred could not be believed if he took an oath on a stack of Bibles as high as Gilroy's barn. Give him a wide berth, or sell him spot cash demand draft with bill of lading. Men who are doing a safe, honest business do not have to call in the services of the devil and a fifty-foot tin horn.

The young gentlemen who were entrusted by the Liberal-Conservative Association to look after the registration of voters are doing their work well. It should be remarked, however, that every



person who has the interest of the principles advocated by the Conservative party at heart should assist in every honorable way possible Messrs. Schultz, Barnard and Duck. A revision of the voters' lists costs money, and it is not at all probable that there will be another revision within the next three or four years, and as it is absolutely certain that the Dominion elections must take place next year, it behooves every man who is entitled to vote to see that his name is on the list before October 15. Remember, now is the accepted time. The Liberals are using every endeavor to get names on the list, and although the Conservatives in this city are as ten to one, yet there is such a thing as being too sure.

The fair Victorian had refused the young man's offer with scorn, and he had gone back to his home a broken-hearted man. "My child," exclaimed the mother, "why did you do that?" "You ought to know, mamma," replied the girl coldly. "Perhaps I should; but I don't. Isn't he rich?" "Yes, mamma." "And of good family?" "Excellent." "With social recognition?" "Plenty of it." "Of excellent habits?" "Better than most men." "And he loved you?" "Sincerely," he said. "Did you love him?" "I did, mamma," and the girl sobbed. "Then why in the name of goodness didn't you accept him?" The girl stepped close to her mother and whispered in her ear. "Great heavens!" exclaimed the mother in horror; "what a narrow escape. Who would have ever thought he came from Vancouver."

In many respects the Victoria exhibition may be said to be a grand success. But there was one drawback—the bad state of the weather. If it had not been for this, the anticipations of the gentlemen who devoted so much of their time in bringing together the grandest collection of British Columbia products ever exhibited would have been realized. However, at this moment the dark clouds give promise of clearing away, and there is just a possibility that the box office receipts will be equal to at least the expenditure. I may take occasion to refer at greater length to the general results of the exhibition next week.

We are glad that Fruit Inspector Cunningham has taken the action which was long since called for, and has sent back to Oregon a quantity of apples shipped to British Columbia, which were infected with the Codlin moth. British Columbia has too many fruit pests already, and the only things to do are to prevent any more being brought in and at the same time to get rid of those we already have. Are the parties interested sufficiently alive to the duties they owe to themselves and their neighbors?

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Some parents need an introduction to their own children.

Will some man please name a greater evangelist than the inventor of soap?

The best paid preachers have the most time to attend to their business.

There is not much money up on the result, but the sympathies of the bystanders are with Japan.

The difference between penuriousness and economy is that the one is a vice and the other a virtue.

Japan has been spoken of rather slightly as a bantam by those, doubtless, who are coachin' China.

Society is often more concerned about the way a man enters and leaves a room than about his fitness to enter the room at all.

A telephone girl receives calls, but she does not pay them. This part of the business is attended to by those hiring the instrument.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser than he was yesterday.

Get a man full enough, says a contemporary, and he can make a big speech. Most of the big speeches, however, show that they were made by men who were empty.

ACCORDING to the report of the Ontario Fishery Commissioners the fisheries of that Province are becoming rapidly depleted. What do Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Wilmot say to this? Have they had anything to do with them, or if not what remedy can they suggest? Surely with the vast amount of information they have on the subject they might have something to say, and perhaps find occasion to do something, since they do not appear to have any special desire to cross the continent.

LORD SWANSEA is at present making a western tour through the States. His lordship is head of probably the largest smelting concern in the world. If he could be induced to take a look at some of our silver mines he would no doubt be astonished, as there has never been their like seen in any other country. His good word spoken in the Old Country would go further than the word of any other man living. It would be good policy to invite Lord Swansea to take a trip through the Lardeau and Spocan, says the *Kootenay Mail*.

## PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

On November 12, the Provincial Legislature is called for the despatch of business, and those who know say that the session is not likely to be a long one. What is there to come up is a question which will suggest itself to many and they will pass over in their minds a variety of subjects, some of which will hardly be likely to obtain attention this year. We are inclined to think that only matters of the most pressing import will be dealt with, the close proximity of Christmas and New Year rendering it hardly likely that the session will last more than six weeks. Railway and financial matters are certain to be the most important matters dealt with. The Fraser Valley floods and dyking works will also form subjects of debate. As for legislation, the question has often been asked:—ought there not to be a let up—is not all the legislation necessary already on the statute book, except, of course, in cases of urgent requirement? The fact is that the laws of the Province and the amendments thereto will soon become such a mass of entanglement that only the cutest lawyers will be able to unravel and expound them. Let us have something more done in the shape of codification and less done in the way of affording garrulous members something to talk about.—*Commercial Journal*.

THE New York sugar men, not content with the present prices, are shutting down, in order, if possible, to put up the price of their product. In default of the tariff meeting their views they are bound to meet the case by diminishing the supply and in that way they seek to create an enhanced value.

THE Canadian ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie is expected to be ready for navigation during the next month and then an end will be put to the delays which nearly always occur in the passage of cargoes to and from the west and to the annoyances to which Canadian shippers may at any moment be put in the prosecution of the carrying trade by their being as at present forced to make use of an American canal. The passage of this canal may at any moment be surrounded with such restrictions as to virtually close it to Canadian vessels should at any time any misunderstandings arise between the two countries.

THE sealers are coming in, sometimes singly and at others in small fleets. Some have done exceedingly well while others have been exceptionally successful, the *Triumph*, having, it is said, had the largest catch ever taken. The catch this year bids fair to be a heavy one, and all the time the unfortunate seal are being protected for the slaughter by vessels of both the United States and British navies. There is something wrong when under a system that was designed to protect, the slaughter should be augmented and the last days of the seal brought nearer than they need be. It is evidently a case of catch all you can and the devil take the hindmost.



CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.]

THE TUG OF WAR.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—As a spectator of the tug-of-war contest between the Canadians and Englishmen at the exhibition, last Thursday evening, I desire to enter my protest against the manifest unfair decision rendered by Referee Tu'lock. The contest was given to the Englishmen on the ground that the anchor man of the Canadian team held on to the cleat with his hand. The fact of the matter was, the Canadian anchor man placed his hand on the timber to steady himself while he adjusted his belt, something which I never heard of rules prohibiting. Furthermore, the Canadians had pulled the Englishmen with surprising ease at least from ten to fifteen inches over the mark, and undoubtedly would have pulled the Englishmen through their frames in five minutes more. Comparing the two teams, it was generally remarked that the beefy condition of the Englishmen rendered them totally unfit to cope with the bone and sinew of Canada. The Canadians have challenged the Englishmen to pull again, with an unbiased referee, and I trust the latter will be sportsman-like enough to accept the challenge.

MAPLE LEAF.

ONTARIO'S CHIEF JUSTICE.

The elevation of the Honorable William Ralph Meredith, Q.C., to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas of Ontario removes from the sphere of active politics in that Province a man who, conspicuously above his fellows, was respected and admired by all to whom he was known. That the Conservative party of Ontario will regret the loss of their trusted leader, no one will deny, and it will be to them a difficult matter to find a successor of such sterling worth. But, on the other hand, the Bench of Ontario, already the pride of the profession, has gained strength by the new appointment, and he who was the honorable, upright, conscientious leader of the Opposition has but transferred his talents to a sphere where his brilliant attainments, fearlessness and legal acumen will be more conspicuous. Mr. Meredith is one of those men by nature especially fitted for the work of the judiciary. He is fair and impartial almost to a fault, tender though strong in his sense of right and intellectual in the highest sense of the word, while his force of character and pure, simple life have aided in shaping a noble man. It is somewhat of a surprise to many of his friends, that he would leave a law practice which must bring him at

least fifteen thousand dollars a year, to go upon the Bench, for he is yet a young man, comparatively, and had not ceased to rise in his chosen profession. Yet the choice is his, and he was doubtless moved to it by considerations of much greater moment than will appear on the surface. Now that he is to be His Lordship Mr. Justice Meredith, I venture to predict that "in the fierce white light that beats about the throne," amidst the learning and acumen of a brilliant bar and a worthy Bench, and in the multifarious duties of the new life, he will increase and grow in the esteem, honor and admiration of all.

RUMORS REQUIRING CONFIRMATION.

That a miner in the new gold mines of Culgardy, Western Australia, on digging down a considerable depth, suddenly struck upon a thin portion of the earth's crust, making a hole, fell through, and, at last intelligence, has not been heard of.

That the Chinese Empire may be regarded as a conglomeration of chaotic combinations.

That present indications point to a great battle between plucky little Japan and unwieldy China, in which Japan will come off victorious and be then on her way to Peking.

That the circumstances of the Sidney Railway have much improved, arising from the agricultural development of the Saanich farmers' proceedings from the harvest.

That negotiations are pending for purchasing the assets of the estate of Green, Worlock & Co.

That the Bank of British Columbia was lately thronged with Indians presenting cheques for payment, many of whom were good customers at the stores of our city.

That a minister of one of our Episcopal churches announced to his congregation that his former stipend of \$150 a month had shriveled down to some \$60 odd.

That at the next session of the British Parliament, there will be submitted, "That as last session was devoted almost exclusively to Ireland, in the session of 1895, matters relating to Ireland will have to give way to the consideration of subjects more immediately affecting the general welfare of the country."

POULTRY.

HAVE you any poultry at the fair? is the question we heard one fancier asking another on the streets to-day. "Oh, no," was the answer; "I can not afford to show for nothing." We share the opinion with the majority, that it was a shame that poultry was the only exhibit that had no cash prizes offered. When one goes to the trouble of breaking

hens from laying for two or three weeks so as to get them up to weight, they washes them the night before the show in hot water and soap, then pays expressage in and out, we think he should at least get as the most paltry exhibits at the fair.

Local dealers report a very fair sale of cull pullets at present.

Mr. Sylvester of our city is the discoverer and manufacturer of a new lice destroyer and disinfectant. From what we have seen and the praise we have given it, we should advise our readers to look into it, as there is nothing more disagreeable and expensive to a poultry raiser than lice during moulting season. Mr. Sylvester calls it Killun.e, and, use his words, "it will kill them."

Mr. C. B.—, of Oak Bay, wants to change his breed of fowls, as his look much like pheasants—to the eyes of hunters.

W. B. S.

MET HER NEMESIS.

Madge has met her Nemesis at last. In other words, Mrs. Kendal has been floored, non-plussed, so utterly flabbergasted, in fact, that she is said to have registered a solemn oath never to indulge in personalities at a dinner table again. The story of the flabbergasting of Mrs. Kendal is being bruited about in London drawing rooms just now and has tickled the risibilities of English actors from Henry Irving down. The love which her professional fellow-countrymen bear Mrs. Kendal is well known. The English actors are as fond of her as they are of her celebrated stump speeches in which she rakes her own profession fore and aft.

There was a big breakfast given in London a couple of Sundays ago at Mrs. Kendal and her husband were among the invited guests. Mrs. Kendal was taken in to breakfast by a distinguished looking middle-aged man whose name she did not happen to catch. No sooner were they seated at the table than Mrs. Kendal turned the conversation upon the stage and its immoralities. Her companion did not seem to be particularly interested in the subject. Mrs. Kendal, raising her voice slightly, addressed her remarks to the table at large.

Illicit relations as they exist upon the stage to-day, Mrs. Kendal declared were really dreadful. Moreover, there was no excuse for it.

"It's all trash and nonsense to say that simply because a woman is a genius she may be forgiven, while an ordinary woman for the same thing would be driven just outside the pale. A look



life is inexcusable under any circumstances. Women of exceptional ability have taken refuge behind the plea of genius from time immemorial. It's time it was stopped. It isn't only the actresses. Look at George Eliot, for instance. What was George Eliot but —" A half-suppressed groan of dismay sped around the table. At mention of George Eliot's name the hostess began to make imploring telegraphic messages to Mr. Kendal. Mr. Kendal, in a cold perspiration, was groping under the table with his right leg, trying ineffectually to make an impression on one of his wife's pedal members. But Mrs. Kendal, strong in the sense of her own verbosity, went headlong to her doom.

"Now, what was George Eliot but —," "Stop, madam!" rang out the voice of the man sitting next to her. "That lady was my wife."

The man was J. W. Cross.

**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.**

On Saturday, at 4 p. m., at Christ Church Cathedral, there was a very quiet wedding performed by Rev. Canon Beaudand, the principals being Russel Howard McMullen, a popular commission merchant of Victoria, and Miss Florier K. White, youngest daughter of Madame Laird. The groom was attended by Mr. R. E. Cooper, and Miss Leontine Hartnagle was bridesmaid. The bride looked lovely in a going away gown of tan and blue and grey, and tan hat with pink roses. She carried a bouquet of lillies. Miss Hartnagle, the bridesmaid, wore pongee gown trimmed with green, and light hat. She also carried a bouquet of Nile lillies. Mrs. McMullen is one of the handsomest young women in Victoria, and not least of her many accomplishments is her proficiency as a housewife. Mr. and Mrs. McMullen are spending their honeymoon in California.

The A. O. U. W. Hall, Yates street, was opened, last evening, by a grand ball given by the Order. The attendance was very good, and many very favorable remarks were passed regarding the conveniences of the new hall for entertainments and dances. The balcony proved an attraction for those who preferred to be onlookers instead of dancers. The Bantly Orchestra had charge of the music, and delighted the dancers with their sweet music.

The Victoria Quadrille Club, which meets in the Hebrew Ladies' Hall, Blanchard street, corner of Pandora avenue, have changed their evening of meeting from Wednesday to Tuesday.

The Ladies' True Blue Lodge gave an entertainment and dance at the Sir

William Wallace Hall, on Wednesday evening. The Bantly Orchestra were in attendance.

A fashionable private ball is on the tapis for next Thursday evening.

**SPORTING GOSSIP.**

THE lacrosse match between the Victoria seniors and the Vancouver seniors, at the latter place last Saturday, has been aptly termed a practice match. At no stage of the game did the Vancouvers play as if they could win. It was defence for them from beginning to end, and when the time was up, the score stood 6 to 1 in favor of Victoria. Mr. J. H. Senkler acted as referee, and gave satisfaction to both sides.

At the time of writing arrangements for the match with Westminster have not been completed, but it is expected it will be played at Vancouver, in which event it is quite probable that a dollar excursion will be run to the Terminal city.

The final match of the year in the Intermediate lacrosse series, for the championship of British Columbia and the handsome trophies presented by the Victoria Lacrosse Club, was played in this city last Saturday afternoon and won after a fine exhibition of clean fast play by the James Bays of this city. Their opponents were the Ninetieths of Vancouver. The game from beginning to end, was a series of brilliant plays, and was acknowledged by all present to have been the most scientific game of lacrosse ever witnessed in this city. There was not a weak position on the team. The Bay's four games were scored respectively by Marshall, F. Smith (second and third), and Bland. George Tite refereed the match in a generally satisfactory manner, only one decision being at all challenged, and it being in the interest of true sport. The Ninetieths themselves say that they could not have wrested victory from the Bays except by sheer luck, not while the youngsters of the capital play such lacrosse as they did last Saturday.

The Star lacrosse club, of Victoria, won from the Vancouver juniors at the Exhibition grounds Thursday. The game, which was good throughout, was won by the Stars by a score of 4 to 2.

If the enthusiasm shown at the annual general meeting of the Victoria Rugby Football Club, held 26th ult., is any index, we venture to predict that the season we are entering upon will be satisfactory to our local team. We understand that last year's strength will be increased by several players of reputa-

tion, and we will be disappointed if the end of the season does not see Victoria in the lead. One clause of the annual report is worthy of note, and that is that Victoria should be represented in its full strength in matches played away from home. If attention is paid to this, we have no doubt that at the end of the season we will have the pleasure of offering our congratulations as we now have of offering our good wishes.

The Victoria Rugby Football Club has been materially strengthened by the addition of Mr. Roche Robertson, the famous hurricane half back, who intends playing with the team this season. Mr. Robertson goes into training next week.

The baseball players of Victoria and Seattle are not fair-weather ducklings. The contest on America day was unique in many respects. The game was called in a heavy down-pour, and though the players were soaked to the skin, their enthusiasm was not by any means dampened. It was only intended to engage in a few innings and call the game, and after a couple of innings had been played, both nines agreed to leave the field, but the spectators were persistent in their calls for play. After slight hesitation the teams continued the match. Two of the Victoria nine were absent and their places were filled by outsiders. This crippled the efficiency of the home team to a great extent. The visitors obtained three runs off Schultz in the first inning. Franklin was substituted, and his speed was a factor in striking out many of the Seattle batters. The game was a see-saw one, and at one time it looked as if Victoria had on winning clothes, but, in the eighth inning, the visitors hit out four runs and obtained a lead which the home team could not retrieve. The score stood 11 to 8 in favor of Seattle. Duck and Schultz, the legal men in the home team, batted hard, the former securing a triple to right field. Smith caught a grand game. The Seattle nine are a splendid, athletic looking lot of young fellows, most of them having played ball for Eastern college teams. Manager Phil. F. Kelley states that the Seattle Athletic Club will have a strong nine for next year, as one of Princeton's crack twirlers will reside permanently in the Hilly City.

Lozenby Bros., general merchants, Port Hammond and Hatzic Prairie, have sold out the former business.

Turner & Kirkpatrick have purchased the grocery, hardware, crockery and glassware business of J. Fred Hume & Co., general merchants, Nelson, and took charge Oct. 1.



## HOW HE LOST HER.

"EVER go to St. John, New Brunswick?" asked the captain of the tramp steamer over at Roberts' stores. "No? Then go just as soon as you can. I've been in every port on the western ocean and a good many other oceans, but the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest dispositions that ever I fell foul of are right there on the banks of the bay of Fundy.

"You see, I was mate of the bark *Croesus*, carrying deals from St. John to Greenock. I made the acquaintance of this lassie the first time in port and was clean gone daft, I say, over her, and for that matter she had a soft spot in her heart for me, as I have reason to believe. And so every night I used to take leave and go ashore for two or three hours and maybe more to see her till one night the captain, who had been ashore to see his sweetheart, happened to come on board before I did and found no one on deck but the watchman and no one in the cabin at all. So, being a fair-minded man as well as one who wanted to keep the ship in order, he agreed to stay on board one night and me the next, turn about, only I was to have the first night on board, because he had a very particular engagement with his sweetheart the next night.

"It seemed like hard luck to stay at all, but I managed to send word to my girl that I couldn't come and turned in early to make the time pass quickly. I was soon asleep, but about 10 o'clock came the watchman and knocked on my door.

"There's two runners in the fore-castle trying to steal the crew," he said. Meantime he had called his son, who was watching on a bark at the wharf just astern of us named the *Loller*, and the son and I hid behind the long boat just abaft the foremast, while the old man went to warn the runners to leave the ship.

"They were willing enough to leave by that time, for they had one of our best men all coaxed up to go, and up they came, one of them carrying the sailor's bag, while Jack himself had his arms full of dunnage, and away the three went along the deck toward the rail.

"With that the son who was with me slips around the foremast and up behind them and welts the sailor over the head. Down goes Jack in a heap, and then father and son climbs on one of the runners and downs him.

"At that the other runner has a mind to help his mate, but he sees me coming, with a big iron belaying pin in hand. That was enough for him, and away he ran aft, but that belaying pin caught him fair in the back and bowled him over

across the main hatch as neat as a pin in a bowling alley.

"Then I mounted him and began hammering in his countenance with my fist. He made bold to fight back for a minute, and I was about to reach for the belaying pin to sooth him with it, when up went his legs in the air, and he quawked like a woman. The ship's dog, a savage brute, had heard the commotion, and coming up the gangway companion way had nipped him in the thigh till the blood flew.

"Well, now, for a few minutes, we all had a lot of fun with these two runners, and then I took them aft and locked them in a cabin closet till the captain came. The captain brought them into the saloon and stood them under the lamp. One had his nose all over at one side and a piece of scalp hanging down over his forehead so the hair and blood hid his eyes altogether. The other—that was my man—had both eyes swelled shut and his lips both split in front, while he walked with a terrible limp in the left leg where the dog had been chawing him.

"'You've got enough this time,' said the captain. 'You'd better hunt a doctor.'

"Next night it was my turn to go ashore. I found my sweet waiting for me, and a more affectionate little darling than she was that time no one ever saw. I think we must have spooned and held hands for an hour or so, and then she said to me:

"'Bill, what ship do you belong to!'

"Somehow that question sent a shiver along my backbone, because it made me remember all about the licking the two runners had got the night before, and I was now in *Califat*, where the runners all stand together. However, I made bold to lie about it promptly and says:

"'I'm mate of the *Loller*. Why do you ask?'

"'And do you really and truly love me, Bill?' she said, so that I couldn't help saying I did, and I did too.

"'I knew it, Bill,' she says, 'and you'll do what I want you to.' You're the bulliest sailor that comes into this port, and you can lick anything. Last night my brother, what's a runner for Spud Murphy, and another one was down on the *Croesus* looking for a couple of sailors to go on a deep sea voyage, with two months' advance. They got one man and the promise of another when, as they were leaving her, the mate and two more jumped on them and beat them shameful, and then that mate set his big dog on my brother, and it bit a whole mouthful out of his leg. Oh, it was shameful. He can't walk a step. But the other one can, and he'll be here in half an hour. He'll go down to the *Croesus* with you and pick a fight with the mate, and I

want you to go along and take a hand in. Will you do it, Bill? I'll just go with you first to show you my brother, and then you won't need any more coaxing.'

"She was reaching for her hat on the bedpost when I stopped her.

"'Wait a bit,' said I, 'That mate on shore. He told me where he was going, and if you want to see some fun that's worth while you get your friend and that other runner here, and I'll be back with the sucker in 15 minutes.'

"Then I kissed her and took a sneak. Ah, she had the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest disposition I ever saw; but, mate, I never went back to see her. She lived in *Califat*, up on the hill toward the bay, and they all stand together up there."

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE "rest cure" is now practiced at home by many women who have come to a proper realization of its value. It used to be an expensive remedy necessitating an absence of six to eight weeks in a private hospital, with trained nurse, masseuse and the rest, including a trunkful of pretty tea gowns for the convalescence. Now the sensible woman has discovered she can take her cure in homeopathic doses without stopping her work or quitting her family.

A half hour daily of complete retirement, lying down in loose clothes, and banishing all worry, all thought indeed if possible, works wonders if persevered in. Have the shades drawn and close the eyes. A tired brain strays restfully in darkened ways. Even mechanical eye impressions of which one does not seem to be thinking at all consume a little force. Blindness physically and mentally is what is sought, and it is this that rests and restores.

For the woman whose work is at home the half hour immediately preceding or following luncheon is apt to be one that could be spent in this way. Where there are children old enough to go to school, after the meal is better, for the little folks will have turned back to their lessons, no callers need be expected, and the afternoon's task or engagement can usually brook this little delay. For the mothers whose babies are still in arms the "rest" should be taken while their little charges sleep. Says one mother to this, "Why, that is my only chance to 'pick up' and 'catch up' with things." Spare the half hour to rest, and the picking up and catching up will be the better forwarded.

The business woman whose work must be done at office or shop must invent her chance for rest. It is a common habit of several young newspaper women reporters to step into one of the big shops or hotels, seek the parlor and con-



cientiously rest for 15 or 30 minutes, as their time permits. In shops it must be taken with the stop for luncheon, as a rule. In offices it may also have to be, but often there is a lull in business that may be almost regularly depended upon.

The hodcarrier finishes the contents of his dinner pail, then lolls against a friendly fence in sheer animal rest. Perhaps he lights a pipe—as often he does not—but he rests in every fiber of his being. A shop girl hurries over her bread and tea to try her eyes and tax her interest with a story paper, eagerly devoured till the last moment, or she spends her "rest" time in exciting gossip with her neighbors. Either is foolish expenditure of needed force. The closer the strain the greater the need for the complete and daily respite, however brief. Such workers should pursue the opportunity to take it relentlessly.

Of the three distinctively natural womanly professions, those of wife, mother, and housewife, that of wife has been comparatively neglected of late years. On the other hand, motherhood and housewifery have attained the dignity of sciences. The periodical literature of to-day teems with special advice and instructions to those holding these professions. Now it is submitted by the *Bazar* that women have become mothers and housekeepers altogether too much. To be a complete mother and housekeeper is not the end and aim of every woman's existence, even though she is married and has children. The first year or two of married life has been heretofore thought sufficient time for a woman to give to her husband as companion, comrade, friend—in short, specially to her profession of wife. After that she sinks herself more or less completely, according to her disposition and temperament, into being a mother and housewife. However finely equipped the woman may be mentally and physically for social and intellectual companionship, and for a life in which such powers take prominent part, she appears to regard the sacrifice of the best part of her nature and attainments as inevitable, and for the most part she consents to it with good grace. Slowly but surely the husband is relegated to his newspapers, his solitary cigar, then to his club and his special friends, for entertainment and solace. But his home is a marvel of order and neatness, his clothing is in perfect order, and his dinners are marvelously served. What more can the man want? His children are models of health and propriety. His wife is a devoted mother and a notable housekeeper. What can a man ask more than this? And the woman? Her evenings she can no longer spend anywhere but in the nursery, for the baby is subject to colic at that time,

and sometimes the nurse wants her assistance. The only time she could devote to music is the hour she must superintend Susie's fingering on the piano. Then intellectual exercises are limited to posting Bobby on long division. The day comes when she concludes that a woman with young children can not spare time to read a newspaper. It may be asked whether women have a moral right to obliterate their womanhood and neglect the profession of wife for the sake of duties often of secondary importance. Is not the development of the full powers of the woman, is not the careful and complete fulfillment of every part of the profession of wife, of greater importance than devotion to a round of trivial duties which in nine cases out of ten could be better performed by trained hands?—*Argonaut*.

It is often said that women dress for other women and not for men, but don't you believe it. Not a woman in a hundred would care a belt ribbon whether she had a silk or calico gown, or whether it was made with leg o' mutton or skin tight sleeves, if there was no man, assuredly or prospectively, in the landscape to look with admiring eyes upon her as she wore it. Love of admiration is inborn, and is, so far as we know, an attribute of all animate nature. This being the case, the man or woman who is destitute of the feeling is not to be trusted. There is something lacking to complete the creature.

She made all other women madly envious by saying that she had a jewel of a girl; that she had had her for four years, and that she had expected to have her forever. The other women asked her how she accomplished it, and she told them.

"I pay her well," she announced in the beginning. "I also pay her regularly. If she wants to send her money home, she can do it at a given date. She is no more uncertain about her salary than my husband is. Her room is pleasant. It isn't elaborate, but it is as comfortable and homelike as I could make it. I tell her exactly what I want done and let her do it then in her own way.

"The children are not allowed to give her orders, and they are obliged to treat her respectfully. I myself am as polite as I know how to be to her. I never reprimand her in public. I don't mind letting her see that I like her and even telling her so. I praise her when she deserves praise. She has company a couple of times a week, and she never abuses her privileges in that respect. I try to give her as much freedom as if she were employed in some other

capacity. I think my success with her is an advertisement for my method."

The man with an important air took the seat next to the amiable-looking man and smiled.

"Vacation trips, I suppose," ventured the important man. The other nodded.

"Ever hear of the engagement insurance company?" asked the man of importance. "You know in summer how very impressionable men are. Well, I represent a scheme that is simply great. A man may become engaged to a beautiful girl during his vacation and upon his return to town totally forget the fact, owing to pressure of business, hard work, and so on. But the girl may remember, and then there is likely to be trouble. Now you take out a policy in our company and we insure you against further worry. Furthermore—"

"But," interposed the amiable man, "I am not—"

"That may be," continued the other. You do not seem to be that kind, but there's no telling what may happen. Now, for a dollar a month you become a member of our company, and if you should become engaged and afterward suffer a lack of memory and a breach of promise case looms up, why then we take the matter out of your hands and settle it. See? Only one paltry dollar a month insures perfect liberty to you. Do you not think it would be well to take out a policy?"

The amiable man shook his head sadly.

"No," he answered, "it's too late. I have been married several years."

With the sanction of Queen Victoria the old-fashioned chignons or heavy headdress of false hair, and which was all the rage among the feminine community in the fifties and sixties, have again come into style, and the artificial hair dealers, whose trade has been languishing for years, are delighted with the prospect of being once more in clover. The re-introduction of the fashion is placed to the credit of the Princess of Wales, whose back hair has been getting remarkably thin of late, and as a result of which she is determined to revert to a style prevailing at the time of her marriage thirty years ago.

The nobility and aristocracy have lost no time in falling into line, and almost daily for the past two weeks the streets outside the leading lady hair dressers have been blocked for hours daily with swell equipages.

Queen Victoria, who has always had a weakness for this style of head dressing, looks upon the revival with favor, and the next issue of the *Court Gazette* will announce that chignons will be de rigueur at all future drawing-room levees and other court functions.



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## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The concert in Institute Hall, last Thursday evening, given by Mr. Rowlands and his associate musicians was fairly well attended. The first number on the programme, a quartette by Madam Laird, Mrs. Mifflin, and Messrs. Wolff and Brown, entitled "Where art Thou Beam of Light," was well received. Mr. Rowlands then sang "Answers." Although that gentleman was laboring under the disadvantage of a severe cold, his rich baritone voice did the song justice. For the same reason Mr. Rowlands did not sing his solo "Best of All." "Selected," a violin solo by Mr. Wolff was artistically given. Madame Laird substituted "Open thy Lattice," for "Schubert's Serenade." She was in excellent voice, in fact it was generally remarked that Madame Laird never sang better in this city. For an encore, she gave "Little Bird why Singest Thou." "Excelsior," was beautifully rendered by Messrs. Wolff and Rowlands, although Mr. Wolff's tenor was a trifle light for Mr. Rowland's baritone. "Time and Tide" was sweetly given by Mrs. Rowlands. Mr. J. G. Brown gave "The Bugler" in his usual unassuming finished style, and in response to an encore bowed his acknowledgment. "The New Kingdom," a solo, by Mrs. Rowlands, and "Legende," a violin solo, by Mr. Wolff, were both well received. "In the Dusk of the Twilight," a duett, by Mrs. Mifflin and Mrs. Rowlands, was the gem of the evening, and was rapturously encored. "Sing Sweet Bird," (a very beautiful little song by Cantz) was sung by Madame Laird, who in response to an encore gave "Love Haled the Little Maid." Mr. Brown once more sang, this time "Jessies Dream," and to appease the importunate entreaties of the audience, he gave "The Village Blacksmith." The last number was a humorous quartette, "There was an Old Woman," by Mrs. Mifflin and Mrs. Rowlands, and Messrs. Rowlands and Wolff, which is sufficient guarantee of the artistic merit of the rendition. The concert did not receive the patronage to which it was entitled.

"The Fast Mail," the next attraction at The Victoria, is spoken of by the Winnipeg papers as being one of the best attractions that has ever visited that city. It has received throughout the States unstinted praise from the American papers.

It was all so beautifully done that the concert of the Swedish Ladies' Quartette at The Victoria last night was a delight from the first number to the last. These ladies form an excellent quartette. Their voices are well balanced, their time is perfect and their tone, sweet, smooth and full. They attack each note with such precision that the audience seems to hear only one tone. The most marked applause was that received by Miss Jennie Norelli. This lady's voice is sweet, clear and flexible. She sings with scarcely an effort and never takes a note not fully within the compass of her best tones, thereby avoiding that unpleasant habit with some artists have of keeping their audience on the ragged edge of uncertainty lest they may not do what they are attempting. The company will give a matinee this afternoon, and will appear again to-night.



THE AMERICAN VISITORS.

The American visitors at the Fair during the week were loud in their praise of our exhibition, extolling the display and taste in arrangement, the music and other attractions provided. They were evidently surprised at the magnitude and excellence of the show, and evinced interest in all the exhibits. They were unanimous in declaring that the manufactures were on a par, if not superior to those at the Tacoma Fair. During their stay, their comfort and pleasure were attended by His Worship Mayor Teague, President Milne of the Horticultural Association, President Flumerfelt and Mr. Joshua Davies of the Board of Trade. Quite a number of the guests were introduced to His Hon. the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Dewdney, and after accepting of the hospitality of President Milne and his associate directors, a large party, headed by Presidents Flumerfelt and Milne and Alderman Keith Wilson, including General Roberts, U. S. Consul, and accompanied by the reception committee, paid an informal visit to Government House, and the satisfaction expressed by our American visitors at the kindly and open-handed manner they were entertained by His Honor, Mrs. Dewdney and niece were pleasant to hear. The visitors expressed delight at the fine view from the Government House grounds, the lowering clouds having lifted sufficiently to catch a view of the American shore. Afterward, they had a look through the conservatory, and examined articles typical of British Columbia. The party were escorted to the Driard, and, after dinner, were taken around the city sight-seeing. They left on the City of Kingston at 10 o'clock, the steamer delaying her return trip to Tacoma so as to afford all the time possible to the excursionists. The committee having charge of the visitors were untiring in their attention, and have the satisfaction of knowing that they succeeded in thoroughly entertaining and interesting our American friends, who expressed their thanks. This interchange of courtesies between Seattle, Tacoma and Victoria will do much to cement the bonds of friendship and good-will that have always marked the relations between our neighbors of the Sound and our city. Among the visitors were: Mayor Orr and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Collyer, Mr. and Mrs. Coldwell, Mrs. Frank, J. Moffit, Miss Jaffe, Miss Cleveland, Hodgkis, A. Gross, W. A. Donaldson, Geo. C. Bott, and wife, G. C. Sawyer, H. Roitan, Miss S. Pinkham, Fred. S. Kersey, Mrs. J. R. Wolcott, A. C. Young and wife, Mrs. Judge R. Osborn, G. G. Jenkins and wife, Chas. Dawson and wife, A. M. Dean and wife, W. H. Harris and wife, E. S. Orr and wife, S. A. Hartwell, Mrs. G. W. Delmatu, Lewis Walker, Edwin Phillips, S. S. Brooks and wife, J. B. Morse and wife, G. E. Cleveland, Chas. Hutchings, Mrs. H. S. Eddy, Henry Beedy, Miss Moran, A. A. French Virgis, E. G. Johnston.

Now that garden parties and picnics are pleasures of the past, and socials, dances, balls, etc., are present, it would be well for those entertaining to keep on hand a few dozen of SAVORY'S splendid Champagne Cider. It is a delicious beverage for the supper table. Use champagne glasses and ice for those who are in need of a cool refreshing drink. SAVORY'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER, being strictly the pure, highly refined juice extracted from home grown apples, is a healthy and temperate substitute at all times for champagne, claret, etc., and is superior to all cheap concoctions sold under the name of champagne.

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## COLLABORATORS.

BY S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER IV (Continued).

TIME and again on his homeward trip, he had luxuriated in a feast of imagery, allowing his senses to run riot, by recalling an afternoon spent in Victoria's suburban paradise—Beacon Hill Park. An afternoon late in autumn, when the ambient air danced in a whirl of dazzling effulgence, as if a shower of gold dust were being sprinkled from an azure sky, each glinting speck, not like snow-flakes, falling with fluttering, wavering ease, but endowed with the animation of golden-winged insects, and darting swift flights with sudden swerves and rapid dip and rise. With charmed vision, he had glanced across the gently-heaving blue, with its placid, unruffled stretches alternating with breeze stirred patches, to the dimly discernible bleached clay cliffs on the American shore. Spell bound, he had watched the Western sky with its crimson ealescing into changing hues of copper and bronze. In the East, a faint rose-tinge had warmed up the stately, gelid, cone-shaped shaft of crystal, jutting into the empyrean, one of Nature's monumental pyramids, telling of mighty upheavals and pristine labors ages before Egypt's mystic, toilsome structures were reared to stand the ravages of time. Along the Northern heavens, is a streak of light fawn, gradually shading into dark grey, and to the South, the mountains are passing from a soft radiance of purple to a more subdued mauve. The lights become tender—melting; the shadows deepen; and now the colors fade into twilight, as the cloud curtains roll together on their brazen bars, and the shining glory of the skies sinks to rest.

Back through the luxuriant vegetation of the Pacific slope, through immense tracts of timber land, through wild canyons and narrow gorges with crystalline peaks cutting into the blue far above, along the ledges of tortuous chasms, with perpendicular walls rising into giddy heights, and, thousands of feet beneath, the swirling, winding roaring torrent dwarfed to a streak of silver; through darksome tunnels and miles of snow sheds, with mountain engine laboring and grunting up steep grades, and crawling around dangerous curves, past foot hills and emerald terraces, then plunging down the descent into undulating prairie land of the North-West, with its glimpses of ranch, and sleek kine browsing knee-deep, to the multi-acred farms of Manitoba with granaries and elevators laden with the garnered treasure of golden sheaves, and finally along the shores of Lake Superior to the quieter, restful scenes of village life, the cultivated fields and more settled, prosperous aspect of Ontario.

On the train, he had fallen in with a Bostonian, who was forever praising the wealth and resources of the States. He harped on the topic *ad nauseam*.

"Nothing like our country on God's green earth," he had glowingly exclaimed on more than one occasion. "Certainly, you have a great extent of territory, and lots of wild scenery in British Columbia, but you can't live on scenery, though. Your country is one stretch of barren wilderness, with here and there a few people to break the monotony of travelling through an uninhabitable waste. I tell you, young man, since I have seen this Northern land, it gives me a 'sickener' of annexation."

"A case of sour grapes," Archer had replied. "You couldn't take us, even if you wanted to. It isn't always a case of numbers. The Greeks with a mere handful stemmed the Persian tide at Marathon and Thermopylae, and why shouldn't we repulse any of your attempted invasions. Those of the rugged North have always been able to cope with the ease-loving, sensual South. A truce, though, to war. What can your vaunted country offer us? Not, surely, better government. The people rule in Canada—we are more democratic than you. The popular will cannot be burked by the intrigues of the minority, as in your belated domain. Our political machinery is immediately responsive to the country's demand. It takes an eternity before the clearly expressed wishes of the American people crystallize into legislation. Your government is entirely out of gear—not elastic enough. Then, look at your judicial system, and the lack of confidence in the administration of the law, as evidenced by your barbarous, ruthless lynching. Why, do you know in British Columbia, where they had to deal with the same lawless class as were drawn to your mineral fields by tales of fabulous wealth, there has never been one solitary instance of lynching; no stringing up of untried suspects to telegraph poles, as they did in Seattle a few years back? Put that in your pipe and smoke it, and then prate of the wisdom, the majesty, the superiority of your laws. Your people haven't emerged from savagery yet. You have courts, but prefer lynching—prefer resorting to the instincts and practices of uncouth, uncivilized hordes. And then your prosperity is only an illusion. What about your mortgaged, abandoned farms, the cry for succor from poverty-stricken masses, your constant troubles between labor and capital, your friction between State and Federal authority. Is this the country you invite us to join?"

"I'll just tell you, you benighted Canuck, that we are the greatest people

on earth. I will show you in a jiffy that we are"——

"Nothing," came in shrill foreign accent from an adjacent seat in the Pullman.

Archer and the Bostonian had been seated *vis-a-vis* in an apartment, and the former quickly turned around, and beheld a mite of a Japanese in the latest European clothes with peaked cap and box-back Melton cover-coat.

The Japanese was on his way to Harvard, and only had another year to put in at law. He spoke English fluently, and with a ludicrous mixture of Parisian politeness and the obsequiousness of a valet, began to lecture the astonished twain from Toronto and Boston—the latter the hub of the universe.

"Pardon me gentlemen, for interrupting your heated debate, but both Canada and the United States, even England, must bow to our superior claims. We have made the greatest stride in arts and science, and soon you will be coming to Japan for your learning. In a few, brief years, we have assimilated all your knowledge. We are testing the utility of some of your greatest inventions. Your men say that we Japs can only imitate, that we can't originate—a slight interval will explode your fallacy. In government, we have pursued the eclectic system—taken the best features from every state, and rejected the defects. We have welded the most commendable qualities of monarchical and republican institutions into a composite unity of excellence—we have all your virtues without any of your faults."

Having delivered himself of this remarkable utterance, the Jap relapsed into silence. Both Archer and the Bostonian had stared at this stunted specimen of humanity with wondering eyes. They were both cured, though the Bostonian was inclined to look upon it as an insufferable exhibition of inordinate national egotism. Archer vowed a silent, solemn vow that he would never again prate of national glory. He viewed the Jap's speech as a rebuke—an adroitly conveyed satire. He knew little of Japan's strides along the pathway of civilization, for in 1885 the progress of the Oriental island was not so marked or universally known, and he came to the conclusion that it would be useless to go into panegyrics over one's country, if Japan, in a score of years, had eclipsed all.

And now Archer was home in Toronto—in time for luscious Niagara grapes with their musky perfume, for delicious peach, and, later on, juicy snow-apple. It was sweet to be home, and with all their varied charms, he could not help thinking with a thrill of pride that his own native province—Ontario—surpassed the others. There could be seen ripened



endeavor, achievement, fruition. They had emerged out of the realm of experiment into that of accomplishment. Ontario had a past, with its noble halls of learning, its wooing of the muses, attracting from other lands youth who worshipped at its shrine of culture and intellect. Above all the conflict of partizan zeal, Ontario's statute books revealed broad, enlightened laws, and through the whole provincial fabric stirred the breath of liberty, keeping within bounds the turbulent elements, ever tossing in restless strife on the shoals of selfish politics. He had always been patriotic, but never more enamored of his country than when he returned from his trip to the Atlantic, and afterwards from the Pacific. Canada was boundless in territory, in resources, in future. Who could pass from sea to sea on the iron bands, tangibly linking the provinces into a glorious confederation, without appreciating the greatness of what was truly a Dominion, whose latent resources would be metamorphosed into wealth untold at the magic touch of industry.

He had returned in the fall. The foliage was in all its glory of autumn tint, with that variegated sheen of glistening silver, bronze and gold, unknown in the far West. On the Pacific slope, the air is too humid to allow of the lingering death of a dryer atmosphere. The waxy leaves of maple, beech and chestnut are venerated into the dyes of sunset skies. There is a carnival of color. Emerald streaked with crimson and dashed with maroon, shading into amber and tipped with the blush pigment of pink and rose; rusty red, edged with saffron and striped with liquid lines of silver; nut-brown and bay; terra cotta and chocolate. Ontario's autumn is a transformation scene of transcendent beauty and grandeur.

As Archer slowly rambled through the woods, he crushed the brittle, fallen leaves and snapping twigs, feeling that the death robes of Nature lead to higher, more ethereal thoughts than the fresh, verdant garb of spring. The latter brings hope—the former, faith.

The feathered songsters had flown to warmer climes. There was a hush; a stillness. What a contrast to British Columbia! The one with its roar of turgid torrent, agitated into foam with forceful assault on rocky barrier; the other, tranquility itself, and with Nature's hymn attuned to a *dolce* pitch. The one, with its lordly magnificence, sounding sonorous pedal chords, and with swelling chorus calling for energy, activity; the other, with lower lute-like notes, inducing quieter passive moods of meditation, reaching out into mystery and sublimity.

Archer's thoughts began to flow in a

threnetic vein, as he continued his walk through stilly woodland lanes. "All things die," he soliloquized. "What an inscrutable mystery, this death in life—this life in death? Nature stands the fires of scorching suns, the fury of the elements, and, at last, worn out with the fierce struggle, calmly awaits the fleecy shroud of wintry snow. The sleep of flower and tree has one consolation—there is an awakening. Is our death only a long sleep—a winter in the numberless seasons of our soul's evolution into higher realms of spirituality? Will there be another spring of awakening for us? And, happiest thought of all, will that spring bring to us hand-clasps and loving embraces, with nigh-forgotten forms, and long, joyous gazes into eyes that will return the affectionate glances of yore? If heaven be a myth, according to preaching of latter-day sages, if restoration to the departed be a legend, let the myth, the legend be cherished, if only as a sweet dream to bring solace to the afflicted, when they resign their loved ones to the damp horrors of the grave."

Archer's melancholy musings naturally brought up memories of White and Seymour. White had been brought home, and his remains accorded the pageantry of a military funeral. A grateful country talked of rearing a monument to its heroic dead. Archer had also received the glad news that Seymour was recovering. The surgeon had given him "one chance in a thousand," and after months of suffering and careful nursing at his father's home in a country town, he was on the fair way to recovery.

Since the night that he had handed Jacques, the mail courier, Seymour's letter to Ethel, he had striven to banish every thought of her. It was over a year since he had spoken those impulsive words of love at Pine Bay. He had welcomed the rebellion and the western trip. They would serve to drive all memory of her out of his mind, he had comfortingly assured himself. Recognizing that a crisis had taken place in his life, he, who had sneered at the idea of any man being hopelessly infatuated, was now reluctantly compelled to admit that for months he could do nothing but dream and weave fancies in which Ethel was the beginning and end. The difference in wealth and social status had not dampened the ardour of his attachment. At first he had fought against the mysterious influence with fierce resentment. "There were other girls, prettier and more captivating. Why, then, should she always figure in his thoughts?" he had petulantly questioned. This defiant mood, however, vanished, and he had shuddered at the possibility of a future oppressed with a burden of hopeless longings.

(To be continued.)

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Superintendent, Victoria.

**C. E. RENOUF,**  
Secretary, B. C. Agricultural Ass'n., Yates St., Victoria.  
**BEAUMONT B. GGS.**  
General Secretary, Citizens' Committee.

## MINING DEVELOPMENT.

The year 1894 has been remarkable as the one in which more advancement in mining has been made in British Columbia than during any year of the past, says the *Inland Sentinel*. What were but prospects in the Kootenay have become mines, and ore is being shipped regularly and in large quantities. In Southern Kootenay both quartz and hydraulic claims have been developed, while the quartz claims of the south Okanagan have become producers. Several of the hydraulics are working successfully in the Fraser river valley, while others have been put in order for next season's work. Preparations have been made for dredging the Fraser and Thompson rivers, and these plants will be in operation early in 1894, if not before this year has expired. Work has also been done in Big Bend and Similkameen, and the Kamloops district has not been behind with a shipment made of silver ore from the Homestake, and the Glen Iron mine is likely to resume. Next year will probably see the output of precious minerals from this Province almost, if not quite, equal to the largest yield recorded. It seems quite apparent that the second era of British Columbia prosperity is just commencing.

We have many a time heard of the mountains of marble which awaited development on Nootka Sound, and small specimens were long since sent down here to show its fine colors and other qualities; but it is only now that one knows actually what there is in that country, the steamer Maude having brought in some specimens of blue granite, which is said to work well and is in other ways likely to commend itself. So much for the marble on

the Island of Vancouver, of which there are many varieties. Then, as for mineral, a considerable quantity of ore from the King Solomon and Golden Eagle mines at Alberni has recently been forwarded for treatment to the Tacoma smelter, while the miners up there are said to be most enthusiastic as to their prospects.

Coal is said to have been discovered in considerable quantity on the townsite of Vancouver, where numerous prospectors are boring for this important deposit. We are glad, in this connection, to note that large shipments of British Columbia coal are finding their way to neighboring American cities, the new tariff bill allowing it to be placed there in competition with the native product, to which we may remark that in quality it is superior. We ought to be able to do considerable with our native iron; but the course of the City Council upon a recent occasion has been such as to seriously delay, if not altogether prevent, the establishment of smelting works in Victoria, while Vancouver has decided at any rate for the present against bonusing the enterprise. But something must be done; we cannot expect outsiders to take hold of what we may term our national industries unless we encourage them. Gold, iron, marble and coal; we have lots of them. Why should we not turn them to greater advantage than we are now doing?

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## DOMINION ELECTIONS.

TO VOTERS.

Notaries Public will be stationed during the week at the places and between the hours following for the purpose of taking the qualifying declarations of any persons desiring to be registered:

Daily from 8 to 6 p.m. In the office between Morris Tobacco Store and the Colonist office.

**JAMES BAY.**

At store of Mr. John Richards cor. Michigan and Menzies streets' Saturday, 6th Oct., from 7 to 9:30 p.m.

Besides the above places, voters can register at any time during the day at the offices of H. E. A. Robertson, W. Duck or S. D. Schultz, Barristers-at-Law, on Langley street.

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Procrastination was his bosom friend, and he walked arm in arm with deadbeats. Now that he is buried, may he so continue TO LIE. He will be agreeably missed at the Westside, and already Spot Cash has taken his place and is breaking the record on low prices. He is everybody's friend, and hopes permanently to reside in our fair city, and will be found at the Westside dispensing genuine good value in Dry Goods, Waterproofs, Mantles, Capes, Jackets, Umbrellas, Etc., Etc. He will gladly prescribe for all requiring his services without Bankrupting their Exchequer.

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The Anti-Protectionists of London, England, gave a grand banquet, the other evening, to Hon. Mr. Wilson, the father of the present United States Tariff. A number of notables were present, one of the sentiments expressed being that "the American nation had bidden a final adieu to protection." The guest of the evening thus expressed himself in the course of an extended speech: "The protectionists of the United States had built up no defences to keep the people of Great Britain and others from competing with their home markets, but the tariff reformers were now tearing down those defences in order to let themselves out so that they may compete with the British in other markets. The future would prove that the manufacturing supremacy of the world would go to the people who had the largest supply of the basis material and industry and the cheapest access thereto, and who also applied the highest intelligence to their manufactures."

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## THE NEW ENGLISH TAXES.

Now that the income tax has actually been imposed upon us, it may afford those who will be especially inconvenienced by it a modicum of consolation to contrast their condition with that of the corresponding social class in England. This class has been afflicted with an income tax since 1842, and, although the hope was formerly extended to it by successive chancellors of the exchequer that the revenues of the government might increase so as to admit of the discontinuance of this tax, the rise of socialism has now extinguished this hope. Not only has the prospect of relief been cut off, but the present burdens have been materially increased by the revenue act which has lately gone into effect. In addition to the income tax, what are known as "death duties," or taxes levied upon accumulated property whenever there is a change of title by will or intestacy, are henceforth to be charged not only upon personalty but also upon real estate. These duties are progressive, and upon large estates so high as to indicate the adoption of a distinctly hostile policy against the great families of the English landed aristocracy. The taxes are therefore not so much a fiscal as a political measure, and it is from that point of view that we propose to look at them.

It is true that some claim has been made that "symmetry" required that as taxes were levied upon the personal property of a descendant, his real property should also be mulcted. This argument ignores the fact that real property is subject to local taxation, or "rates," in England, from which personalty is exempt. It also ignores the principle of the distribution of the incidence of taxation. No economist will deny that if mortgages are effectively taxed, the rate of interest will be raised to borrowers upon the security of real estate, and that the value of real estate will experience a corresponding decline. It is still more evident that a direct tax upon real estate causes a diminution of its value. It does not increase productiveness, while it subtracts from income. The possessor of real estate upon which a tax is imposed which he does not anticipate when he came into possession, inevitably suffers an impairment of his revenue. But the steady decline in the price of wheat and other agricultural products has notoriously diminished the rent-rolls of the great families of England to an extent which has seriously embarrassed many of them, and this added burden will undoubtedly give the *coup de grace* to not a few.

It is common for theorists upon taxation to speak of the acquisition of property by descent or will as something like a windfall, part of which, as in the case of

treasure-trove, may be seized by the tax-gatherers. It is generally the case, as a matter of fact, that the death of an ordinary man is not a pecuniary blessing to his family, but a serious disaster; while in the case of families of wealth, although the title may be in a single individual, the property is regarded as a family possession. The death of the nominal owner, therefore, can seldom improve the circumstances of those for whom he provided; and it is beyond question that the government in exacting a tax upon the inheritance of the widow and orphans upon the death of the husband and father, generally deprives them of a part of that income of which they have previously enjoyed the possession, though not the title.

The family ownership of property is peculiarly an institution of the English aristocracy. The great estates are all "settled" in such a way that the tenant in possession, after he has satisfied the charges upon the property for the benefit of the female member of the family and its younger sons, has but a moderate income left. The new law, however, allows no exemption on this account. There may be half-a-dozen changes of title in a generation, and should such an event occur—and it is far from unprecedented—the entire income of a large estate for that period would be confiscated by the government. Taxation was carried to this extreme under the later Roman Empire, but it is doubtful if anything like it has been seen under any civilized government. The Duke of Devonshire, in a speech full of dignified pathos, not long since explained to his tenants and neighbors at Buxton that it would be impossible for his family henceforth to contribute as they had done to public improvements. With an honorable pride he declared that neither his predecessors nor himself had looked upon the revenues of their estates as a means of exclusive or personal or selfish gratification. He made it no boast, and claimed for it no merit, that he and they not only regarded it a duty, but found it a pleasure to devote a large, and in some cases the largest, portion of this revenue to objects in which the tenants and the general public had an interest. But as the exactions of the government upon his death would amount to from six to ten, possibly to twelve, years' net income from the property, it required no calculation to see that its maintenance upon the former principles ceased to be possible.

This result is admitted to be probable by all, although many upholders of the new taxes regard it as lamentable. Lord Farrer, in a very earnest, although very feeble, defense of the budget, deploras the divorce from the popular party of the great houses, who for more than a cen-

tury "have loved the people well." He adds:

"Nor can anyone travel through this beautiful England of ours without feeling how much of its beauty, of its charm, of all its inherited 'wealth of hall and bower,' of park and moor and field and forest, traversed by pleasant paths and open to enjoyment by the whole community, is due to the proper pride, the wealth, the taste and the liberality of successive generations of noblemen and squires who have spent in adorning the country the means and efforts which in other countries have been devoted to seaside villas or to urban palaces. It will be an evil time for town dwellers in England when Yorkshire and Sussex, Cumberland and Devonshire are cut up into ten-acre villas or three-acre allotments."

Lord Farrer endeavors to console himself for the coming downfall of the great families by the reflection that rich men will buy and maintain the country seats which these families will be compelled to relinquish. Doubtless this will be so; but the sentiment of loyalty cannot survive the change. The lands once owned by the nobility of France are all occupied and their castles tenanted; but a rich bourgeoisie is not an aristocracy.—*Ex.*

## WORD HISTORY.

Puss, the common name for cat, is a corruption of the Persian word *pers*, a cat.

Gossip was once a sponsor in baptism, next any elderly person, finally a tale-bearer.

Tories were originally bands of Irish outlaws. The Celtic word *toree* means robber.

Vagabond was once only a traveller going from place to place on pleasure or business.

Carbuncle means a little glowing coal, the appearance of the gem suggesting the name.

Mohair is properly Moor hair, or Angora wool, introduced into Europe by the Moors.

Bayonet was so called because it was first made at Bayonne, in France. It was originally a knife stuck in the muzzle of a gun.

Sycophant was once an Athenian government official who inspected the baggage of travellers to prevent the exportation of figs.

Canoe, chocolate, hominy, maize, opossum, tomato, tomahawk and some others have come to us from various Indian languages.

Castanea gave its name to the chestnut, large groves growing near the city, which was anciently famous for its exports of this nut.

Tabby, the name of a peculiarly marked cat, was so called because its markings resembled those of a watered silk made at Atabi.



## READER!

Do You Wear Clothes? Yes.  
 Do You have them made in England or the East? Yes.  
 Would You not rather have them made at home? Yes.  
 But you don't know where to have them made at a reasonable price? Yes  
 Would you like to know where you can? Yes.

**Listen!** Since June 11th past, George R. Jackson, who owns one of the best appointed establishments on the Pacific coast, has so reduced prices that though times have been hard, yet a business increase of 40 per cent. has been made on the corresponding months of the two preceding years. This establishment imports direct, and buys goods for cash. Therefore, if you are in want of anything in the clothing line, don't send out of town, but REMEMBER to call on

## George R. Jackson, The Leading Tailor,

Who is thus enabled to sell

**GOOD GOODS CHEAP.**

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FIVE SISTERS' BLOCK.

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Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons in the City

Strangers and visitors will find it to their advantage to employ our Hacks  
the rates being uniform and reasonable.

First class double and single Buggies and Phaetons can be procured at  
our Stables at Moderate Prices.

**BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO AND FROM STEAMERS.**

H ENDERSON, Supt.

F. S. BARNARD, Presd't.

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Sparkling Champagne Cider—in bottles, quarts and pints.  
Orange Cider—in 5-gallon kegs and bottled.

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

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107 & 109 Government St.

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ROOMS TO RENT AT REASONABLE RATES

CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS AT THE BAR

## PETRIE & JACKSON

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## WONDERFUL!

\$! SHOES FOR MEN AND BOYS, FOR WOMEN GIRLS, \$!

-AT-

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Opposite the Iron Church, Douglas St.

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Laundry Work of all descriptions executed in the best possible style.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Flannels, Silks, Curtains, Blankets of all kinds

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