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# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. III., No. 23.

VICTORIA, B. C., MARCH 17, 1894.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894.

A LITERARY GEM RESET.

THE POLITICS OF BROWN & CO.

He was of that shallow crew  
Of noisy spouts whom all now grant  
To be the opposition militant,  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery.  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By calumnious blows and knocks;  
Call fire and sword and separation  
A godly, thorough reformation,  
Which always must be carried on,  
And still be doing, never done,  
As if politics were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.  
A set whose chief devotion lies  
In odd, perverse antipathies,  
In falling out with that or this  
And finding something still amiss;  
And finding something still amiss;  
More peevish, cross and splenetic  
Than dog distract or monkey sick.

SAM. BUTLER.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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



**IRISHMEN** of British Columbia, THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL salutes you! To-day we are in Ireland—the boundaries of Ireland are the confines of the earth. The green ribbon

floats in every breeze; in every city and town on this broad continent Irishmen are offering tribute to their native land; in every land and clime and on many a ship at sea is the shamrock worn this blessed

**St. Patrick's Day.** In short, it is a great day for Ireland.

Ever since that bright morning when St. Patrick standing upon Tara's Hill, plucked a little shamrock to symbolize the Trinity, Ireland has occupied a unique position in the affairs of the world. Fifteen centuries have passed. Prosperity has smiled and adversity has frowned upon her, and still unconquerable in spirit and unchangeable in faith she has pursued her destiny—a record without a parallel.

The historian of the fifth century scrutinized the world for the nation that should be accorded first place in his record of civilization. His attention was attracted to a little island far out in the western sea. He saw there great institutions of learning; he saw students flocking from all parts of the civilized world; he saw wise teachers going forth to civilize and Christianize the pagan states of Europe; he saw a great and Christian people enterprising and prosperous, generous and free, a nation of pure homes, pure faith, brave men and virtuous women, a nation of bright hopes, proud dignity and mighty aspirations, and he wrote the word Ireland. The historian of a later century, scanning the annals of the earlier, is amazed at the condition in which he finds Ireland. Everything is changed, cabins stand where castles stood, and

"The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled."

It is not my intention to provoke harsh words, or offer a reason for the great change. The history of Ireland is an open book; ye who would learn the cause read the book. It is rather my desire to consider what Ireland has done towards the uplifting of the human race, for the advancement of human thought. Mark the testimony of Henry Clay: "Ireland has furnished more than her share to the world of genius and talent and heroism. Burke, standing on the floor of the English House of Commons; Wellington, the 'Iron Duke,' on the field of Waterloo; Moore, singing sweet and lonely by the banks of the river Lee; O'Connell, upon the hill top, speaking with thundering voice and the eloquence of a god to countless thousands in the valley below; Grattan, in the Senate; Curran, in the forum. These names are written upon the proudest pages of universal history."

But if we would realize the magnitude of the debt which civilization owes to the Irish race, we must study the annals of other lands. It is a proud tribute to England when it is said that the sun never

sets upon the British Empire, but it might be added that the sun ever shines upon Irishmen. Go where you will, travel the wide world over, and whether you lie down to sleep in the gorgeous hotel of some cosmopolitan city, or whether you seek rest between the skins of the buffalo and the bear out under the chill moonlight upon some of our western plains, or whether you dream on a bed of flowers by a murmuring stream in some South Sea island forest, no matter where you are, when you close your eyes at night, be not surprised on waking to hear with earliest morning sounds some bold anthem of "Erin go Bragh."

Where is the land that has not been pressed with the foot of the son of the Emerald Isle? Where is the mountain that has not cast back the echo of his song? Where is the vale so hidden that it does not contain his ashes? Where is the shore where we might not find written in the sand the words of Campbell?

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,  
For his country he sighed when at twilight  
repairing.

To wander alone by the wind beaten hill."

St. Patrick's Day is usually a day of retrospection, of turning over the leaves of Irish history and gleaning therefrom inspiration to emulate men whose lives shine with increasing splendor as we are wafted farther from their days. And although Irish history contains some of the darkest and saddest pages that have ever been written, we shall find that it also contains fruitful germs of a hopeful future that cannot fail to inspire us with vivid views of the Destiny of the Irish race. Guided, then, by the light of history, we look back through the long centuries, and we find that the Irish race was a civilized and an enlightened people when the most powerful of modern nations were grovelling in caves, untutored savages painted in barbarous hues. I give utterance to historical truth only when I say that even before Charlemagne dictated laws to Europe the Irish nation possessed a constitution and a system of jurisprudence remarkable alike for justice and equity. Before the wolf had suckled Romulus, or the boundaries of Imperial Rome were drawn across the Seven Hills, the Irish nation was famous for its learning, its genius and its civilization. Back, still further back, her history goes pregnant with the noblest achievements and traditions until history itself is lost behind the dim veil of legendary lore. The voice of warriors and statesmen, of orators and poets, of saints and scholars, speaks from the historic past amid the echoes of the ages as they sweep along the corridors of time; even the architectural antiquities of the mother land tell in

their grey ruins of a gorgeous past, their very stones are eloquent of heroic memories to which Irish hearts fondly and proudly turn.

Among the many memorable events in Irish history, there is one pre-eminently distinguished and associated with that event there looms up a grand character whose name has become a household word and whose memory shall ever remain as green as the shamrock that grows in our cradle-land. After the lapse of nearly fifteen hundred years, the name of St. Patrick shines forth as the brightest star that illuminates the historic page, filling the soul with the light of Christian faith and ever directing the Irish people to the God he taught their fathers to love and to reverence.

The conversion of Ireland to Christianity affords ample proof that the pagan Irish had not only reached a point relatively advanced in the social scale, but that the apostle of Christ found them in a state of intellectual and moral preparation superior to that of other nations. When Christ commissioned His apostles, He commanded them to "go teach all nations." They went with their message to a world devoured with selfishness and steeped in impurity. And so ungraciously did their teaching fall upon the ear of sinful men that every nation—with one exception—that heard the gospel for the first time laid hold of its apostle and put him to death. In her conversion to Christianity, Ireland alone among the nations furnishes the grand exception to the general rule of persecution. Never was there a people of any other nation that so peacefully, so earnestly and so abundantly embraced the Christian faith. "St. Patrick's career resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a missionary." Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer covered the land.

From that memorable Easter Sunday morning when St. Patrick ascended the hill of Tara, Ireland everywhere welcomed him as her apostle and deliverer. "She never cost him an hour of sorrow, or a drop of blood, but gladly received the truth from his lips, made it the leading feature of her life, put it into the blood of her children and into the language of her most familiar thoughts and repaid her benefactor with her utmost veneration and love." And in those early days of the Irish Church, when ignorance brooded over the world it was in Ireland that learning found an asylum and sanctity a home. A writer of Irish history speaking of this period, says: "The arts and sciences flourish in the land, saints of both sexes pass in review before our eyes. The cowl and the veil eclipse the glory of the regal crown, and instead of the grand and festive halls of Tara, the lonely cell of the fasting penitent becomes the scene of fame." Attracted by Ireland's scholastic fame the youth of other countries flocked to her shores to borrow light from the fire of learning that burned within her consecrated cloisters, and the doors of

Armagh, Bangor, Clonmacnois, and famed Tismore were flung open to afford hospitality to the stranger student that came to learn the lessons of wisdom taught within those hallowed halls. The virgin Church of Ireland unstained by one martyr's blood became the prolific mother of saints and scholars.

The voice of history clearly and emphatically proclaims that for three hundred years Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of the Christian world. Schools, colleges and Churches crowned every hill and sanctified every valley. Exulting in the fullness and richness of her inheritance, enjoying the blessings of Catholic faith and national independence, Ireland, during the sixth, seventh and eight centuries, led the van in the grand march of an eminently Christian civilization. She saw within her bounds the Christian religion arise in all its divine majesty, shedding its benign influence far and wide, ennobling, purifying, sanctifying every department—intellectual, moral, commercial, political and full of holy joy and gratitude for the grandeur of its results. Ireland became the great school-house and university of Europe, and the light of the Christian world.

The learning and the sanctity that Ireland so eminently possessed, and that made her so singularly renowned, she poured out upon the nations shrouded in the darkness of barbaric ignorance. When the Goths had overrun Spain, when the Franks had conquered Gaul, when the Saxons had invaded Britain, when the Vandals had gained strongholds beyond the Alps, who was it that in those stormy times brought order out of chaos, Christianized and civilized these rude and ruthless conquerors, preserved the treasures of science and literature and handed them to us across the isthmus of the dark ages of barbarism? Who did all this? The Irish missionaries that under the fostering favor of the Catholic Church flooded the gloom of heathen darkness with the light of their learning and sanctity, and victoriously planted the standard of the Cross among the nations of Europe. The names of St. Columkill, St. Columbanus, St. Gaul and others of no less renown, are to this day bright traditions on the hills of Scotland, by the lakes of Switzerland, among the historic cities of Germany, on the shores of the Danube and over the classic plains of Italy and France.

In conclusion, I would say that our own beloved Canada owes much to the sons of the Emerald Isle. In perilous times, the strong arm and fertile genius of Irishmen were enlisted in the service of this country. The genius of Lord Dufferin, the great grandson of the great Sheridan, helped to tide us over a critical period. If space permitted, I could mention the names and works of other Irishmen who assisted in making our history. The names of Sir Francis Hincks and Thomas D'Arcy McGee will never be forgotten. Some other time I may pursue the subject, and now I only voice the sentiment of true Irishmen the world over in saying "Erin go Bragh."

The other day, I met J. F. Bledsoe, who has just returned from the North Coast where he was engaged in working on the Savory Island murder case for the Provincial police. Mr. Bledsoe informs me that the case, which is a mysterious one, is nearer solution than what it was two months ago. This is owing to the extreme difficulty experienced in securing reliable information from the Indians. This drawback is being overcome, however, in this and other cases by relying more and more on the assistance of intelligent and trustworthy half-breeds. After a pretty thorough investigation, it is concluded that the man Lynn, who was first accused of the double murder of Green and Taylor last October, was himself a victim, and that the list may be supplemented by the addition of Lynn's klotchman and his half-breed 8-year-old boy.

This woman was a native of the Kimoquit village, a branch of the Bella Coola tribe. Her friends, having anxiously awaited the return of the missing woman a sufficient length of time to convince them that she was no longer alive, have resolved on pursuing a course which may eventuate in a vendetta. They are now disposed to lay the blame of the killing at the door of one of the tribes in the vicinity of Alert Bay. They propose to undertake the solution of the mystery by methods peculiarly their own, or, in other words, making it a test of craft against craft.

While speaking of the matter, I would direct the attention of the Government to the fact that nine-tenths of the murders and crimes generally among the Indians can be traced directly to the indiscriminate and ever increasing sale of intoxicants among them. Confirming my belief in the truth of this assertion, I lately received information from a most reliable source that a Victoria grocer has been in the habit of shipping, under various unique disguises, regular consignments to his agents a brand of alleged liquor, the component parts of which are alcohol, Chinese gin, red pepper and chewing tobacco. The enormous profits on this vile stuff evidently outweigh any consideration of the evil results which must necessarily follow in the wake of its consumption. It is gratifying to note that the Provincial police are investigating this and other matters of like character, and to be better able to down the traffic and prevent crime, have inaugurated a patrol boat system, to facilitate the work.

The question whether or not a chaperon is a necessity of our present day civilization is receiving considerable attention both in England and Canada. A lady, who signs herself "Amber," seeks to enlighten us on the subject. She believes that "if a girl is brought up right, she needs no chaperon to protect her. Her own dainty discrimination, her own sweet sense of *savoir faire* will carry her the wide world over as the May morning carries a bird through its azure air, or as June carries a rose in its bright bosom. I do not mean to say that the pure women are not sometimes molested through no fault of their own. But such cases are rare. They form exceptions to the broad and general rule. If a woman is forced to be

on the street late at night she need fear little or no annoyance if she goes quickly and quietly on her way without side glances of distrust and fear. Very few men will speak to a woman who seems unalarmed and thoroughly about her business. I read in the evening paper not long ago of a woman who was waiting at the street corner for a delayed car. A stranger who stood behind her remarked casually: 'This is pretty tough, waiting so long in the cold.' The woman appealed to a policeman for protection from insult. That was fully as bad as the cause of the shrieking maid in the fable. Any woman who would be such a fool as to deem herself insulted because a fellow wayfarer sought to condole with her on mutual hardships ought to be finally insulted with a shotgun. Such a half wit would serve her day and generation better dead than living. What are we anyway, that we should stand aloof from one another? A company of raw recruits under marching orders to the grave; a flock of sheep traveling together in a common fold; a flight of birds winging their way through mingled sun and shade from the north to the south land. Why should we hesitate, then, to give greeting one to another as we journey on? The world would be an infinitely sweeter place to tarry in if we move in touch with one another and cast ceremony to the winds where it belongs. I have seen but few people carry hauteur and unnecessary reserve gracefully, and they were wax figures in the museum."

The following story is told of a certain judge, who is a gentleman of the old school, and always making fine speeches to women. On one occasion, he was taken to task by a lady who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, Your Lordship," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me. I met you two years ago." "Remember you, madam!" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows, "Why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, go away, you dear, delightful old humbug."

The English "A" appears to firmly rooted on this continent. It is more persistent than the grip. It is very catching. The order has gone forth that it is to be adopted in the public schools of the United States. No doubt the broad "a" sounds pleasanter than the brassy, American flat one, but with the zeal of new converts there may be danger of overdoing that English "a." Such words as ask, half, laugh and grass sound greatly more musical with the broad "a" than with the old time flat one. But when it comes to saying donee, foney, hond and loud I "foney" that it is running things into the ground. The truth always lies between two extremes. The best educated and purest speaking English people as a general rule do not say "I foney." They pronounce their a's about half way between the Cockney broad one and the American flat one. He, therefore, who would get the best English pronunciation will not say "donee." If Americans could imitate the soft, pleasant voices of the cultivated English ladies and gentlemen instead of being in such a des-

perate hurry to say "I foney," it would be better.

THE HOME JOURNAL never publishes acrostics nor offers premiums, consequently when a "poem" appears in this great dollar weekly, the reader does not have to run around looking for "lights." The following verse is entitled "A Lay of Modern Victoria," and has been contributed by the poultry editor:

Then up spake Kleeve of Everywhere,  
By Cariboo he swore,  
That the noble house of Johnsing  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the nine gods he swore it,  
And bared his muscles keen;  
Then quickly smote right at the throat  
Of Northpole brown and lean.  
For Kleeve was strong and mighty,  
Much practised he the swing,  
'Twas whispered so, in circles low,  
That he'd been in the ring;  
Where, Ajax-like, he dared to strike  
A pugilistic king.  
But then the beak was heard to speak,  
"Two Dollars," whispering.

The next might be termed a domestic or "culinary" poem, and tells in plain words "What Mr. Kitchen thinks":

Theodore D. is a sensible man,  
He sticks to his work an' looks arter his folks;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he wunt vote with Theodore D.

My! ain't it terrible! Wot shall we du?  
We can't never choose him, o' course—thet's flat—  
Guess we shall have to come round (dont't yu?)  
An' go in fer thunder an' guns an' all that;  
Fer John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he wunt vote with Theodore D.

Vancouver C. is a dresse smart man,  
He's been on all sides that gives place or pelf,  
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan;  
He's been true to one party—an' thet is himself;  
So John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he shall vote with Vancouver C.

Vancouver C. he goes in fer the war,  
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;  
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?  
So John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he shall vote with Vancouver C.

We were gettin' on nicely up here to our vil-  
lage,  
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut  
ain't,  
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'  
pillage,  
An' that oppyletts worn't the best mark o' a  
saint;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,  
An' Westminster District you know that is  
our country,  
An' the angel that writes all our sins in a book  
Puts the debit to that an' to us the per contry,  
Fer John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Kernel Baker he calls all those argimunts lies,  
Sez they're nothing on earth but only fee faw;  
An' sez thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is made up ov slander an' ignorance raw;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez it ain't no such thing, an' of course so must  
we.

Kernel Baker sez he never heard in his life,  
Thet th' apostles rigged out in their swaller  
tail coats,  
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife  
To git some on 'em office an' some on 'em  
votes;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Koot-  
nee.

Wal it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us  
The rights and the wrongs of these matters,  
I vow,  
God sends city members an' other nice fellers  
To drive the world's team wen it gets in a  
slough;  
Fer John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez the country'll go right ef he hollers out Gee!

It transpires that the inventive genius of Mr. Charles H. Gibbons will not be confined altogether to the columns of the *Colonist*. It has been noted for a long time past that something unusual was weighing heavily on the mind of Mr. Gibbons, but his friends, who had great faith in him, were content to await developments. At last, their patience is to be rewarded in a manner at once startling and convincing. No confidence is violated in stating that for many moons Mr. Gibbons' movements have been mysterious, so much so that it could not be attributed altogether to a desire to add to his already well-selected and extensive gallery of "scoops" and literary pyrotechnics. A traveller recently returning from one of his "periodical trips to Port Townsend," had his attention attracted to what at first appeared to be a nautical monstrosity, but which on closer investigation proved to be a marine bicycle, the rider of which was none other than the renowned Capt. Gibbons. Finding that concealment was no longer possible, the inventor recently revealed to a representative of THE HOME JOURNAL the object of this machine by which he hopes to revolutionize transoceanic travel. At Mr. Gibbons' request this paper will not enter into the details of his invention until after his return from the East, whither he has gone to place this and other schemes before Mr. Van Horne, of the C. P. R., but to prevent apprehension it should be said that if his marine bicycle fleet is to take the place of the Empress line, he will uncompromisingly insist upon it that they will call at the Outer Wharf. In conclusion, the writer of this article is authorized to state that a public exhibition of the capabilities of the new machine will be given on the evening of May 24—immediately after the fireworks.

There does not appear to have been much progress made towards recuperation in any branch of United States trade that may be considered of a permanent character. In many if not most lines, there is a spasmodic improvement, and for a few days there is a volume of trade that is of old time dimensions and revive long delayed hopes that at last there are influences at work which will put business on its feet again, but, after a few days, the

demand falls off and trade falls back into its accustomed lethargy. Trade journals especially seem to think it necessary to give a reason for this, and for want of a proper appreciation of the trouble give the agitation of the tariff as the cause of the trouble; doubtless that has considerable influence in restricting trade, but the great and primary difficulty with the business of the country is the fact of the want of ready money; the great mass of consumers have for many months been deprived of the means of earning money, either in whole or in part, and have been and still are unable to purchase to the normal extent even the prime necessities of life, to say nothing of the comforts and luxuries. The fact that production previous to the past summer had been excessive of almost all leading articles comes home to the Americans now when it would be well if the available labor could be employed in supplying goods for current consumption, and so it is to a certain extent, but there is a vast amount of goods of a staple character which remain on hand and are being pushed into consumptive channels, that take the place of new productions, and thus the employment of labor is restricted and industries continue to be seriously crippled. Many manufacturing establishments which suspended operations, have, it is true, resumed, but there are large numbers which have not turned a wheel for several months. Even those which are now running are doing so at a serious cut in wages, and the operatives are doing well if they can make both ends meet, so that not only are industries crippled but the distribution of goods of all kinds is curtailed.

The Anti-Chinese League, spoken of last week, is understood to be approaching a thorough plan of organization. All classes appear to be united as to the desirability of the League, and no doubt any movement having for its object discrimination in favor of white labor will become popular. In this connection it might not be out of place to speak of a custom which is assuming gigantic proportions in this city. I refer to the allegations made by the merchant tailors and clothing dealers, that hundreds of young men moving in what is known as good society and who are indebted to the white population for their salaries, are in the habit of getting their clothing made by the Chinese tailors. On looking over the list of the young men who patronize the Chinese tailors I observed the names of several young men, who if they depended on the Mongolian for a living would certainly starve, yet the money they spend for clothing all goes into the pockets of the Chinese tailors. It is scarcely necessary to give the names of these young men, as they can be readily recognized on the street by the out of their clothes. However, as this is one phase of the case the Anti-Chinese League will be called upon to consider, I will not refer to it at any greater length, than by saying that some startling developments are promised later on.

His many friends will be very much concerned to learn that the litigation which has obtained for the past few months be-

tween Father Time and Sir Matthew Begbie is likely to eventuate in favor of the plaintiff, and that the once stalwart dispenser of justice may succumb to the common enemy. I must say that Sir Matthew to me always seemed at his best when presiding in the County Court, when he appeared to be justice unadorned with a mitre in the likeness of a hornet's nest. He invariably seemed to get at the bottom of the case in short order and dispatched the County Court business with a vigor that was refreshing compared to the delay that seems to be chronic with the denizens of the upper flat in the Hall of Justice.

It will be difficult indeed for the authorities to secure a successor who will compare favorably with Sir Matthew in either forum and particularly in the County Court. To me it seems that those qualities which are most required in a City Police Magistrate are exactly those which are required in the occupant of the County Court Bench. A great amount of patience with petty litigants, urbanity and common sense, coupled with firmness and a capacity for fathoming the motives of men are all essential to a good County Court Judge, especially as he is generally both judge and jury.

If the time is unfortunately at hand when a new incumbent for the County Court Bench is required, it occurs to me that the authorities could not do better than secure the services of our city magistrate, Mr. Macrae, who has unquestionably proved to be a most successful and acceptable occupant of the City Bench. Is there any reason why Mr. Macrae could not take over the work of the County Court and hold this Court in the afternoons, and thereby provide daily sittings of the Court? The vexation of the delay arising from monthly sittings would then be a thing of the past, and the whole time of the Supreme Court Judge would then be devoted to the Supreme Court—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Bystander" is the *nom de plume* of the Victoria correspondent of the *Vancouver World*. This writer, in a late issue of the *World*, is rather scorching a class of Englishmen, which, it is only fair to say, are greatly in the minority. Without attempting to disprove or commend "Bystander's" remarks, I would say that there is no man in the world for whom I have greater respect than an unobtrusive, unaffected Englishman. However, it is of another kind of Englishman altogether that "Bystander" writes, and here is what he says:

"I am not one of those who believe in looking down on an Englishman because he happens to occasionally sport knee breeches, waist bands and a 'chappie cap.' These are picturesque adornments and national characteristics of dress, which in themselves are no more objectionable than a Scotch bonnet or sombrero. Even a little 'haw-haw' and a rich English accent are quite so excusable, indeed, as a good Scotch or Irish brogue, which we so much admire. It is a foolish and mischievous thing to inculcate prejudices on that score, because we can no more repress individualism in this

respect than we can make water run uphill. The only thing I do object to is the assumption of superiority on that account. Sensible Englishmen do not commit this offence, any more than sensible Irishmen or sensible Scotchmen, but unfortunately there are a great many English people, not by any means representative of their country, who depend very largely for social recognition upon such artifices as I have described, and who, though not above eking out a more or less precarious existence if not supported by paternal beneficences, lord it over honest Canadians and other men, who neither put on frills nor object to earning their own living in their own way. This class, though not large numerically, is nevertheless a conspicuous element of society, and it has given rise to a feeling here that I regret to see, that of Canadian versus Englishman. For that, however, I do not hold the Canadian altogether responsible. I do not wonder that he objects to be shoved aside or figuratively speaking 'walked over' by fellows who have no special recommendations except those external marks by which we can no more judge a gentleman than we can determine the qualities of a horse by his trappings. It is somewhat galling to see those stocking-legged gentlemen taken up from the start and shoved to the front to form the select circle, while the native-born Canadian is kept at arms' length for a conventional period and then only receives the tip end of recognition. He never really becomes one of 'our class.' I don't say that this is true in every case, but there is enough of it to create a feeling. The Canadian may be slightly *gouche*, and he is necessarily more provincial than his traveled, sporty English competitor, who is here far from home because he is an adventurer and a pedestrian by instinct. The Canadian never saw a 'Derby,' never rowed in the 'classic' fours and is generally hazy on the topics of 'meets' and 'mounts.' He is not 'in it' in club parlance. But what he lacks in the ornamental phrasing he makes up in practicability and general intelligence. He is a useful member of society. Put him where industry, fertility of resource and management are required and he invariably comes to the front. If he is more modest than the remittance man he is more self-conscious and feels the slight that is intended for him and is not slow to resent it. This is giving rise to the formation of a distinctly Canadian party, which will assert the dominance of a Canadian spirit.

It makes very little difference whether we are English, Irish, Scotch, Canadian, or what else, if we have common sense and a proper estimate of what is required of us as citizens of the country and community in which we live. Vancouver is fortunate in this respect.

Here, however, it is different. They hover on the crust of society long enough to get known, and before anybody knows it are fairly in the swim. Like as not 'at home' they started into the world through the stable. What wonder is it that society is only known by its artificiality and feebleness! Culture and refinement are dead letters with our 'upper ten.'

PETE GRINATOR.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Capt. and Mrs. Irving have returned from the east.

Some improvement is noted in the condition of Sir Matthew Begbie.

Mr. H. T. Ceperley, of Vancouver, was married Thursday morning to Miss Grace Dixon.

The date of the Victoria Canoe club's ball has been postponed from the 5th to 18th of April.

A horse and jaunting car will form one of the attractions at the Sons of Erin concert to-night.

The presentation of the oratorio "The Crucifixion," at Christ Church Cathedral, last Thursday evening, pleased a large audience.

A masquerade ball will be held under the auspices of the Myosotis Club, in Assembly Hall, a week from Tuesday evening next.

The many friends of Mr. F. B. Gregory will be pleased to learn that he will return from Honolulu next week much improved in health.

It is reported that Horace Davie, reeve of Somenos, and brother of the Premier, is shortly to lead Miss Porter, of Sunny-side, to the hymeneal altar.

E. G. Anderson sailed by the steamship Walla Walla for San Francisco on a combined business and pleasure trip, which will extend over two months.

The Manager of the Mount Baker Hotel expects to make arrangements for a couple of open air band concerts weekly, at Oak Bay during the coming summer months.

Richard Ackland, the popular secretary of the Sons of Erin, was presented with a handsome gold chain and locket by the members of that order last Wednesday night. Officers were elected the same evening.

Mrs. T. H. Allice, the Misses Johns and Lindsay left by the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway for Nanaimo, Friday morning, where they will spend about a week visiting friends, after which they will sail by the steamship Wellington, for San Francisco.

Frank M. Pixley, of the San Francisco Argonaut, is living quietly at his home in that city. After 15 years of constant editorial work, the gray-haired editor has, at last, retired. He is suffering from paresis and has an occasional relapse. A short time ago, when his wife told him that Fred. Somers, his former partner, had died, he simply said, "Well, dearest, I will soon join him."

The committee of management for the forthcoming fancy or calico ball to be held in the Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, on the 29th inst. desires it to be known

that owing to a report having been circulated that guests will be admitted in ordinary evening dress, the announcement is positively made that only those in fancy dress, calico or poudre will be admitted. No exception will be made to this rule.

Police Magistrate Jordan, of Vancouver, was married at St. John's Church, Wednesday afternoon, to Miss Nellie H. Withrow. Rev. Mr. Jenus performed the ceremony and the bride was given away by Mr. A. L. Belyea. The bridesmaids were Miss G. H. Withrow and Miss Staples, and the groom was supported by Messrs. J. M. O'Brien and R. W. Armstrong, of Vancouver. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan left for San Francisco, where they will remain for a week or so, after which they will take up their residence in Vancouver.

## SPORTING NOTES.

## FOOTBALL.

The game of Rugby to-day between Ireland and Creation promises to be an interesting sporting event. The Irish team is particularly strong and is composed of men who have won laurels at the game in the past. The following are the teams, Ireland: J. Riley, full back; J. F. Segrue, E. Musgrave and J. Hawthornwaite, three-quarter backs; R. J. Ackland (Capt.) and R. A. White, half backs; John Fraser, H. B. Thompson, W. Swinerton, A. Green, J. O'Rielly, D. O'Sullivan, M. Duffy, G. Brimstone and Rory O'More, forwards; reserves, R. H. Swinerton and Groves. Creation: H. Petticrew, full back; J. F. Folkes, H. B. Haines and E. Marshall, three-quarter backs; C. W. Ward and F. Smith, half backs; H. F. M. Jones (Capt.), W. H. Langley, L. Crease, A. D. Crease, G. L. Sidey, E. A. C. Gibson, P. Hibben, F. Wollaston and B. Williams, forwards.

In the game at Duncan's last Saturday, the Victoria Rugby football team beat the Somenos Club.

On March 23, at the Midwinter Fair, the British Columbia Rugby team will be pitted against Oregon, and on March 24 against California.

## LACROSSE.

In the absence of President Ellis, Dr. Jones occupied the chair at the annual general meeting of the Victoria Lacrosse Club, last night. The President's report was an exhaustive one, and congratulated the club on its success during the year. Referring to the trip east, the president said that there was a small deficit of \$97.50. The president concluded his address by urging the members to put forth every effort to make the coming season's work as successful as that of 1893. The following officers were elected: The Lieut.-Governor, Hon. Edgar Dewdney, was chosen as Honorary President, and Mr. W. H. Ellis was re-elected President by acclamation. The other officers chosen were: First Vice-President, Dr. Jones; Second Vice-President, J. H. A. Rickaby; Treasurer, W. J. Burnes; Secretary, R. L. Drury; Assistant Secretary, J. Murray; Club Captain, Ross Eckardt; Executive Committee, W. J. Smith, T. Allice, W. H.

Cullin, Geo. A. Morphy, W. G. Mackenzie and W. E. Ditchburn; Delegates to Provincial Association, T. Allice, Geo. A. Morphy and Ross Eckardt. The delegates to the Provincial Association were instructed to urge that two hours of play should be the rule instead of four straight games. The subject of sending a team to the Midwinter Fair was discussed, and a satisfactory arrangement arrived at.

It is quite probable that the new Nanaimo club and the Moonlighters of Westminster will find places in the league.

## SPORTING TIPS.

Capt. Foot, it is said, has been commissioned to build two new yachts for Victoria owners.

A special to THE HOME JOURNAL this morning says that Oxford won the boat race by three lengths.

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

JUDGE POND, of Minneapolis, in a decision just rendered, holds that a newspaper is not a manufacturing corporation. It is only fair to say, however, that Judge Pond never read a *Colonist* editorial.

The generosity of their hearts may now prompt the people of Chicago to make Mr. Daniel Coughlin Governor of the state, head of the police, or some other position of public trust and confidence.

If the assessors and tax gatherers of the United States are all as bad as Mr. Stead makes the Chicago officials out there will be mighty few incomes over the amount of \$4,000 after the tariff bill comes into force.

The attention of Coroner Hasell is directed to the fact that a woman nearly one hundred years old died suddenly in Ottawa last week, and, as yet, no attempt has been made to hold a coroner's inquest to discover the cause of death.

HON. JOSEPH ROYAL, ex-lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories, has just issued a brochure urging the separation of Canada from the British Empire. He declares such a step necessary to Canada's thorough development, and has no fears of forcible annexation to the United States.

The Wm. Ellis, the burglar, who has figured in police court circles this week, should not be confused with William Harrington Ellis, the popular manager of the *Colonist*. The fact of the matter is, W. H. Ellis has not been out of bed for a week, and would be the last man in the world anyway to break into another person's house.

THE HOME JOURNAL is only \$1 a year, in advance.

Charles L. Cullin, the well known lacrosse player, and Wm. T. Franklin, are opening up business at 84 Douglas street, near Yates. They will carry fruits, vegetables, poultry, game and fish of all kinds. As both young men are industrious and popular, their success seems assured.

## HORTICULTURE.

(Under this heading all questions relating to flowers or horticulture will be answered.)

### STRAWBERRIES.

SEPTEMBER planting is the best for new beds, but those who delayed doing so last September should now have strong first runners ready and plant them in rows two feet apart, and one foot apart in the lines. This close planting I advise at this season of the year, for the reason that it is easier to attend to them and get them good and strong for setting out next September, than where they are planted over a wider space, and it is also more convenient to layer and attend to the runners, if more stock is required. Bear in mind, the best runners are those taken from the young plants, therefore these beds are most useful as nurseries for raising your stock. When forming and increasing your plantation next September, lift every other plant, which will then leave the stools the same distance apart every way. Plant on well manured ground, and it is most important to firm it thoroughly, but the ground must be dry, and well mulch the bed before hot weather sets in, which keeps the ground cool and the fruit clean and it is a safeguard against swilling when watering with the hose, and the water passing through the mulching is a considerable help to the plants. Mulch with long stable manure. It is a good plan to plant a drill of onions between the strawberries, as it secures the working so necessary for the plants. In selecting your strawberries, it is well to choose some late varieties—the Californian fruit coming in early and the mid-season fruit follows with a rush which is soon over, so that late fruit is most valuable. By planting a bed under a north wall, the fruit can be obtained very late in the season.

J. W. WEBB.

Fern Hill, Boleskine Road, March 17.

### SOIL FOR STRAWBERRIES.

A very rich garden spot, or any soil highly charged with humus, stimulates a too vigorous plant growth at the expense of a good yield of perfect fruit. In addition to the extra expense of having to "work the plants to death" to keep down weeds on such a soil, here is where the plants first begin to sicken and to die during the long and sometimes very dry summers of this latitude.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Editor Horticultural Department*—I have a young apple tree, which has disappointed me in bearing several years. It has made good growth, and is healthy. Would you advise me to graft it with another variety, and can you tell me how to do this?

POMONA.

*Answer*—Probably your tree has made too much growth from the roots getting into a cold sub-soil, or too much manure is in the soil. Root pruning might alter its character. If you think the fault does not lie here, by all means graft it with a variety that fruits freely in your district. As this is the season for grafting and the

subject will be generally interesting, I will write on it in next week's paper.

J. W. WEBB.

It is evident that the British Columbia horticulturists are awake to their interests and are determined to have and keep clean orchards. The following from the *Rural Northwest*, of Portland, Oregon, will show the drift of sentiment across the northern border: "Oregon fruit growers or fruit dealers who have been in the habit of shipping fruit to British Columbia will have to be very careful about what they send after this. The authorities have given notice that they will hereafter quarantine all Oregon apples, and if there are any traces of worms or other insect pests discovered, the apples will be destroyed."

## J. W. WEBB, Gardener.

Open to engagement in all branches by the day or hour. Apply FERN HILL, BOLESKINE ROAD, or to Winnett & Cooper, 18 Trounce Ave.

## Important to those wanting Nursery Stock:

Having entered into an arrangement with the proprietors of this journal to open a horticultural and floral department, and, at the same time, to do away with the existing high prices paid for fruit trees and bushes and vines of all kinds, which have always been considered an obstacle to the planting of orchards to any extent in British Columbia, and, furthermore, has been detrimental in the settling up of the country, and, at the same time, one of the strongest arguments we have had to contend with in the sale of fruit lands.

Right here on Vancouver Island exists all possible natural conditions for a great diversity of fruit growing—apples, pears, cherries, plums, prunes, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries and blackberries grow better here than in California. They ripen later in the season, true enough, but ours is a better fruit, especially the prune, which grows twice the size of the California raised prune. It has also more meat in comparison to the stone. We would advise the growing of the prune, as what money can be made out of a small orchard is astonishing, and there is no danger of glutting the market. If all available land on Vancouver Island was planted out in prunes, it would not commence to supply the market of Canada.

By arrangement with the largest nursery in Oregon, and more especially a firm noted for delivery of stock true to name, places us in a position to deliver any of the following trees at Victoria, duty and freight paid:

Apples	2 yrs, 4 to 6 ft, per 100...	12 cts (each)
Pears	2 " " " "	16 cts
Peaches	1 " " " "	16 cts
Cherries	2 " " " "	17 cts
Plums	2 " 6 to 8 ft " "	18 cts
Prunes	1 " 4 to 6 ft " "	15 cts
	1 " " " per 1,000	10 cts
Apricots	1 " " " per 100	18 cts
Crabapples	1 " " " "	15 cts
Nectarines	1 " " " "	20 cts
Quinces	1 " 4 to 5 ft " "	22 cts

Special rates on quantities of 1,000. Blackberries, grapes, evergreens, nut trees and ornamental trees. Prices of same on application.

## WINNETT & COOPER,

18 TROUNCE AVENUE, Victoria, B. C.

## FRUIT LAND.

We have several 5-acre blocks of land well adapted for growing large and small fruits, three to four miles from the city on good roads. Some of these blocks are all cleared and fenced, with residence and out buildings all ready for the planter to set out his orchard. Now is the time to take advantage of low prices, and the season to plant out your trees.

Winnett & Cooper,

18 TROUNCE AVENUE.

## E. C. PRIOR & CO, LTD.,

WINDMILLS, INCUBATORS, SPRAY PUMPS,  
GARDEN TOOLS, LAWN MOWERS PRUNING TOOLS, ETC.

Victoria, Vancouver, Kamloops

## WANTED

This coming season from 200 to 500 tons fruit. All varieties.

The Okell & Morris Fruit Preserving Co

Wanted IN SEASON.

50 tons Cucumbers and Tomatoes

Due to arrive in March

15 Tons New Maple Syrup and Sugar.

Falconer Vinegar and Pickle Works.

Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

USE

## I. X. L. Compound

For Destroying Insects. Does Not Fail.

Spraying Pumps and Garden Tools for sale

Nicholles & Renouf, L'td., Victoria, B.C.

## VICTORIA BONE MANURE WORKS,

Manufacturers of

## GROUND BONE.

As a fertilizer, it has no equal for Floriculture, Horticulture, Agriculture. Make your chickens lay by feeding ground bone.

Office & Works: Cor. Gov't and Pembroke sts

## LANGLEY & CO.,

Wholesale Druggists,

DEALERS IN

NITRATE OF SODA }  
SULPHATE OF AMMONIA } Plant  
NITRATE OF POTASH } Food.  
SULPHATE OF POTASH }

## S. SHORE, + + +

JOHNSON STREET, near Govt.

Dealer in Chicken Wire Fencing, Garden Hose

Tools of all kinds, General Hardware.

## Poultry Advertisements.

## WANTED 100 PAIRS PIGEONS

Fancy Poultry Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

THOROUGHbred EGGS FOR HATCHING.

Egg Powders for Sale—will make your hens lay.

—AT—

W. B. Sylvester, 9 & 10 City Market.

## PENSARN KENNELS.

FOX TERRIERS

{ Combined strains of  
Ch. Venio, Ch. Regent,  
Ch. Rachel.

SCOTCH COLLIES

{ Pensarn Gordon, 3, 222  
Metchley Flurry, 2, 643

Metchley Flurry won the silver medal for best collie at Victoria Show, Feb., 1894.

J. B. CARMICHAEL, 87 Government Street.

## Get the Best

o o o o o o o o

## BROWN LEHORNS

FIRST PRIZE—Cock 924.

Hen 924.

At Nanaimo, Dec., 1893.

\$2.00 per setting.

JOHN B. CARMICHAEL, 87 Gov't St.

## POULTRY.

(Under this heading, all questions relating to poultry will be answered.)

THE executive of the B. C. D., P. and P. S. Association held a meeting last night in their office on Bastion street—business: The report of auditing committee.

The following members of the Nanaimo Poultry Society have been incorporated as the Nanaimo Poultry Society, Limited: Andrew Haslam, M. P.; E. A. Praeger, M. D.; S. W. Lobb, R. E. McKechnie, J. E. R. Tagart, F. W. Teague and Richard Nightingale. The capital stock is \$25,000 divided into 2,500 shares.

We presume this means that the original society is disbanded, as there is certainly not room for two in one town or district. We shall be pleased to publish reports of their meetings.

We remarked in a former issue on the practice of directors of societies causing special prizes to be offered for classes in which they were competitors, and, in most cases, successful ones. And now we hear from a Nanaimo fancier that at their show last December, many of the largest specials were won by officials of the society.

We believe that such practices cannot be too strongly condemned. We should think that a sense of decency would cause the officials to spread the specials over such classes as would draw a large number of entries from amateur fanciers.

Certainly, professional breeders are a necessity at a show, but no show can be a success that is run entirely in their interests. They should be and, as a rule, are satisfied to take their chances at the regular prize money, as the sales they make and the advertising they get amply repay them for the expense of exhibiting.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I would like to ask you about Mr. Hewes' judging of Pit Game at Nanaimo show. Three cocks were entered, and he gave the prizes according to weight. An eight-pound cock got first, a seven-pound second and one weighing four pounds, that most of the cockers said was the best, he disqualified for being too small. He also said that duck foot in Game Bantams was caused by their roosting on broad perches. Was he right?

NANAIMO.

Answer—In regard to the first question, we asked a well known game breeder who attended the show, and he said that the small bird was easily the best on shape, style and firmness of flesh, the qualities which should be looked for in judging Pit Game.

2. Mr. Hewes was decidedly wrong. Duck foot is simply an inherent defect in some strains of Game and Game Bantams, and, in mating, care should be taken that it is not introduced.

We don't think our poultry friends will object to a dog item now and again in this department, especially if it refers to bird dogs. The following eastern prize win-

ners have lately arrived in this city: English setter, Lady Howard; Irish setter, Madcap II; cocker, Champion King Pharo's Sister; fox terrier, Blenton Rap-ture.

In our broiler article which appeared in this department March 3rd, we strongly recommended the Indian Game—Partridge Cochin cross. Several fanciers have threatened to dispute this claim, and in order that they may have more material to argue upon, we publish the following by H. S. Babcock for the Canadian Poultry Review, Sept., 1893. Mr. Babcock has since written an article giving his personal experience in favor of the Indian Game—Partridge Cochin cross, in preference to those mentioned in the article below. He says:

"The Rhode Island Poultry Association, owing to the fact that it is a corporation and a beneficiary of the state, receiving an annual appropriation to assist in its work, makes practical poultry one of its professed objects and seeks to encourage the breeding of the most useful breeds from the standpoint of the practical poultryman. To do this it offers premiums upon dressed poultry.

"At its last exhibition, held in Pawtucket during the closing days of December 1892, the Rhode Island State Experiment Station—the manager of whose poultry department is also an officer in the Rhode Island Poultry Association—made an extensive and interesting exhibit of live and dressed capons and cross-bred fowls. The crosses, I write from memory, were chiefly the Indian Game upon the light Brahma, golden and white Wyandottes, Houdan and duckwing Game and silver grey Dorking and the like. Specimens of these crosses were shown both alive and dressed, but, strange as it may seem to a fancier, the dressed birds attracted the greater attention and were in reality one of the most interesting exhibits in the hall.

"Of all these crosses the best was that of the Indian Game upon the light Brahma. The pullet of this cross was one of the finest specimens of dressed poultry I ever saw, and from an American market-man's standpoint was almost if not quite perfection. The body had the best size, the greatest plumpness, the breast and thighs being remarkably rounded and meaty, and the skin and shanks were of the requisite yellow hue. One would have predicted that the Indian Game and Wyandotte cross would have produced the plumper poultry but such was not the case, though the specimens from this cross were really admirable. The Houdan and duckwing Game and Dorking were fine birds, but were not the equals in plumpness of the Indian Game crosses. They were handicapped also for the American market by the color of the shanks and skin.

"This exhibit was a complete demonstration of the very great value of the Indian Game to the market poultryman. All along poultry fanciers have been claiming this value for the Indian Game but their words have had less weight with the practical poultry raiser than they deserved. He has discounted the

praise of the breed because he thought it came from interested motives. But this exhibit confirmed and enforced all that has been said in praise of the Indian Game as a market fowl and there was no chance to discount the specimens that were on exhibition. There was the ocular evidence—to be denied by no one except a blind man, and even he could feel the proof.

"The raisers of market poultry in Canada and the United States, who do not avail themselves of the chance to use the Indian Game in the production of their poultry are not consulting their best interests. Every year fanciers have a few male birds, not good enough for their breeding because of the presence of some defect in color—chiefly the presence of white in the plumage—which they would be glad to sell for a few dollars each to a practical poultry raiser. These birds for his purpose are just as good as those which are more perfect in plumage, and as they can be bought at a low figure and will greatly improve the quality of the dressed poultry, they ought not to be killed as they often are, but should be greedily and quickly bought up for this very use. They probably could be purchased at from \$3 to \$5 each, and would pay for themselves over and over again in a single season. And I believe they would be quickly bought if the practical poultrymen could once see such an exhibit as the one I have alluded to, for this would certainly satisfy them that the investment would be highly profitable.

"It would pay fanciers then, it seems to me, to encourage just such exhibits as this. They, as a body, are supposed to be interested only in the production of beauty, but I do not know a single fancier who is unwilling to widen the market for his stock and who would not rejoice to get a fair price for his culls if he knew they were to be used only for crossing and not be shown as specimens of his skill in breeding. I hope to see poultry associations pay more attention to this comparatively neglected branch of their exhibitions."

Like will Beget Like. At Victoria, '93, won 1st on breeding pen. Victoria, '94, 1st on pen (tie) 1st and 2nd cockerel, 2nd cock, 2nd pullet (tie.) Like Did Beget Like. Pen No. 1 Cockerel Pacific of Ajax strain—Eggs, per setting, \$3.50. Pen No. 2 by cockerel "Golden West" mated to six pullets selected from 80 choice pullets bred by me—Eggs, per setting, \$2. Pen No. 3 by cock "Max," sired by "Prince William I," he by "Ajax 4," he by "Ajax 1"—Eggs \$2.

JOHN GARDNER, BROWN LEGHORN SPECIALIST, Leighton Road, Victoria, B. C.

## Cornish Indian Games AND Brown Leghorns.

My breeding pen is headed by 2nd Cockerel at Victoria show. Score 92, mated with 1st and 2nd pullets. Eggs for sale \$3 per setting.

ALBERT SHERK, 77 Henry St., Victoria, B. C.

## B. B. MOORE,

Cedar Hill Poultry Yards.

Breeder of High Grade LEGHORNS and BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.  
Eggs for Setting \$2 to \$5 per doz.

P. O. Box 145. Victoria, B. C.

For other poultry advertisements look at bottom of page 6.

For Very Young Children.

Very young children are wearing picturesque pelisses made of soft silk or woolen fabric, falling in full folds from a yoke. These cloaks are lined with flannel.



PELISSÉ WITH CAPE.

nelette. The big puffs of the sleeves end at the elbow, and the closely shaped lower part is bordered at the wrist with silk beaver. The neck is finished with a shaped tippet, edged with the beaver. Dull artistic shades of color are used for these garments.

Equally pretty are the pelisses made in a fleecy woolen material known as fancy fleecy, and buttoned down the front with pearl buttons. Many of these pelisses are made with a cape bordered with fur. The little hood is in the same motive as the pelisse, and also bordered with fur. Tiny muffs of the same fur are provided.

The First Meerschaum.

A shoemaker, Kavol Kowates, who, in 1823, lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary, smoked the first meerschaum pipe. Besides being a shoemaker, however, he was one of nature's handicraftsmen, being gifted with an intuitive genius for carving in wood and other material. This brought him in contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its extraordinarily light-specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried and Kavol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. The first meerschaum pipe, made and smoked by Kavol Kowates, has been preserved in the museum at Pesth.

Useful Parrots.

Parrots have been taught to amuse by their imitation of the human voice, and now their powers in this respect have been made use of for a practical purpose. At almost every station on a German railway the station master has a parrot or a starling so trained that whenever a train draws up at the platform it commences calling out the name of the station most distinctly, and not only this, but it continues doing so while the train remains there. This has been found an excellent mode of informing the passengers where they are.

WM. T. FRANKLIN.

CHAS. L. CULLIN.

CULLIN & FRANKLIN,

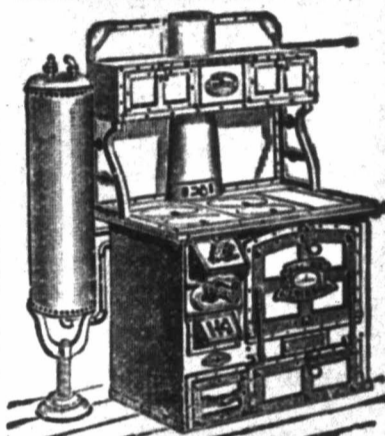
General Dealers in

Fruit, Fish, Vegetables, Game, Poultry.

84 DOUGLAS STREET,

Telephone 228.

Opp. Clarence.



THE MAJESTIC

Steel and Malleable Iron Range is without a peer in the Market. Heating and Cooking stoves, Cutlery, Lamps, Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

McLENNAN & McFEELY,

Corner Government and Johnson streets.

C. MORLEY,

P. O. BOX 366.

— Manufacturer of —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, ETC., ETC.

— No. 7 Waddington Alley.



Once Used, Always Used.

The Paragon Oil Can should be in every house; it saves trouble, time, no waste of oil, and no bad temper.

You fill the lamps without trouble. The Paragon Oil took the Gold Medal recently at the World's Fair. This is the highest refined oil in the world. Try a can, and you will always use it. Price: \$1.65

ARTHUR HOLMES,

CLOTHIER.

Suits for Boys and Youths.

Gents' Furnishings.

Hats. Gloves. Scarfs. Night Shirts. Etc.

78 YATES STREET.



YACHTING NOT UNMIXED PLEASURE.

Experiences Possess None of the Charms so Often Painted.

One commonly thinks of yachting as the most delightful of summer pastimes, and the very word calls up visions of a "wet deck, and a flowing sea, and a wind that blows fast," and whistlings through the rigging, blue sky, white caps, driving winds and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of the possibilities of delightful companionship and the delicious unconventionalality of meeting one's fellow men and women with all the formality and restraints of on shore life thrown off; no making talk or anything of that kind, but knocking about carelessly and easily in channel suits and having "a real good time." It is, again, racing, with its excitements, and cruising, with all the possibilities of adventure. Such is the popular and accepted view of yachting, but there is another and gloomy side to the picture which the writer, who is sometimes inclined to growl, can set forth clearly in three distinct statements, with an open challenge to contradiction—first, that to "go and take a sail" in a small boat belonging to some one else and to sail aimlessly about on the open lake is "an awful bore"; secondly, that to go as "amateur crew" on a rowing yacht is not only a bore, but a hardship, and lastly, that cruising is a lottery absolutely dependent on the weather. Fogs, calms, storms and head winds are quite as usual as free winds and sunshine.

Observe that nothing has been said about seasickness, which makes yachting impossible to so many.

There is no place on earth where the sun can strike down out of the sky and bleach and blister and sizzle as it can upon a yacht's deck. There is no place that can be hotter or more stuffy or more uncomfortable than a yacht's cabin on a hot day, when there is no wind or when the wind is dead aft, and when it is rough, and the water is diving across the yacht's deck in a sheet of white foam, and the crew are all huddled behind the shrouds, into which old oilskins have been stuffed to make a screen, and the man at the wheel has lifelines running from the main sheet to the main shrouds on either side of him to keep him from being washed overboard, and the fire is out in the galley, and the cook has been scalded by the soup stock jumping out of the boiler, and the barometer is dropping like mad, and the skylight leaks so that every wave which comes aboard sends bucketfuls of swash down into the cabin, and when every now and then a wave comes aboard and pounds down on her deck like a load of pig iron, and those below are shaken about like corn in a popper, and those on deck simply hold on and duck their heads—when such is the condition of affairs, yachting would not be considered a pastime.

The delights of being "amateur crew" can be briefly summed up. They consist in lying flat on your face either in a hot sun or a pouring rain, and if you turn over having the owner shout at you: "Keep still! Do you think that you're a wild elephant? You jarred her all over that time." Furthermore, all yachts are not rigged alike, and if the amateur crew is told at a critical point in the race—say just before rounding the leeward mark—to let go the spinnaker halyards and let the balloon jib halyards go instead, so that the whole sail goes over to leeward, the remarks which will be made to him will be "unfit for publication."

An Image of Gold.

Two miles out from Kamakura and about twenty miles from Yokohama, Japan, on a terrace, near the temple of Kamakura, sits

the most gigantic idol, or heathen god, now known to exist. This immense brazen image of a deity was built or made during the reign of Shomu, who was forty sixth in the present line of Emperors, and died in the year 748 A.D. This idol, which has been prayed to daily for more than 1,200 years by the crowd of devotees that hourly cluster about it, is still in perfect repair, and justly reckoned as one of the greatest wonders in the Orient. Frank Dobbins, who visited Dia-Butsu the same summer that the writer worshipped (?) at the shrine, and has given the best description of the god that has yet been written, says:

"The dimensions of the god are truly colossal. His height from the base of the lotus flower, upon which he sits, to the top of his head is 83½ feet; and above this rises an aureole 14 feet wide, and above which again rises for several feet the flame-like glory which encloses or arches in the whole figure. The face proper is 15 feet long; its width 9½ feet. The eyes are 3 feet 9 inches long from corner to corner; the eyebrows 5½ feet, and the ears 8½ feet. The chest is 20 feet in depth, and the middle finger is exactly 5 feet long. Around the sides, shoulders and head of the god, in front of the aureole, are 16 figures, each in a sitting posture, and each 8 feet in height. The leaves of the immense lotus, upon which the god sits, are each 10 feet long and 6 feet wide, there being 56 of them in the cluster. The casting must have been wonderfully well executed, although the fineness of the leaf edges and other parts which I was able to examine, and the elaborate engravings which can still be traced upon the lotus flower itself in the uninjured parts, leave no doubt that the founder's art was supplemented here and there by artists with file and graver. The right hand is open and raised upward; the left rests upon the lap."

The image weighs about 450 tons, and is made of a combination of gold, tin, copper and mercury in these proportions:

	Pounds.
Gold.....	500
Tin.....	16,827
Mercury.....	1,954
Copper.....	986,080
Total.....	1,005,361

All other existing colossal images are pigmies compared with Dia-Butsu, whose hard visaged face has looked down on the meaningless rites of heathen idolaters for more than 1,200 years.

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## GREEN, WORLOCK &amp; CO.

The Commercial Journal says :

In connection with the suspension of Green, Worlock & Co's Bank, announced in our last, there is little new to report except that as an outcome the well known grocery establishment of Henry Saunders has been obliged to make an assignment, the trustees being Messrs. R. P. Rithet, C. F. Todd, and William Wilson. So far no statement of affairs either of the Bank or of Mr. Saunders has been issued, the former having been delayed to a certain extent by the inability of Mr. Worlock to attend to business for several days. However, in both cases everything possible is being done with a view to coming to a conclusion as to the condition of matters. Collections are being made and as much as possible things are being got into the most tangible shape. The trustees named in both cases are gentlemen of excellent business standing in the community and there can be no doubt they will have a statement to submit before long. It is to be hoped that there will arise no difficulties in the way of arriving at an adequate idea of the situation, in which both debtors and creditors can materially assist them, the former by being as prompt as possible with their settlements and the latter by bestowing upon the trustees their utmost confidence and rendering to them their best assistance.

## FULL OF FIGHT.

Dore Lawton has spent some time in the Island of Ceylon. "Speaking of cheetahs," he said, "I want to tell you a story of a battle between English mastiffs and a thoroughbred Ceylonese cheetah.

"There is a very general impression that the cheetah and the royal Bengal tiger are just about the same thing, but this isn't so. The main difference in them is that the former is not so bloodthirsty as the latter. Right down in his heart he is not a man-eater, but he can digest that kind of meat when the occasion requires. As a rule he will give the human brotherhood a wide berth, but if you corner him there is no telling how hard he can fight. Stir him up and he will make the fur fly in a fast and furious fashion. He has been known to lie in wait along the mountain roads for human prey, but these instances are rare, and his maniverous taste is not very highly developed. There are many authentic statements recorded where cheetahs, at a certain season of the year, have appeared in the mountain villages, generally seeking the fires which have been lighted for cooking purposes on the hard earth floors of the rude huts. Then the population migrate, leaving the cheetah to his glory, and report at the neighboring village that the animals are working havoc among the hogs and humans. On one occasion of this kind Captain Baker, the great Oriental sportsman, made an investigation on the spot, shot a cheetah as it stood before the fire place in a hut, and made the discovery that the animal had sought the warmth because of a peculiar disease of the jaws and teeth. On examining the mouth of the dead cheetah he saw that the gums were full of maggots, and these, when warmed by the fire would crawl far enough out of the sockets of the teeth to be reached by the cheetah's claws.

"There was a coffee planter who lived near Kandy, whose bungalow was in the mountains and whose name was Dawson. He had a number of fine China pigs, which became the apple of the cheetah's eye. The feline tribesman made nightly calls and the porkers were borne off one by one. Attempts to shoot the intruder failed. Two English mastiffs belonging to

a neighboring planter were invited over and were chained in the diggery. Dawson, his neighbor and myself wrapped ourselves in heavy coats, for the nights in those parts are very chill, and climbed into a crow's nest, which had been built in a tree top near by. The early hours of the night were as dark as Erebus and lagged painfully, the oppressive stillness being broken now and then by the cry of some wild denizen of the jungle. Toward 1 o'clock the pale moonlight flickered through the foliage. Cooped up in the little nest we were half asleep, when, with a cat-like screech, a magnificent cheetah bounded over the palings of the inclosure and for an instant crouched to take a survey of the situation.

"The mastiff closest the outside and very near as large as the cat, bounded at him, and was struck dead with a single blow from the cheetah, which then quietly approached the pen. The other mastiff, a female, doubly enraged at the fate of her mate, with a terrific growl fastened her fangs deep in the throat of the cat. A red-hot fight followed. With screeches, hisses and growls the cat and dog rolled over and over, the cheetah making desperate efforts to break the dog's hold, but it was no go. The mastiff had come to stay. Dawson got down from the nest in quick order, and with a well-aimed pistol shot sent the cheetah to its last home. The dog was horribly injured, it having been literally disembowled by the claws of the great cat. She was sent via rail to the Marine Hospital at Columbo, sewed up and carefully nursed back to health. The cheetah measured 7½ feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and was about the largest ever killed in that district.

"I tell you, sir, the cheetah is a cat from away back. No dog is anything like a match for it in a fair fight. The cheetah is a worthy kinsman of the Bengal tiger, and with the latter animal no lion is to be compared in strength, agility or fighting qualities."

**EYESIGHT—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.**—Everyday you hear some one say that his eyes are bad—he can't see as well as you can at a distance, or he can't read unless he holds his paper at arm's length from him. You ask him, why don't he get glasses? He answers: "If I start to wear glasses I will always have to? Such people do not realize the fact that their eyesight is always getting worse, which they could prevent with proper glasses. They would rather worry their eyes and wince than wear glasses which would do away with all the trouble. To do without glasses as long as possible is wrong. You should wear them as soon as your eyes feel strained or tired. Of course, it is very important that your glasses should be the proper ones to secure comfort and ease. Such glasses can only be obtained from a skilled optician, and the only place where such can be had is at F. W. Nolte & Co.'s, 37 Fort street.



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## PATENTS

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## HAS HAYWARD

ESTAB. 1867

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52 GOVERNMENT VICTORIA

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68 Douglas St  
from Victorians.

JANE HADING'S EYES.

Would Not Exchange Them for Beauty of Face or Figure.

Mme. Jane Hading is a great woman. She has a pair of greenish red-brown eyes that can be as eloquent as love one moment and burn holes in an offender the next. If she didn't have a tongue in her head she could talk—rave, coax, woo, supplicate, command, conquer—with those eyes.

Mme. Hading sat in a corner of her hotel parlor writing. Her chair was be-



JANE HADING.

tween two windows. Beyond was a console mirror, and leaning over, she looked in, and her eyes, running the gamut of expression, reflected a dozen different archetypes, each a model for a mask. Even her brother, who is her slave and companion, was fascinated by the changing faces.

"Beauty?" she says. "Bah! what is mere complexion that women fret about till they are tired and it is too late to do something. to be somebody? Frosting on the plum cake, that cracks and falls to pieces before the loaf can be made ready for service. What is beauty to the dunce? Nothing. What is it to genius—to talent, if you like? The same thing. Hands, hair, complexion, figure and all I would yield up if they were the price of my eyes."

She wears a black satin skirt, with the toes of patent leather shoes showing below the hem. Her waist is an easy fitting gracefully draped blouse of magenta silk. It is the dress of a lady, but it is worn with the air of a great woman.

Her voice is music. She has the kind of health that makes animal existence glorious. On one of her white hands she wears a turquoise—for luck—and on the other two coils of gold rope—"for love, my mother's gift." Her manner is intense and her talk interesting. It is a compendium of current events. She means and feels what she says. "When I don't I keep still."

"It is odd, too," she thinks, that, with so much "popularity of poverty," so little is done for the poor. The State should be doing something. She holds that the salvation of mankind lies in the right to work.

"How does she work?" the brother is asked, and with an explanatory "Oh," he replies, "Like nothing human. Do you know what she does when she had her supper and gone to bed? Wait

till the whole family is fast asleep and then begins to rehearse! We can't get used to it, for each character has a scream, a laugh, a temper of its own. She needs a hotel when she has work to do—not an apartment.

"Well, dear," the actress says, "you always tell me I do not disturb you. And though I do, I am sure your affliction could not lessen." Only the scribbler's presence restrains the brother's impulse to kiss her.

"No. Let us be serious. I do make many sleepers hate me when I am away from home. But I must work, and at night time only am I sure of not being disturbed. Some way I get more inspiration from midnight than midday study. Many persons are able to study quietly, I am not. If I read I do so aloud, in whatever tone of voice the words require; the very sounds in a word are suggestive of the author's idea, and I must have the privilege of hearing myself.

She talks about the mirror, which she considers "the best thing a woman can have at the beginning of her career to know herself. Bad habits are ugly; show a girl the disfiguring frown, lop shoulder or restless motion for a few months, and one day she will cure herself."

"With the divine assurance of ability in any direction is infinite capacity for study. The true artist, even in embryo, is untiring. Work is not duty, it is delight."

"The hardest part she ever attempted was 'Fedora.' For eight weeks she worked at the single scene where she receives the confession from the hero whose love and confidence she wins to avenge the death of her husband. Where did she go for ideas?

"Everywhere—to the author, to the theatre, to her friends, to the Louvre, anywhere a suggestion reflecting on the work could be had."

"About study," Mme. Hading volunteers, "there is something valuable to be learned at every performance. The very errors and absurdities of the stage in music, drama and farce-comedy are lessons in acting."

She "likes very much English actresses. Ellen Terry is always charming, always instructive. I like her personally. Her greatest charm is simplicity, the first element of art. I like, too, Ada Rehan. She has ideals—always inspiring."

Mme. Hading was three years of age when her mother took her to the theatre. "The vision of that day's happiness is still with me. When I cannot recall the dream I shall know I am near the end of the play. My father was an actor, and I suppose the love of art was my heritage. The first lesson he taught me was individuality. The first thing I learned to scorn was imitation. At the age of 10 years I was playing the role of mistress with my father, and at 13 years I had old woman characters to take. I got my book and was sent off to study, to find out the author's meaning. That was good training."

"Do I go to the opera? Much. Music is the queen of arts," and she mentions Scalchi, Albani, Melba, Eames, the De Reazkes and others who have delighted her senses. She deplores the exaction of the public and the cruelty of criticism. Not a work should be said against the acting of a man or woman who can sing. It is unfair, base. "For," says Hading, "to act well the smallest part leaves no time for cultivation in other directions."

THEO. HOLLAND.

A correspondent in the east writes THE HOME JOURNAL that Nat Goodwin, the actor, is seriously ill at Terre Haute, Ohio.

Jenny Lind's Candor.

Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formula of society. "I am so glad to see you," would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill-timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of Mrs. Candour; it carried no discourtesy with it, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is characteristic. One day—it was many years after her marriage—when she was staying with a relative of mine in Peterborough, she attended a service in the cathedral. The dean, who, probably without much critical musical judgment, thought the singing very perfect, was rash enough to ask Madame Goldschmidt how she liked his choir. She looked at him with a quiet smile, and replied with an emphasis which could not be mistaken, "Oh, Mr. Dean, your cathedral is indeed most beautiful!"

Medical Don'ts.

No not forget that the laxative fruits are figs, oranges, nectarines, tamarinds, prunes, plums, mulberries and dates.

Do not forget that the word disinfect means simply "to purify or to cleanse," and that disinfectants can never occupy the place properly filled by fresh air, perfect cleanliness and sunshine; they can only give additional security after every possible care has been taken in all other respects.

Do not forget that straining may burst a blood vessel of the retina—that part of the eye which is connected with the optic nerve—and cause temporary blindness. If obliged to strain under any circumstances, close the eye, as this gives a little support or pressure to all the soft tissues of the eye, and will help prevent an unfortunate occurrence.

Do not forget that veal, pork, turkey, goose and duck should be excluded from the children's bill of fare, and that no fried, hashed, stewed, or twice-cooked meats should be given to them. Children's meat should be either broiled, roasted or boiled.

In Memory of Soldiers.

The monument which has been erected upon the battlefield of Solferino is one of the largest, if not the largest, of its kind in Europe. It consists of a tower seventy-four meters high, surmounted by an electric lamp, and rises in seven stories, each representing a campaign in the struggle for the independence of Italy. Each separate story contains all the names of the generals and other officers, as well as the men who fought in that campaign. No fewer than 700,000 names are thus inscribed on the inner walls of the monument. On the ground floor are the busts and portraits of all the leading generals and the chief ornament in the centre of the ground floor is the colossal monument in bronze of Victor Emmanuel, by the Venetian sculptor Dal Zotto. The tower stands in grounds beautifully laid out, and constitutes a magnificent memorial of Italian unity. Beneath the structure repose 2,000 skulls and other remains of soldiers of the three nations who fell on the field of Solferino.

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At the

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The services of Mr. Evan-Thomas (late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company) have been secured, together with the best local talent, including the Ladies' String Orchestra.

ADMISSION:

Reserved Seats, 75cts; Unreserved, 50cts; Gallery, 25cts.

Tickets can be purchased at Jamieson's bookstore or from Flint & Prosser.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE theatrical event of the week was the appearance of John T. Kelly at The Victoria in "McFee of Dublin." The play, which has been seen here before, is of the farce comedy order, and the leading role, that of an Irishman, can scarcely be said to be true

to life. However, as "McFee of Dublin" no higher aim than to make people laugh can be said that its object is accomplished. Those who were cast for prominent parts who deserve special mention were Mr. K. Adelaide Randall and Aimee Angeles.

The next professional attraction at The Victoria will be the Carleton Opera Company. There are 40 people in this company, and during their engagement here they will produce Dorothy, Nanon, Chiries of Normandy and Diavalo. The sale of seats opens March 22.

The concert to-night under the auspices of the Sons of Erin will be the great event of the season. It is only necessary to peruse the programme to realize the artistic merit of the performance. Already, a large number of seats have been sold, and it is expected that a number equally as large as the one last year will greet the efforts of the Sons of Erin to give a first class concert. The following is the official programme:

- Selection by .....Orchestra
- I'm off to Philadelphia. Mr. Clement Rowlands
- Kathleen Mavourneen... Mrs. P. McF. McLeod
- Patsy Brannigan..... Mr. F. R. Richardson
- Come back to Erin..... Mr. .. E. Phil
- Selections by Ladies' Orchestra.....
- Guitar Misses C. Cameron, L. Nicholson and L. Spring. Harp—Miss L. Styles. Violin—Miss A. Brown. Mandolin—Misses L. Spring, E. E. Sehl and D. Sehl.
- Killarney's Lakes..... Mdm. Laird
- Minstrel Boy..... Mr. Algernon S. Aspland
- Thady O'Flynn..... Mrs. Rowlands
- Cruiskeen Lawn..... Mr. Evan-Thomas

#### PART II.

- Recitation..... Pat at Sea... Mr. R. A. White
- Father O'Flynn..... Mr. J. G. Brown
- The Last Rose of Summer..... Mdm. Laird
- The Heart Bow'd Down... Mr. Clement Rowlands
- Ennisecorby... Mr. F. R. Richardson
- The Meeting of the Waters.... Mrs. Rowlands
- The Harp that once Thro' Tara's Hall..... Mr. Evan-Thomas
- ..... Orchestra.....
- God Save the Queen.
- Mr. Ernest Wolff, L.C.M., Pianist.

Madame Laird begins an engagement at the Metropolitan Methodist church to-morrow (Sunday) as solo soprano.

The first rehearsal of the Mikado in the theatre will take place next Wednesday night.

A minstrel entertainment will be given in the Central Church hall, Broad street, on Wednesday the 21st March. The minstrels have been rehearsing for the last three months, and a very enjoyable evening is anticipated.

The coming grand concert for next week, when Handel's immortal "Messiah" will be rendered, under the direction of Mr. G. J. Burnett, organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, is looked forward to by many who are lovers of good music; and those who have attended a few of the rehearsals pronounce it to be a great treat in store. The talented vocalists Mr. Burnett has engaged for this occasion is sufficient in itself to ensure success: Sopranos—Mrs. McCandless, Miss Heathfield, Miss Jamieson and Miss Hutcheson. Alto solos will be taken by Mrs. McCrady, whose singing last year charmed so many by her expressive and finished rendering of oratorio solos. Tenor—Mr. J. B. Rushton, a tenor from a prominent and leading Philharmonic society of England. Bass—Mr. Clement Rowlands, whose full, rich voice needs no recommendation to the Victoria public. Mr. J. W. Fisher, an accomplished organist from England, will preside at the organ. Mr. Burnett's labor as conductor is now bearing good fruit, if the rehearsal heard last Tuesday is a good criterion, when the Hallelujah and Lift up Your Heads were sung with great precision.

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**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.**

S. M. Okell has returned from a trip to England.

The second annual ball under the auspices of the James Bay Athletic Association will be held in the club house on Wednesday evening, 28th inst. The ball will be under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, and being the first social event after Lent, will no doubt be well attended by friends of the J. B. A. A.

Miss M. Adam, the lady superintendent for Messrs. Stewart & Co., is on her way home from San Francisco, having graduated at the McDonell Cutting Academy, where the latest styles of ladies' tailoring is produced. Ladies can be assured of having the finest tailor-made garments that can be made, on her arrival. Five Sisters' Block.

"Work, work, work, Till eyes are heavy and dim."

If your eyes feel like that, either from over-work or failing sight, you need glasses, good ones, and at once. If you will call at 63 Government street, Pennock & Lowe will test your sight and supply you with a pair of Lawrence's celebrated glasses at commercial prices.

**INLAND REVENUE RETURNS.**

The Inland Revenue returns, for the month of February at the port of Victoria were as follows:

Victoria Division—Comprising all of Vancouver Island:

WAREHOUSED.		EX-WAREHOUSED.	
Spirits	1,629.68	p. gals	2,365.73
Malt	94.229 lbs		94,229 lbs
Tobacco	2,630½ lbs		7,049 lbs
Raw	562 lbs		562 lbs
Cigars	31,600		12,000
Balance in warehouse:			
Spirits		15,692.05	P. gals
Malt		23,000	lbs
Manuf'd Tobacco		11,386½	lbs
Cigars			\$7,000
Spirits exported			\$1.03 p. gals

**COLLECTIONS.**

Spirits	\$ 3,549 56
Malt	1,584 15
Tobacco	1,887 27
Cigars	696 60
Meth. spirits	70 43
Petroleum inspection	94 15
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 8,182 59</b>

Miss Haywood returned, Tuesday evening, from a few months' visit to friends in Montreal.

When friends or acquaintances come to Victoria be sure and recommend the Dominion Hotel as a most desirable moderate-priced Hotel. Remember you take no chances in sending your friends to the Dominion Hotel.

**FURNISHING THE SPARE ROOM.**

Artistic Decorations That are Inexpensive but Very Effective and Pleasing.

The actual decoration of spare rooms pales before the comfort of one's guests, by which I do not mean necessarily costly furniture, but the fact that the visitor has all that he or she can possibly want, says a writer in the Decorator and Furnisher. Making sure that your friends' rooms are looking their best is not only a duty, but should be a pleasure. It is just the fact of having a well-planned writing table, a wastebasket, a steady table near the bed, a cozy basket chair or a sofa, which makes the difference between the guest chamber and a room in a hotel.

In the transforming of the ugly spare room for the coming guest, which shall prevent madam from paying 50 cents apiece for a charming salmon paper, with bold brocadelike pattern in a darker shade and frieze of pink and yellow dahlias on a cream ground, and covering the ceiling with yellow daisy pattern! The paint shall be Japanese ivory, with gold paneling. The floor is covered with a dainty terra cotta and gold brussels carpet, leaving one foot of stained and polished surround.

In the windows we hang short curtains of gold serge and frilled ones of creamy muslin, reaching to the window ledge, beneath which, to the floor, are fixed shelves "boxed in" at the ends, over which hang dainty little curtains of cretonne. Then there should be a quaintly fashioned walnut suit, with wardrobe showing a full length mirror, plentiful drawers, a pretty niche for books, pottery etc., and furthermore a long wooden overmantel, to be painted with the room. Add to this a wide mantel board, with a deep frill of handsome terra cotta, and gold figured velveteen, and we have a pretty resting place for the treasured odds and ends which mean so much to a really womanly woman.

For the bedstead, we chose one of the pretty shade with no tester, but merely winglike supports for curtains at either side. For the curtains we choose a lovely cretonne, showing velvety single dahlias in soft shrimp pink and tender yellow on a willow green ground; the curtains are lined with salmon color and edged with tufted binding. The bedspread is of pink or willow green sheeting, with a frill to the ground. How much pleasanter to

open our eyes in such a room as this than in one of those "done up" in the chilly old gray and white style, ugly enough on a bright day, but depressing beyond all description on a dull, sullen one!

**Oysters Are Nourishing Food.**

Urging the use of oysters as food, an exchange says: Speaking roughly, a quart of oysters contains, on the average, about the same quantity of actual nutritive substance as a quart of milk, or a pound of very lean beef, or a pound and a half of fresh codfish, or two-thirds of a pound of bread. But while the weight of actual nutriment in the different quantities of food material named is very nearly the same the quantity is widely different. That of the very lean meat or codfish consists mostly of what are called in chemical language protein compounds, or "flesh formers"—the substances which make blood, muscle, tendon, bone, brain and other nitrogenous tissues.

That of the bread contains but little of these and consists chiefly of starch, with a little fat and other compounds, which serve the body as fuel and supply it with heat and muscular power. The nutritive substance of oysters contains considerable of both the flesh forming and the more especially heat and force giving ingredients. Oysters come nearer to milk than almost any other common food. Their values for supplying the body with material to build up its parts, repair its wastes and furnish it with heat and energy would be pretty nearly the same.

**Dress for Little Boys.**

A charming dress for little boys is of fine blue and white striped woolen stuff. The blouse parts are arranged on a body made of white longcloth buttoned in front. They are gathered above and below, sewed on at the neck opening, the armhole, down the seam under this and at the waist. Small buttons sewed on to the left side and buttonholes made in a stay set on at



**JACKET DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY.**

The front edge fasten the fronts invisibly. The jacket parts, lined with white chevrot and left loose at the lower edge, are turned back on each side as revers 2½ inches wide. The stuff is put plain over the lining.

A skirt 15 inches long and 1½ yards wide, lined with longcloth, is sewed to the bodice, thick white cord being put over and tied in a bow at the waist. The sailor collar and sleeve cuffs 4½ inches long, which complete the striped puff, must be made of double stuff. Blue embroidered anchors on revers and sleeves.

**BELIEVES IN FEMALE ATHLETES.**

**Buffalo Bill's Idea of What a Woman Should Wear on Horseback.**

The American woman is lovely, but with all due respect to her loveliness, I think I would rather see her a little more robust, with a broader chest—a



chest that would give me a proof of a pair of sound lungs underneath. I have a strong belief that horseback riding, after the fashion of her English sisters, would be as good for her as anything.

Let me say that a suit that I introduced in England for the purpose of persuading women to ride astride, has become very popular—so much so that many of the fashionable women of the first hunts of England have adopted it. Now, I do not know

**BUFFALO BILL'S SUGGESTION.** It is rather hard for me to describe a woman's dress, even if I did design it. Well, first there is a pair of trousers—they are made very wide at the bottom and the outside is embroidered in rich silks of the same color as the material. These are very like Spanish trousers, only that the Spanish trousers are of bright colors and embroidered with gold and beads, such as the girls wear who ride in my show. Then there is a tight-fitting vest, with a coat which clings to the figure without being tight. It is opened down the back and front and hooks on either side of the knee so that when the wearer rides fast, or it is blown by the wind it keeps its place. There is nothing at all mannish looking about this costume. Even when the wearer dismounts the coat gives the appearance of a knee skirt, and the trousers which hang below, are so wide and pretty that even the most fastidious could not call them immodest. These suits are usually relieved by a high collar and white necktie.

WM. CODY (Buffalo Bill).

**Japanese Types.**

There are two totally distinct types in Japan, which may almost be said to be each other's opposites. The first, which the Japanese themselves call the Chinese or Korean, is the more common. Those belonging to it have round faces, flat noses, full cheeks, rather thick lips—very pretty ones often—and very good white teeth. Those belonging to the second, or true Japanese type have long and comparatively pale faces, noses arched like the beak of a bird, thin lips, large eyes with not very strongly marked eyebrows, teeth mostly good, always very white, but often long and irregular. This is the aristocratic type, which when at its best is really worthy of admiration. To be called handsome a Japanese must belong to it, whilst those of the Chinese cast of countenance are never more than pretty.

Strange to say, the moral character of the sections of the community differs as much as does their appearance. I have noticed that, as a general rule, those with Chinese faces are gay, laughing and restless, full of careless good humor, whilst the others are silent, indifferent, melancholy, sometimes even dismal.

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