

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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**CORRESPONDENTS**—THE HOME JOURNAL is desirous of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in British Columbia—one whose letters will present a complete and accurate record of the social happenings in his or her locality.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,  
Office: 77 Johnson street,  
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY AUGUST 11, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

**STRIKES** and depressed business, low prices and no profits, reduced output and consumption still more reduced, fill most persons with despair in these days. But it is only in such times as prevail now that the foundations of abundant prosperity are laid. The strain of low prices and reduced demand is in all establishments, forcing economy and efficiency. New processes are being worked out, small savings are made, machinery is improved, new plant is found necessary, the standard for workmen has to be raised. Poor hands are dropped. More are required of the good ones. Pay lists are revised. Purchases are made more sharply. Much neglected when business is rushing is now looked after and straightened out. While this is going on outside of all establishments in the general world of trade and manufacture, the remorseless selection of the fittest is taking place. The weaker establishments are crowded to the wall. Only plants which can work at the narrowest margin can be kept going at all. The rest shut down or go out of business. Factories and mills poorly placed or provided with inefficient plant are closed never to be reopened. They will stand for years melancholy industrial ruins. These changes and improvements and this rigorous selection work infinite suffering and loss; but in time the country gets down to bed-rock. Cheap prices can be met with profits. In

spite of the hard times, establishments with the best plant and well managed with rigorous economy, find they are making little money. At length prices begin to lift a bit, and the long, hard preparation produces its effect in a sudden expansion of product, joined to great profits due to the cheapness of production secured under pressure of hard times. Above all and besides all, these are days when everybody is saving, and the savings of everybody fast create a great mass of capital on whose flood-tide legitimate business is built. When a swift-going stream is checked by obstacles in its natural course, it may be impeded and dammed, but it is certain to break away and move onward to the outlet. It is the same way with trade, and the impediment which it has received from a variety of causes has long held it back from its true channels. For some months it has been gradually gathering force to sweep remaining obstacles, and the time is not far distant when it will be found again flowing onward in an irresistible current which has gained in volume and power by its temporary restraint.

That man should voluntarily rob himself of life is in direct opposition to the primary instinct of self preservation. It has been strongly urged by some that suicide is reprehensible under any circumstances. Irrespective of the nature of the suffering to which some may be subjected, they claim that the suicide flies in the face of Providence. All nations have discountenanced self-destruction, many religions showing their disapproval by relegating suicides to the most desolate place in the burying ground, and permitting nothing in the way of memorials. Again, it is held that so strong is the desire for life with the normal being, that it is only on the supposition of temporary mental derangement that we can in any way reconcile self-destruction with the laws of Nature.

Men suffer untold miseries without one ray of comfort. It is not living, but mere existence. They are part of the universe, but do not partake of its benefits. Their lives in no way conform to the functions for which they were created, and yet they drag out their weary days. To discuss suicide in all its phases would be a most exacting ordeal. Shakespere epitomizes its every feature in Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death:

Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of.

It follows that the suicide must abandon faith in present and future, in God and man. Hope is dead. Were there the faintest semblance of hope, despondency would hesitate before rending the thread of life. The pulpit has aimed to discourage man doing away with himself by threatening that such an act would forfeit all claim to salvation. The Redeemer endured the tortures of the Cross with patient resignation, and we are exhorted to bear our cross with the same trust, that we are carrying out some great purpose, the ultimate benefits of which we have not the remotest conception.

It is indisputable that in many cases self-destruction is the result of calm pre-determination, in which the pros and cons are weighed by a mind that sees in life only a prolongation of unhappiness. The causes of suicide are as varied as life itself. Disappointment or frustration of cherished hopes, by reverses in business or love is, no doubt, responsible in most cases for the sudden plunge, the deadly vial, or self-inflicted mortal wound of pistol or knife.

Now that there is such a prevalence of distress, it behooves creditors to show humanity, and not drive their debtors to such an extremity, that death is eagerly sought as the only panacea for earthly solicitude and endless care.

Men with comfortable homes and fat bank accounts can be found in this city to-day mercilessly hounding honest toilers, whose inability to liquidate is entirely due to extraneous circumstances, which could not be foreseen or guarded against. But such is the greed for gold, such the insatiable desire to possess more than one's neighbor, that men, professedly Christians, who attend church every Sunday and pose as exemplary beings, without a pang of remorse, instruct the bailiff to distrain for rent. The unfortunate tenants of wealthy landlords are turned penniless in the street, and yet these same landlords, whose hearts have no room for compassion, have no doubt filled their money bags from the earnings of the poor by methods which cannot bear scrutiny. These mercenary creatures, who look with callous indifference on the

K O D A K S A F E T Y

sufferings of others, complacently entertain expectation of treading the jasper streets of Heaven!

To what a miserable, sordid basis has life fallen in this boasted nineteenth century. What are the pursuits, the aims of man? Gold, gold, gold; vanity, egotism and selfishness; the desire of a Vanderbilt to have a \$100,000 yacht, because friend Gould has purchased one for \$90,000. Come, this is time for help, for benevolence, I was going to add—charity, but that is not the word. It is a duty for those who have plenty to give to those who are in distress. Religion is put off with one's Sunday clothes. Religion, the teachings of Christianity, the business man argues, are well enough theoretically, but are not suited to the practical issue of week-day competition and gain. What hypocrisy! What a commentary on the labors of the church! Men toil for years, practise self-denial; hard times come, and in order to conserve the volume of business, they extend credit, and in turn are obliged to ask for credit. Their debtors become delinquents, and then each lender harrasses each borrower, the extremes through a host of intermediaries, being the bloated capitalist, living in luxury and ease, and the penniless laborer without a bite to eat.

It is easy to imagine how one who has striven hard for a comfortable existence should end all with a "bare bodkin" when he sees the earnings of years ruthlessly swept away. The man of fifty has not the heart, the ambition, the hope of the downy-lipped youth. To begin anew, to face all the vicissitudes and trials again fills him with despair. No one, however, is justified in taking his life. It bespeaks cowardice; it confesses defeat. It may be hard for the proud, sensitive man to prune his luxurious habits, to take the car instead of a landau, to dine at a restaurant instead of the club, but these changes should not be regarded as humiliations. True nobility is not the prerogative of the rich, and many a poor man in Victoria to-day is richer than the majority of plutocrats in the esteem and good-will of the people.

I listened to a tale of woe this week, from a man who is honest and deserving, and who has a wife and two children. "You may not believe me," he said, "but it is the God's truth, that day after day I leave the house without a bite to eat. I tramp the whole day in quest of something to do. I would do anything. If it weren't for the wife and little ones, I would have given up long ago. A crust of bread and water has been my daily fare. I planted a few vegetables, but they are gone now. Do you know that I sometimes feel like stealing when I pass baker, butcher and grocery stores. I feel more like a beast than a man. Ah, you don't know what it

is for a young fellow to feel gnawing hunger from day to day. It can't last much longer; rather than see my loved ones starve, I'll steal and serve a term. If the magistrate sentences me, I will be punished for trying to live—that's all." This is not fiction. The name of the unfortunate man will be given to any one who may desire to lend him assistance, by applying at this office.

It behooves those that have to shew a spark of generosity, to be active in relieving distress. Let the creditor be indulgent, else the gold he covets will be stained with human blood. The one who mercilessly drives another to desperation and suicide for the sake of gain deserves unstinted reprobation.

I observe that sales for distress of real estate are still fashionable, but am glad to learn that since my remarks on this sad subject, last week, several contemplated expositions of this class, where the sufferers would be people in the humbler walks of life, have been postponed, if not abandoned. If a landlord of the grab-all-class allows his tenant to run into arrears of rent, I am not disposed to accuse the aforesaid landlord of any particularly friendly feelings toward the tenant, for just at present it is very hard to let a house in Victoria. Would-be occupiers, too, have a big list to pick from, and they are not likely to choose bailiffs' haunts. Mr. Harry Helmcken, one of our recently elected city representatives, is pledged to remedy this landlord and tenant grievance in the Local Legislature, and we may rely upon him to do so.

Victoria has been honored with visits from two distinguished persons this week, and although their fame sprang from widely divergent sources, yet they merit, each in his respective sphere, all the regard they have won from their fellow-countrymen. The first is a scion of the noble house of Marlborough—Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph is but a shadow of his former self. His face is strikingly pale, and the eyes which once flashed fire are now almost lustreless. Those who saw His Lordship on his first visit to Canada 17 or 18 years ago, cannot help remarking on the great change which has come over him, then a handsome young man of 22 years of age. Now he is a physical wreck. The career of Lord Randolph has always been watched with interest by Canadians, no doubt largely due to the fact that he was political leader of the new school. Since setting foot the second time on Canadian soil, he has received the most considerate treatment, and many are the expressions of sympathy for him from Canadians.

The other visitor is Dr. E. W. Keeley, who was one of the Queen's passengers to

Alaska, last Monday. Dr. Keeley's failure resulted from his cure for drunkenness the "gold-shot" process, and at his "stipulates" at Dwight, Ill., and elsewhere while he was shooting gold in its liquid form into his patients, they in turn have been shooting it—stamped and milled into his pockets, until now he is reputed to be worth a cool million. The victims of drink, who have been delivered from its thralldom, can best testify as to the position which Dr. Keeley should occupy on the list of benefactors who have conferred blessings on their fellowmen.

The city of Victoria and her surroundings are ever popular with tourists. Nature has done much for British Columbia capital and art not a little, but there is yet a great deal to be accomplished before we can attain a really high reputation among that numerous class of money-folk who so freely patronize scenes of enjoyment and recreation which cannot compare with ours in point of beauty. Why is it that the briefest visit to Victoria will invariably gratify, if it does not fully satisfy, the ordinary visitor? There must be something wrong somewhere. The tourist season is now at its height and yet look at the hotels of the city—not a single one of them in full swing. We have first-class hotels here, as all will readily admit; but it is not lack of accommodation which is at the root of the matter. The truth is that Victoria must be made more attractive to visitors. As it is the fact of having an Indian reservation at the very heart of the city, and a Chinatown of our own similarly situated, make a visit to Victoria a memorable one, although the impression left upon the stranger must be that we are a sleepy, take-it-easy people to tolerate such a state of affairs. There are many very beautiful drives in the immediate vicinity, but all these can be "taken in" in a few days, and then where are the attractions for which the tourist naturally looks? Here we are in a city charmingly situated on the water's edge, with a beautiful climate—at this season of the year at least—and yet there are no facilities whatever afforded for sea bathing. There are very many choice little beaches and fairy-like spots along our shores, but the typical summer girl—she of the water nymph species—is not to be encountered at any of them, nor is the summer young man. What an attraction it would be to Victoria if it could but be known as a watering place! I have been told that the water along our shores is too cold for bathing. Bosh! I have been in it. 'Tis not the water that's too cold, but the shores that are inhospitable. Were it not for my proverbial modesty, I would more frequently enjoy the luxury of a plunge into the briny, but I do object to an open

...dressing-room of several leagues in extent, with a wall of rock, and no more immediate roof than that of heaven's fair canopy. Nor is the feeling a peculiar one. What a boon a few bathing machines would be, and just as much enterprise as would remove the driftwood from a couple of our convenient beaches?

I also think Beacon Hill Park might have a little more life introduced. I am not alluding to the so-called zoo, although I am convinced that the major portion of the collection might be advantageously removed. White mice, a white rat, a few guinea pigs, common pigeons, rabbits and other house pets! What a collection for a zoo in the capital of a country where the moose, the grizzly, the panther, the cariboo and such like animals abound! How contemptuously a stranger must look upon such a collection of live stock, which even fails to interest the children who frequent the park. True there is a band stand and music stands, but no band and no music. I will no doubt be told that I am very rash in thus speaking of Victoria, but I will run the risk and be candid. If we want to do a legitimate tourist business, we must "get on more on."

And, talking of business, it is generally admitted that little indiscretions do creep into most lines of business, except, possibly, that of journalism, conducted on THE HOME JOURNAL principle. Baking is a business, so is banking, but it is the former branch to which I now more particularly allude. From many of the ovens of this city there is turned out an article which will be known to future generations, as it is to the present, as "the five cent loaf of the hard times of 1894." One generally gets a ticket for a five cent loaf, or 20 tickets for a dollar. These loaves are more ornamental than useful; they should never be used in case of hunger. The bread is light—that is, the loaf is light. It is also air tight. If varnished, these loaves would be invaluable as life-preservers—I mean they would save a man from drowning, but not from starvation. They are called five-centers, or vacuum loaves. At the same figure, colored balloons are sold, the outer coating being of rubber, while that of the five cent loaf is of crust, or browned dough. The inside of balloon and loaf are identical—air. Is there not a city by-law to regulate the weight of bread? I should very much like to see it enforced.

The *Illustrated American* tells of an over enterprising New York lawyer who proposed to furnish wives *en vacances* with accurate information of their husbands' doings in their absence. The circular setting forth the lawyer's dubious project was spread broadcast, through the mails, among married women so-

journing at the most modish watering places of the East. It hinted of wild and wayward hilarity on the part of the husband, whom the trusting wife fondly imagined sweltering and paling under the heat and toil of the town. The true inwardness of affairs, it was suggested, might be kept within the certain knowledge of the wife at a very moderate cost, and "if you do not require our services now," the circular concludes, demoniacally, "save our address; for you may need us sooner than you can now imagine." The promptitude with which the entire community cried out against toleration of any such scheme as that proposed by the New York lawyer is noteworthy. Like a flash came the protests from the public—from the bench, from the police, from husbands, and, strangely enough from wives.

A peculiarly gruesome case, according to the *Toronto Empire*, was investigated in the Division Court of that city the other day, before Judge Morson. The evidence given is something for the political party concerned to moralize over and blush for, if it be possible for them to feel any touch of humiliation. It is not believed that the political methods of any country or community in the world can furnish an analogy to suit this ghastly drama. The grand son of a poor old man named Mills was dead beneath his roof. The old man himself was sick unto death, but the Toronto Liberals wanted his vote. They had got their candidate, Dr. Ogden, to examine him on the Saturday before, and it is to be fairly presumed that the sequel of the examination was the sending of two party "workers" on election day with a hack to take the poor old man to the polls. Hemorrhage seized the victim on the way, and the "workers" hastened back to the house with what in fifteen minutes was a second corpse. Grandfather and grandson were dead together, and the politicians who had desecrated the house of the dead quarrelled over the question of legal responsibility for the funeral expenses, and ultimately left the whole wretched business to be exposed in the courts. For the good name of the city and of Canada, the washing of the shrouds from the graves of old Mills and his grandson in public is to be regretted. What will respectable people think of Toronto and of the election methods practised there?

A correspondent complains bitterly of what he terms the exclusiveness of the Victoria lawn tennis players. He alleges that the Tacoma visitors—numbering 40 or 50—were permitted to wander around the grounds alone, and that the Victoria enthusiasts received them very coldly, indeed. I know nothing about the matter; but I trust the local players will be able to explain the charge satisfactorily.

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

SOME of the papers speak of Mrs. Potter as the actress. Mrs. Potter is not even an actress.

HE—"You are the one girl among a thousand." SHE—"I didn't suppose there had been more than a dozen or so."

THE following bill is posted in large letters at the door of a Brussels theatre: "Moral pieces every Sunday and Thursday."

"HAS that young man proposed yet?" "Not ye", mamma, but he has been inquiring if your cough was anything serious."

THE childish miss resents a kiss and runs the other way; but when at last some years have passed, it's different they say.

It is noted in the *Vancouver World* that the law libraries will soon be enriched by the addition of "Cotton on Partnership."

HICKS—"The paper says there was a fire started in our street early this morning. Mrs. Hicks—"Well, nobody will suspect you of building it!"

FIRST DARLING—"Didn't George squeeze your hand when he said goodbye last light?" SECOND DARLING—"Yes, love, and I'm in hopes he'll ring it next time he comes."

THE retort financial: Mr. Goldstein—"I would rather see my daughter in der grave dan your wife." Mr. Silverstein—"Is dot so? I did nod know you haf her life inzured."

DICK—"What are you kicking about the income tax for? You haven't any income." PHIL—"Perhaps not now; but perhaps I may marry a girl with fifteen thousand a year."

"MRS. BLIMBER is very nervous about there being thirteen at table to-night." "Do you think something unpleasant will happen?" "Yes, she only has a dozen knives and forks."

THE retort courteous: "What kind of men do you like best to eat?" asked the traveller. "The kind your mother used to make," rejoined the cannibal, with a hard, significant look.

EDITOR—"I regret, Mr. Barnstormer, that my paper referred to your starring tour in the provinces as a 'starving' one." Mr. Barnstormer—"Don't mention it. Your statement was absolutely correct."

**THE FINAL**  
**Senior Championship Lacrosse Match**  
**OF THE SEASON.**  
**ON THE CALEDONIA GROUNDS**  
 WILL BE PLAYED ON  
**SATURDAY, AUG. 11TH.**  
**VANCOUVER VS. VICTORIA**

Ball faced at 3 p. m. Concert by B. C. B. G. A. band begins 2:30.  
 Usual Admission Fee.

*SPORTING GOSSIP.*

LACROSSE.

IT is a difficult matter to decide just how rough a game of lacrosse is. A few weeks ago when the Westminster team played here, a howl went up because one or two men on the visiting team received slight scratches, but, as a matter of fact, the match of last Saturday was twice as rough as the former and no one cried "hold, enough!" As a result of the game, Ross Eckart has been hardly able to walk during the week, Frank Cullin has been incapacitated for work, Pete Blight has his arm in a sling, Ditchburn can scarcely handle a stick, and Archie McNaughton has his arm bandaged from shoulder to wrist. Of course if the Westminster team had received injuries similar to the ones noted above, a wail would have gone up from those who are jealous of the popularity of lacrosse. Only one player on the Westminster side received a scratch, and that was Stuart Campbell, who, by the way, does not fall down simply for the look of the thing.

As to the match itself, it was without exception the best game of lacrosse ever witnessed in this province. Mr. E. A. Quigley acted as referee, and his decisions were not questioned by either side. The game was fast from beginning to end, and there were few errors to record.

The first game, which lasted about eight minutes, was exciting from the beginning. After the face-off, the rubber went down to the Westminster flags, where a determined attack on goal was made by F. Cullin, Ditchburn, McNaughton and Eckart; Cheyne relieved, but Frank Cullin once more got the rubber, passed to Jackson, who sent it through.

The second game was almost a repetition of the first. The rubber was several times dangerously close to the Westminster goal, but Cheyne relieved. Eventu-

ally Cambridge got the ball, passed to Ryal, who scored first game for Westminster in eight minutes.

The third game was notable for the brilliant playing of Belfry, the long run by Cheyne, and the catching by Ditchburn. H. J. Peel scored for Westminster in sixteen minutes.

It took just 30 seconds in the fourth game for Victoria to get the ball through. From the face-off the rubber went down to W. Cullin, who passed to Frank Cullin, the latter sending it through with lightning speed.

There was no rest. The fifth game was the hottest one of the day. It lasted 19 minutes, but Victoria had the best of it from the first. There were several fierce attacks on the Westminster goal but the defence worked hard. Finally Eckart secured the ball, and passed to Ditchburn, who scored.

In the match last Saturday, the rough playing of one of the Westminster team was severely commented upon by the spectators.

The last game of lacrosse in Victoria, this season, will be played on the Caledonian grounds this afternoon, between Vancouver and the home club. The Terminal City men, it appears, have concluded to take a hand in the championship themselves, and, as has often been remarked, the Vancouver team invariably develops a surprise or two towards the end of the season. To-day every man on that team is determined to win. They know that their opponents, suffering as they are from the hard knocks received last Saturday, are not in a fit condition to play a strong game. However, the Victorians are confident of winning, and the fact that two or three of them will go on the field lame, they say, will cut no figure in the general result. Stuart Campbell will referee. It is to be hoped there will be a large attendance.

LAWN TENNIS.

The tennis tournament at the Belcher street grounds has been a brilliant success, the weather being charming, and the attendance large. A goodly contingent of Sound players have taken part in the various events, lending interest and excitement by the friendly rivalry between home and visiting contestants. The ladies' open singles have narrowed down to Miss Anderson and Miss Kershaw. Miss Arrowsmith succumbed to Miss Kershaw, after a hard fought game. Miss Anderson, a former champion of the Far and Near club, Hastings, New York, and premier lady tennis player of the Sound for the last two years, will have to exert herself to the utmost to secure victory from Miss Kershaw. Miss Kershaw is very earnest and conscientious in her work, and her playing is all the more remarkable from the fact that this is only her second season, though she nearly won the Tacoma championship last year. Miss H. C. Bailey ranks fourth on the Sound and in the ladies doubles her effective net play won much applause. Mrs. F. W. Snow, of Tacoma, distinguished herself by magnificent back line play. The New York, Seattle and Tacoma representative of the fair sex ingratiated themselves not only by virtue of superior tennis play but also by striking beauty and grace. Victoria youth will take advantage of the coming Tacoma tournament to pay court to irresistible American loveliness, notwithstanding that there is any dearth of feminine attractiveness at home, but the Washington State belles have a captivating way all their own. G. W. White and Geo. H. Purdon, of Tacoma, Theodore Griggs of Yale University, Atkinson and L. Reely, of Seattle, display the best of form, the returning of the gentleman visitors especially being noticeable for speed, accuracy and placing.

Mrs. Bramsdon, Mr. S. Kerr, Miss Dunsmuir, Miss A. Pooley, Mrs. Burton

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# EXCURSION : TO : SEATTLE.

## SUNDAY, AUGUST 12.

The **Str. Rosalie** will leave Turner's Wharf, Victoria, Sunday morning, August 12, at 7 o'clock, for Seattle. Returning will leave Seattle at 9 p. m. Fare for the round trip, \$1.50. Staterooms and tickets may be procured at the Great Northern Railway Office, also tickets may be obtained at H. L. Salmon's, Government street.

A Balcon Ascension takes place at Madison Street Park in the afternoon.

Miss Arrowsmith, Miss C. Powell, Miss M. Goward, Miss Musgrave, Miss Langley, Miss Scott and Miss Roe were the competitors in the ladies doubles, which, however, will likely go to Mrs. Snow and Miss Bailey of Tacoma.

S. F. Morley, E. A. Jacob, Geo. C. Johnston, T. E. Pooley, Harvey Combe, R. E. Barkley, H. F. M. Jones, J. M. Willar, F. S. Bull, P. J. Fransioli, H. F. Mytton, H. B. Hanes, F. Ward, A. R. Green, A. C. Elmore, Lieut. E. G. W. Dury, R. Harvey, C. Gamble, Geo. H. Purdon, G. W. White, C. R. Longe, W. E. Long, F. O'Reilly, C. C. Winfold, G. V. Cuppage, J. F. Foulkes, B. H. L. Drake, A. J. O'Reilly, Atkinson and L. Kelly, were the prominent players among the gentlemen in doubles and singles, and the play of Purdon, Foulkes, White, Atkinson, Kelly, Combe, Cuppage, Bull and Long brothers is especially worthy of mention.

Mrs. Beanlands, Mrs. Dunsmuir, Mrs. William C. Ward, Mrs. Pooley, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Crease, kindly provided refreshments during tournament week.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. A. Jacob, deserves praise for the excellent arrangements, having expended much time in looking after the smooth running of the successful affair. The Bishop and Rev. Canon Beanlands also attended regularly, taking an active part by scoring and indicating the results.

The following were noticed among the attendants during the week: His Honor Lieut. Governor Dewdney, Rear Admiral Stephenson, Lieut.-Col. Prior, Mr. and Mrs. Pooley, Miss Pooley, Miss A. Pooley, Mr. T. Pooley, Mrs. Bryden, Mrs. Croft, Mrs. J. Dunsmuir, Miss Dunsmuir, Miss M. Dunsmuir, Miss Hervey, Mrs. L. Hervey, Miss Wyman, Misses Loewen, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Miss Drake, Miss N. Drake, Miss M. Drake, Mr. B. Drake, Miss Crease, Mr. Lindley Crease, Mr. Arthur Crease, Miss Musgrave, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. J. Musgrave, Miss Langley, Miss K. Langley, Mr. and Mrs. W. Langley, Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Rev. and Mrs. Beanlands, Mr. W. C. Ward, Miss Cora Powell, Miss Rithet, Dr. Newcombe, Mr. Cox, Hon. Mr. Vernon, Miss

Charles, Mrs. Eberts, Mrs. Trotter Johnson, Mrs. Barkley, Mr. Cecil Ward, Mr. W. Ward, Mr. Geo. Ward, Miss Gowan, Miss Ellis, Miss Green, Miss Worlock, Miss Finlayson, Miss Jenns, Mr. and Mrs. Brainsden, Mrs. Marvin, Mrs. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Combe, Mrs. Bridgeman, Mr. Galpin, Mr. Snowden, Mr. A. W. Jones, Mr. J. Martin, Mr. Frank Bennett, Mr. S. D. Schultz, Mr. H. Barnard, Capt. Jones, Capt. and Mrs. Wolley, Misses Angus, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Ridgeway Wilson, Misses Prior, Dr. and Mrs. A. Watt, S. Williams, Miss M. Richards, Master Robbie Powell, Mr. H. E. A. Robertson, Mr. Roche Robertson, Mr. Robert Houston.

### BASEBALL.

Vancouver and Nanaimo want games with Victoria.

Tacoma may play here during exhibition week.

### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. C. A. Rattray returned from California this week.

Mr. A. P. Luxton will leave shortly on a visit to his old home in England.

Mrs. Miles has returned from California and is residing at 60 Rae street.

Mr. J. W. Creighton and party have spent the past week camping at Sooke Lake.

Miss Kate Sullivan has returned to Seattle, after a pleasant stay with Victoria friends.

Revs. D. H. and John Reid left for California by the direct steamer last Monday.

J. S. and Mrs. Sargison returned Sunday evening, from California, where their honeymoon was spent.

Mr. A. C. Martin, formerly of E. G. Anderson & Co., is in the hospital suffering from typhoid fever.

It is current rumor that one of Victoria's popular singers will shortly be

There were about two hundred guests at the reception and dance given on board the Royal Arthur Wednesday evening. The visiting American tennis players attended by special invitation of the admiral.

married to a young lady who is coming out from England.

Ven. H. Kingham, rector of Christ church, Lacrosse, Wis., and late arch-deacon of North Montana, is spending a short vacation in the city, being a guest of Rev. Canon Paddon, of Erin Hall, and renewing old friendships.

Mr. Martin Egan has gone up to Harrison Hot Springs. While there, it is said, the genial and popular Mart will investigate the advantages which the Springs offer as a honeymoon resort and embody the result of his observations in a long letter, written in the purest classical Irish gaelic with copious foot-notes, to the *Times*.

A musicale was given at the residence of Capt. Gaudin, Craigflower road, Tuesday evening. The company were favored by the following vocalists: Miss Way, Miss Devereux and Messrs. C. Rhodes and H. E. A. Robertson. The other guests included Mr. and Mrs. T. Corsan, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Courtney, Miss Courtney, (Chatham), Mrs. and the Misses McKay, Miss K. Charles, Messrs. Chas. Petch, R. N., John Martin, G. E. Powell, J. K. Worsfold, H. C. Macaulay, Roche Robinson and F. Higgins. Dancing occupied the latter part of the evening.

Preparations are being made for an excursion to Seattle to-morrow. The steamer Rosalie has been secured for the occasion, and the managers of the affair say that everything possible is being done to make it as enjoyable and comfortable as possible. A couple of teams of lacrosse have signified their intention of playing a match on the other side, and a balloon ascension will take place at Madison Park some time in the afternoon. A large number of tickets have been sold already, and no doubt the excursion will be liberally patronized.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THERE is a business man in an eastern city who has a very pretty daughter with whom one of papa's office staff has fallen hopelessly in love. As the young man is not invited to the paternal mansion, and the young woman has been notified to keep away from the paternal office, the course of their love does not flow very smoothly. However, they have hit upon an expedient which gives them a channel of communications, and they will continue to employ it if papa's eyes do not rest on this expose. It was the girl who thought of it—it always is the girl who finds a clew to the situation.

It is this way: When papa enters the office in the morning, he hangs his hat on a certain nail among a row of other hats, and proceeds to business. Then the interested clerk, while the head of the firm is reading his morning mail, takes the hat from the nail where it is hung, looks inside, slips his hand under the lining, and takes out a tiny missive, which he at once conveys to his own pocket, and the contents of which delight and amuse him all day.

At night, when papa returns home, his pretty daughter slips into the hall and makes a raid on that hat, always finding there an answer to her missive of the morning. How much longer papa will occupy the position of Cupid's mail carrier remains to be seen. He will be madder than a hatter when he finds it out.

There seems to be no room for doubt that the cigarette habit has gained a foothold among the feminine British aristocracy. In a London police court, only a few days since, two waiters from a fashionable restaurant were charged with stealing a diamond-studded cigarette case belonging to the Countess of Roslyn, who was in the habit of smoking cigarettes daily and openly in the restaurant. It was also shown that a jewelled cigarette case is one of the appropriate presents for a British bride, though they still have delicacy enough to keep them from appearing in the published lists of wedding gifts.

The disclosure will be a boon to British novel writers. They have been compelled heretofore to present their heroines without any cigarette and to gnash their teeth in jealousy of their French competitors whose heroines can be found any evening with a cigarette between their cherry lips or rolling one in their dainty fingers. But on the whole the fact is to be deplored by everybody but the novelists. The tendency of the cigarette habit is conceded to be in the direction of physical degeneracy, and that is something which the British aristocracy cannot

stand. It is degenerate enough now, and nothing has prevented its being wholly wiped out but the strength and vigor of the feminine portion. Let that be destroyed, as it will be if the cigarette habit gets a foothold, and its doom is sealed.

So-called skin foods are good things to let alone. The skin does not need feeding or greasing. It only wants a chance for free circulation. Give it fresh air, keep the gates open, and the channels free and it will take care of itself.

In the laudable search for complexion-improvers too much emphasis cannot be given to the bath. The body must be kept clean and sweet, and when that is done all is done on the outside; further improvement belongs to the department of the interior.

There are said to be three thousand pores to every square inch of the epidermis. Perspiration is nature's way of cleaning house. Waste material is drawn from the blood and through the glands forced down to the surface of the body, and, for obvious reasons, should be removed as soon as it is detected. This done, nature's oil is poured out to cleanse the canal and soften the epidermis, which becomes smooth, healthy, and so transparent that the blood is reflected and shows the pink and crimson colors that make a brilliant complexion.

Now, if through untidiness or by intention—as in the use of powders and chalk-loaded lotions—the pores are clogged, of course these natural outlets are closed, and the results can be imagined by the feeblest reason. While the perfect action of this invisible discharge of waste material may not result in a bright or even clear complexion, its benefits are apparent to every student of health and every person of refinement. The uncleanly habits that check the human drainage frequently cause the blisters, sores, rash, chaps, and other eruptions that disfigure the skin. A woman may be ugly, but she will not be offensive if she is kept clean, and that is one step in the direction of pleasing.

Keep the skin exquisite, not with scent, but with soap and water and fresh body garments; feed it warmth, air, and sunlight, and save the vaseline and cold cream for creaking rocking-chairs and stove-pipes that go into damp summer quarters.

To make a pretty basket, dissolve three or four sticks of red sealing wax in a pint of alcohol. Dip the basket into this mixture—or rather paint it—and drop grains of clean rice all over it—on the outside, of course. Then take a small bristle brush and paint the rice evenly after the coating to which it adheres perfectly dry. Paint it that way several times, adding

grains of rice here and there, and you will have a pretty red coral basket. Line the inside with some harmonizing color and tie the handle with a ribbon bow.

Towels and washrags of raw silk are among the luxuries of the toilet. They are used for the face by those exquisite women who believe rough handling makes the skin hard and coarse.

Opinions differ as to the correct form in dining tables. John Bull loves a round table, the German is partial to an oval board, and the French like the colonial square lines; in America all three are used.

A greasy sink is best cleaned by mixing one pennyworth of potash in two quarts of boiling water and scrubbing with a hard brush. Be careful, however, that the hands do not touch the liquid, as it would take the skin off. Colza oil will take the black from a brass or copper kettle which has been on the fire a great deal, and paraffin oil mixed with bath brick or rotten stone will finish the cleaning.

Candelabra, with the shades and candle receptacle festooned with orange blossoms, have been designed to decorate Hymen's festive board.

A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praise of it at a party by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irish woman."

"Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying you were meant for an Irishman."

A provincial paper records that Mr. Herbert Gladstone was addressing a woman's suffrage meeting at Leeds one afternoon, and passed a compliment upon the eloquence possessed by the fair sex, and the pleasure it gave the masculine portion of creation to listen to them.

And then a male voice issued from the background with:

"Wait a bit, lad; tha'rt noan wed yet!"

Be careful where you keep flour. Like butter, it absorbs odors readily. It should not be kept in a place where there are onions, fish, vegetables or other odorous substances, nor in a damp room or cellar. Keep it in a cool, dry, airy room, where it will not be exposed to a freezing temperature, nor to one about seventy degrees. Always sift before using.

Stockings that are openwork throughout their entire length are delightful

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wear in this hot weather; but as every light has its shadow, so every advantage has its attendant disadvantages, and the free ingress obtained by dust must be counted as a serious one in connection with openwork. However, this is easily remedied by frequent bathing, and the delightful coolness of the stockings is inseparable from some such counter-balancing effect.

He was a struggling, hard-to-make-both-ends-meet lawyer. She was his stenographer.

He was married. She was a maiden, fancy free.

He wasn't young nor particularly handsome. Neither was she.

He didn't tell her he loved her, nor kiss her hand, nor give her flowers. Neither did she sigh her life away because of unrequited affection.

He didn't allow her an afternoon off four days in the week and pay her a bank cashier's salary. She didn't expect it.

His wife came to the office. She didn't peer through the keyhole and catch him making love to the girl. She didn't get mad.

The girl didn't tremble with guilt when the woman spoke to her. The woman liked her. She said she had often heard how faithful and hard working the girl was, and she asked her to come out to their house for supper.

The girl went.

And all lived happy ever after.

#### RACE FOR A PRETTY BRIDE.

"HIGH old times were they," said the old engineer. "Give me the good old days when we had wood-burnin' engines, easy schedules, with long stops, and no telegraph to bother us. We could run pretty much to suit ourselves then, and it goes without sayin', we had lots of enjoyment. Take, for instance, the fun Jim Larking and me had one night, about fifteen years ago. You see Jim and I were both courtin' the same girl, both bein' engineers on the Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta road, between Columbia and Charlotte. Ever been down there? Well, even yet the road ain't quite as good as it might be, but in those days it was a sight worse. The tracts were laid with the old-fashioned U rails on ties five foot apart and spliced with fish plate. When the wheels struck one end of the rails the other end tilted up, and I tell you it made a nervous man seasick the first time he travelled over that line. We had no telegraph wire, so we could do pretty much as we pleased around Columbia, the superintendent bein' located at Charlotte. Many a time we used to get an engine out after dark and take a ride for fun. The only trouble was that, as the engines were old

and rickety they couldn't stand much. They were wood burners, and nowadays would look top heavy with their little boilers and big stacks. When one of them got a good move on after dark, I tell you it looked like a runnin' display of fireworks, the stack throwin' out sparks and chunks of blazin' wood like a volcano. Old man Smith, that's Mollie's father, didn't like me near as well as he did Jim, but seein' Mollie preferred me, I wasn't carin' much about her father's opinion. It was no use for us to get spliced in Columbia, for everybody knew that her father had ordered her not to be seen with me; so the only thing for us to do was to watch our chance and go off on the quiet to some place along the line. I thought it over for several days, and got the whole thing in shape. I told Mollie to come down to the roundhouse about seven o'clock one night and I would give her a little ride on my engine. She afraid? Well, I guess you don't know her. Why, she had run the machine herself many a time. I had given the hint to Jack my fireman, and he was on hand when I backed out on the main track, leavin' Jim's engine in the roundhouse. Mollie was waitin', and she jumped on the tank like an engineer's sweetheart ought to do. Just as we were pullin' out Jim came around the corner. His eyes opened, I tell you. 'Where you goin', Bill?' he shouted. 'Just out for a little ride,' I remarked, coolly puttin' Molly up on the box in front of me so I had to put my arms around her to reach the levers, I saw Jim gasp and start on a run toward Mollie's house, where he knew her father was. In two minutes we were spinning in three hummin', and in five minutes we were tearin' through the valley like a cyclone. It was a pitch dark night and not a thing could be seen ahead. 'There they come,' yelled Jack before we had gone ten miles. Lookin' back we saw a shower of sparks just visible above the tree tops. We concluded at once that that was Jim and Mollie's father, and that we would have to do some pretty tall travellin' to avoid capture. Mind you, Jim carried a gun. The engines were pretty well matched, but, of course, I was somewhat nervous. Just ahead was a heavy grade five miles long, and I knew it would be a tough pull to get over it, but once on the other side of the hill our chances for gettin' away would be good. 'Do your best Jack to keep up steam,' I yelled across to the fireman. Mollie was restin' in my arms as quietly as if she had been sittin' on the hair-cloth sofa in her parlor, her lips half open and the wind blowin' her hair all over my face. All of a sudden we heard a whistle, and it sounded right behind us. I jumped with dismay and looked back. There was Jim less than half a mile away, comin' like a house afire. Mollie

looked, too, then her eyes fell on Jack, whose wood was gettin' low, and who had rolled a barrel out from the back part of the tank and was trying to bust the head in. She slid out of my arms, and holdin' onto the levers, got down beside the fireman. The first I knew of it, was when I saw her fishing out big fat hams from the barrel and passing them to Jack, who was feedin' the furnace with 'em. I didn't stop to ask any questions. 'Bully for you, Jack,' I yelled, as the steam gauge jumped up again. Well, that did the business. We reached the top of the grade without Jim gainin' another inch, and then we began to slide downward. Great Jupiter, how we did drop down that hill! The noise was terrific and the old machine rocked like a cradle. Lookin' back, I saw Mollie standing on the back holdin' on by the brake, her dress flutterin', her hair blowin', and her eyes shinin' like stars. I'll never forget that sight. I knew that as soon as Jim reached the top of the hill he'd be after us at a high rate of speed, and I began to fear we couldn't keep ahead this time, but all at once a thought struck me. I shut off steam and yelled to Jack to put on the hand brakes. He jumped to the wheel, Molly helpin' him, and in a few minutes we had nearly stopped. 'Jump down, quick, Jack, and open the switch,' I said, 'I'm going to run up the bark sidin'. In less time than it takes to tell it we were on the sidin', the switch reset for the main track, and then I ran up in the woods and stopped. We shut off all lights and waited. In a minute or two we heard a faint rumble, which changed into a roar, then we could distinguish the clickety click of wheels passin' over the ends of rails, the rattle of machinery and the hissin' of steam, while the puffin' of the exhaust was so rapid as to blend into hollow thunder. A whirlwind of sparks became visible, and then with a hop-skip, and a jump Jim's engine passed us like a streak of runaway lightning, the occupants never dreamin' we were in the sidin'. We hunted up the nearest preacher and got married; me, with my face all black and grimy, and Molly without any hat, for the wind had blown it away. Jack was witness and I let him kiss the bride, for I thought he deserved it. We got back to Columbia about midnight and next mornin' I took out the express as if nothing had happened. What became of Jim? Why, the fool actually run ahead all night, till he reached Charlotte next mornin'. He was the worst surprised man in the state when he found we had given him the slip. Then the superintendent wanted to know what he meant by takin' out his new engine without orders, and the end of it all was that Jim not only lost his girl, but was discharged as well.

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or at Lombard's Music Store.

**MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.**

PROF. H. M. STOEL has arrived,  
and will make his first appearance  
at the Mount Baker Hotel band concert  
this evening, when he will render Antoine  
Kontski's famous masterpiece, "Le Reveil  
du Lion" (The Awakening of the Lion).  
Prof. Stoel will be a valuable acquisition  
to the musical circles of Victoria. He will  
open a studio in a short time, and give  
instructions on the piano and in vocal  
culture. He is the only instructor in the  
Northwest that teaches Dr. Porter's cele-  
brated tongue and throat practice.

J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little  
Minister," but who is probably quite as  
well known in this country as the author  
of the poetically beautiful play "The  
Professor's Love Story," is soon to marry.  
The woman is young and handsome and  
is a member of the company playing his  
latest stage work in London, "Walker,  
London."

Programme of concert to be given at  
Mount Baker Hotel by the B.C.B.G.A.  
band, Saturday evening, Aug. 11th. Con-  
cert begins at 8:15 prompt:

PART I.  
March.....Liberty Bell.....Sousa  
Overture.....Macbeth.....Verdi  
Request number.....  
Schottische.....Mamie.....arr. Finn  
Intermission.  
PART II.  
Hunting Scene (descriptive piece)....Bucallossi  
Piano solo....Le Reveil du Lion....A. Kontski  
Prof. H. M. Stoel.  
Request number.....  
Waltzes.....Edinburgh.....Bonnesseau  
Note—The piano solo by Prof. H. M. Stoel  
will take place in the hotel parlors.

It is written from London that M.  
Yohe, the American burlesquer, has  
ded another note to her voice and  
has six. The other night, when  
Prince of Wales went behind the scenes  
to see her, she shook the eternal verities  
nearly out of place by her salutation  
"Hulloa, old king of the walk! how  
you?"

Herbert Millward, who is to go with  
Hoey as stage manager next season, is  
brother of pretty Jessie Millward, who  
has been twice with the Irving company  
and has now left the London Lyceum  
to go to the Adelphia with William Terrill.

Patti Rosa died in Boston this week.  
She was booked for the coast in Novem-  
ber.

Milton Royle, in Friends, is the new  
attraction at The Victoria.

Marie Burroughs' starring tour begins  
in Boston on October 22nd.

**SCHOOL TEACHERS' CERTIFI-  
CATES.**

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—Permit me to correct an inaccur-  
racy which appeared under the signature  
of "B. D." in your last issue. You  
correspondent, referring to the thirty-six  
High School pupils who received certifi-  
cates at the recent teachers' examination,  
says: "Many of them will not be eligible  
to teach for several years to come," and  
again, "I must confess that I am sur-  
prised that the educational authorities  
should have allowed these ineligible can-  
didates to have entered among practical  
people who underwent examination be-  
cause it was with them a matter of bread  
and butter, when it was apparent that no  
practical object was to be subserved."  
"B. D." has been wrongly informed. The  
thirty-six candidates from the High School  
are, to-day, by the terms of the School  
Act, duly licensed to teach in any part of  
the Province of British Columbia. They  
are, as regards their certificates, on pre-  
cisely the same footing as all other duly  
qualified teachers.

Thanking you for this space in your  
columns, I am, etc..

AGNES DEANS CAMERON,  
Principal South Park Public School, late  
First Assistant Victoria High School.

The K. of P. of this city, under the  
auspices of Sunset Lodge, No. 10, will  
give an excursion to Seattle next Satur-  
day. The Knights have a reputation for  
conducting excursions in the past, and no  
doubt the arrangements for the one next  
Saturday will be carried out in such a  
manner as to insure the comfort of all  
who patronize it. The Seattle Knights  
are understood to be making preparations  
to entertain their visiting brethren.



# J. W. CREIGHTON'S FINE TAILORING PARLORS, 86 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

Suits reduced \$30 to \$20; \$35 to \$25.

Now is the time to buy

## THE CLOVERDALE GARDEN FETE.

A most enjoyable afternoon was spent at "Cloverdale" on Tuesday, August 7, the occasion being that of a garden fete and sale of work by the ladies of St. Luke's, in the parish of Cedar Hill, for the benefit of the church. A large number of visitors from town, as well as all the members from the parish, attended, and as the weather proved favorable the affair turned out a complete success in every respect. It was under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney, His Lordship the Bishop of Columbia and Miss Perrin and Sir Joseph and Lady Trutch, who were all present. The large garden, which is beautifully adapted for such an entertainment, was decorated with Chinese lanterns, and pretty booths were erected, presided over by ladies of the Guild, assisted by some young ladies from Lake District and town. The music for the day, which was excellent, was provided by the Bantly family. Perhaps one of the most attractive and interesting features of the afternoon was the "fortune-telling" booth, where a fair Oracle, who possesses the gift of foretelling what fate has in store, was kept busy by those who were anxious to know what the future would bring. It is sincerely hoped that among other good things to come may be numbered another garden fete at "Cloverdale." The Rev. Mr. Flinton and his able assistants did everything in their power to insure the enjoyment of all present, and their efforts were rewarded with the greatest possible success.

S. D.

### FREE ON APPLICATION

By postal card or personally to the King's Road, a pamphlet entitled "The Great Salvation," as delineated in the Scriptures of Truth; helping the honest-hearted to return to the Apostolic faith.

During this season of the year, the greatest pleasure to many people is a quiet, shady nook and a good book. Persons requiring cheap literature would do well to look into Sampson's Book Exchange, Douglas street, cor. Johnson where there is a great variety.

W.D. LINES, General Scavenger, 236 Yates street. Yards, etc., cleaned. Orders left at Geo. Munroe, 82 Douglas street; Speed Bros., cor. Douglas and Fort; or Blair & Gordon, cor. Menzies and Michigan will be promptly attended to.

SHORTHAND.—Pitman's System taught in 25 lessons. \$1 per lesson; Evening classes. Proficiency guaranteed. City references. Apply C. D. S., 62 John street, Rock Bay.

## Groceries For Cash

at R. H. Jameson & Co., 33 Fort St.

What are you going to do about it?

What the Public will do:—

DRINK JAMESON'S PURE TEAS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Black, best 75c., now 50c.; Gunpowder, best 80c., now 60c.; Japan, best 60c., now 40c.; Young Hyson, best 60c., now 40c.; a good Kasow Congou for 25c.; best Ceylon 65c., now 45c.

## Dr. A. A. HUMBER, Dentist,

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James Baker, Manager,

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For the next 30 days, I will sell my stock of spring and summer goods at greatly reduced prices.

Suits, \$20 and up.  
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52 GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA B.C.

## COLLABORATEURS.

BY S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

ETHEL had now regained composure, and quickly made up her mind as to the course she would adopt. She did not stop to analyze her feelings. Archer had never appeared to her in the guise of a lover. They had certainly exchanged confidences, but this was most unexpected, so she quietly said in a kindly manner, feeling that Archer was in earnest, and not wishing to unnecessarily pain him, "I'm sorry, but you musn't speak to me like that. I do not think the less of you, though, and shall esteem you as a friend."

Archer realized how hard hit he was upon hearing this reply, but he bravely tried to divert the conversation into other channels. The effort was vain, and the subsequent remarks were strained and jerky. Ethel soon terminated the embarrassment by pleading weariness. Rising, she held out her hand in a frankly, confident air, considerably intending to render Archer's *contretemps* a forgotten circumstance. His nerveless fingers had barely touched the tips of hers, and with mingled feelings of shame and despair, he watched her lissome figure slowly pass along the corridor and flit through the door.

His discomfiture at the well-merited rebuff was added to by the thought that Ethel would regard his conduct as a mere unit in a host of uncontrollable impulses. The more he analyzed that ill-considered speech, the more incongruous it seemed with his whole nature and past life. Where were his impenetrable reserve and vaunted *blase*? And how egotistical to dream that any self-respecting girl could act otherwise with one who had the temerity to make erotic proposals in sober earnest after a week's acquaintance. It was absurd. "And yet, after all," he mused, raising a foot, which he kept swinging to and fro, and straining interlaced fingers against his knee, "there's nothing uncommon about a hasty confession of love. This is the age of electricity, etc., and it isn't necessary to imitate foggy ancestors by scurrying after a notary, worrying over settlements, dots and *trousseau*. No; things are worked differently now. One falls captive before irresistible eyes, a "tailor-made" is ordered, and the city clerk duly officiates and rakes in the fee. Within a week, the connubial serenity is ruffled by a trifling difference of opinion, some one calls some one else 'nasty,' and whilst the engine halts at the water tank, the nuptial knot is loosened by an Oklahoma J. P., whose sign board faces the station dining counter and reads: 'Divorces granted during wait-over. Substitute furnished for express making up time,

at extra cost of fare to next station and return. No declaration of residence required from transients.'"

The hotel lights were long extinguished, and through the vigils of the night, Archer sat as one petrified. He pensively saw the stars pale and go out one by one before the conquering rays of the resplendent monarch of day.

The whistle of an incoming steamer reminded him of long delayed duties. He mechanically gathered his few traps, and was soon on his way to the Gulf.

"This affection of mine is purely ephemeral," he cogitated, leaning back on the cozy saloon divan, timing his words with the reverberating engine-beats, and recalling a train of pet theories, which only proved cruel mockeries in the light of his real feelings.

Two fellow travellers, whom he remembered seeing at the hotel, were seated near and audibly discussing Miss Grant.

"Yes, a splendid catch," observed one, "heiress to a good quarter-million."

"Why didn't you tell me that before. I'll take the return boat," jocularly came from the other.

"Ethel an heiress, well, that does settle everything," a hot flush suffusing his cheeks at the thought that, perhaps, she might regard him, an unknown, impecunious scribe, as a miserable mercenary. The thought was galling.

## CHAPTER II.

A scout brought in word that over two hundred Cree and Stoney Indians were camped on the reserve of the former tribe about thirty-eight miles away. Poundmaker, the Cree chief, had not taken part in any open hostilities, but it was known that he and Big Bear were contemplating a coalition of forces, and that as soon as this was effected they would assume the aggressive.

Col. Otter, immediately on receipt of this intelligence, decided, if possible, to prevent the threatened union of the Indian chiefs, and ordered a reconnaissance in force. The troops left Battleford at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of May 1st, 1885. At 8 o'clock, darkness coming on, a halt was made, no special precautions being necessary to guard against surprise, as the country, consisting of a gently rolling prairie, with here and there a more prominent hummock, could be seen for miles around, and the outlying guard of Mounted Police and scouts could give the alarm on the approach of any belligerents.

The campaign, so far, had not developed any very startling engagements, and the few skirmishes with the rebels, happily were not attended with the harrowing scenes and appalling loss of life incident to a battlefield. Very few of the men had received their baptism of fire, and they were mostly in a state of ner-

vous excitement, as they apprehended that a decisive step was intended. Special orders had been issued enjoining rigid discipline.

Whilst the evening meal was in course of preparation, there was an absence of the customary jest and song, for the staid clerks of banking and commercial houses and the careless, merry-making student, awoke to the meaning and gravity of war.

Sydney Archer, war correspondent of the *Toronto Gazette*, was obviously not a very pleasant frame of mind. He was on his hands and knees, gazing fixed and perplexedly at a camera. During the afternoon march, the photographic instrument had not worked satisfactorily, and here he was on the eve of a prospective brush with the enemy, and, as usual, something tantalizing had to occur.

A series of very emphatic expletives on the cussedness of "buttons" and "slides" were on the verge of utterance, when his hand was lightly laid on his shoulder. Looking quickly around, he perceived Harry Seymour.

"Heavens above! What's up? See a Sioux spook?" queried Archer, as Seymour took his hand away, and stood with face ashy white, and quaking in every limb. Archer rose, and slapped Seymour on the back. "Brace up! Seymour, tell me all about it." A shiver ran through Seymour's entire anatomy, and his quivering lips made an abortive attempt at articulation. As usual in such cases, abject terror, when one finds speech, the result is an unrestrained stream of unintelligible, incoherent words. Archer stopped him in his frantic effort of explanation, and said with feigned impatience, "Oh, do speak slowly. I haven't the faintest inkling of what your gibberish is intended for." Seymour straightened up. "Ha—haven't—you—heard?" stammered Seymour, shaking as if he had the ague. "Nen-nen-nin-nin-no," mocked Archer laughingly in reply, and whipping out a flask, he held it at Seymour's lips at the same time passing his arm around Seymour's neck in a brotherly way, and saying kindly; "Take a big nip, and then we'll know all about it." The "undiluted" had the desired effect, and Seymour was his old self again, and spoke with bravado and an attempt at humor. "Things are warming up, Archer. You can look for fun in the shape of arrows, scalps and painted savages. There's no use denying that I was awfully scared. Fifty of us were drawn up in line, and told to take off our knapsacks, to inscribe our home address on them, throw them in with the baggage, and to briefly write down any parting wishes or final directions we desired sent to our relatives and friends. The cold-blooded manner in which this unpalatable information was

imparted gave the entire file the creeps. Allison fainted, and number twenty-three collapsed in a heap, and I drew my breath in with a gulp, my limbs caved in, and my head swam with vertigo, and I would have toppled over, if it hadn't been for old 'Yang Tse Kiang.'" [Yang Tse Kiang was the nickname for a veteran regular, who had served with distinction in the Crimea, and in the Abyssinian and Chinese embroglios. His "whoppers" about the Chinese campaign were responsible for the Mongolian appellation, by which he was invariably called.]

"As soon as the moon gets up, the colonel intends to break camp, and we are to be the advance guard. The colonel evidently wishes us to know that this is no picnic." As Seymour finished, they were joined by "Yang Tse Kiang" and Frank White.

"You kids haven't a bit of sand. The first thing yer know, yer won't know nothing. The Injuns will swoop down and massacre (with the accent on the 'ere') the hull kaboodle. Yer want to scrape up a little spunk. Why, Seymour nearly fell over hisself, if I hadn't went and giv him a lift."

"Well, you may chaff as much as you like, but, Archer, I'm in dead earnest, and don't laugh, please. I have a nameless dread—a premonition that I am going to pass in my checks to-morrow. But I mustn't make you all despondent. You know, I'm no coward, but I can't get rid of this awful foreshadowing of death, that seems to have taken entire possession of my being. Say, Archer, I want you to do something for me. I'll be back in a few moments," and Frank White walked away slowly, with his hands clasped behind his back, and a most dejected expression in place of his customary happy look.

"What's come over every one" said Archer to Seymour, Yang Tse Kiang having moved off, after giving Seymour's hand a cordial shake, and telling him that he "would be all right as soon as the fightin' began."

"I'm getting affected with melancholy, too," said Archer, loath to make such a confession. "White and you, Seymour, are acting in a deucedly strange manner. I always thought that fear was an unknown quantity in White's mental equipment. He was the leading spirit in the maddest of college escapades. In the scraps with the police, White was always to the fore, and his blackthorn was more than a match for the baton of the burly 'cop." I remember once a foxy senior incited the freshmen to resist initiation. He urged them to vindicate their dignity, their manhood, and not tamely submit to the impositions of the sophomores, to whom were entrusted the torturing of the verdant first-year-men. At the same time, he treacherously informed the

seniors that the freshmen intended to resent any interference with their liberties. A night had been arranged for rounding up the freshmen, and the usual scenes of humiliation were to be enacted for the seniors' delectation. Freshmen would have to mount the table, and dance in a perfect frenzy of fear, as bed-slats were pounded on the table in every direction in dangerous proximity to freshmen toes. They also were forced to tell stories, in which the freshman was the only one who saw the point, the seniors greeting the alleged humor with a blank stare, supplemented by anxious enquiries among themselves as to whether any one had discovered the joke. Pulling corks, filling glasses and handing them around, playing leap-frog, hurdle races over tables and chairs, were just a few of the diversions that fell to the freshman's lot. The freshmen were advised of the visit, and they barricaded the entrance to their quarters with bureaus, trunks and mattresses, and armed themselves with pistols, knives and canes. As soon as the seniors made their appearance, the freshmen fired a volley at the ceiling, and the invaders retired precipitately, with the exception of Frank White. He crawled over the barricade, laid out a few freshmen with well directed lefts and rights, broke down the defence, and let in the other seniors, who had mustered sufficient courage to return to the assault. The freshmen were cowed, and the seniors masters of the situation. But here comes White. He hasn't taken long to scribble his farewells."

"Archer," White said with lowered brows, "You attend to this letter. We were to have been married in the fall. She'll know I thought of her to the last." (To be continued.)

**DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS,**  
Late of London, England, general family and obstetric practice, with special attention to diseases of children and diseases of the chest and stomach; over twenty-five years' experience; many years a member of the British Homoeopathic Society, British Gynecological Society and Pathological Society of London. DR. WILLIAMS may be consulted at all hours at his office and residence, 94 Pandora, near Quadra street, city. Telephone 153.

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COFFEE  
CHOCOLATE

10 Cents.

Or a glass of

- Hires Root Beer,
- Ottawa Beer,
- Raspberry Phosphate,
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- Blood Orange Phosphate,
- Coffee and Cream,
- Chocolate and Cream
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K O O D A K S A F E T Y

**THE KENNEL.**

**D**URING the hot weather, the dogs should have plenty of fresh water, and care should be taken to see that the pans are kept scrupulously clean.

The St. Bernard dog Baldur C.K.C. 3,280, the property of Thos. Earle, M.P., met an untimely death under the wheels of the tram car, last Tuesday. It appears that the milkman had left the gate open and the dog rushed out on the street just as the car was coming. Being unused to the street, the dog got bewildered and was knocked down by the car, the wheels crushing his head. Baldur gave promise of excelling his sire, and his death is a great loss to the fancy. Probably his most sincere mourners will be Mr. Earle's children, whose trusted playmate he was, and with whom he was as gentle as a kitten.

Mr. W. Ralph Higgins is the fortunate owner of a fine litter of eight pups, which were presented to him by his beautiful cocker spaniel, Lady Giffie. We understand that Mr. Higgins has given them all to his friends, though he could have realized a handsome sum if he had cared to sell them.

One of our prominent fanciers is out camping, and relates the following: On waking up in the morning after his arrival, the first thing that met his gaze was a life like sketch of a dog standing on its hind feet and resting its fore feet on a stump. Our friend was naturally much startled, and for a long time was unable to account for the mystery, but eventually came to the conclusion that it had been caused by the action of mildew while the tent had been folded during the winter. It is one of the sights of the camp, and visitors are requested to guess whether it is a collie or fox terrier.

Heard on board the Hyacinth:

Officer—"Do you know why the dog watches (which are shorter than the usual watch) are so called?"

Fair visitor—"I do wish you would tell me."

Officer—"Because they are cur-tailed. Ha! ha!"

The latest addition to the ranks of the cocker spaniels is a dog 10 months old, imported by Hy. Wright of this city. Tinker, by Red Roland, out of Thompson's Queen II., is promised by his shipper to develop into a crack bench specimen, and certainly his present appearance and his breeding warrant such a conclusion. Reggie, by Terrims, ex Gypsy II. is to be used at stud, and is a dog we are greatly struck with, being just a shade too small to be perfect. This, however, will be to his advantage as a

stock getter. Josephine, by Ch. Rabbi, ex Gypsy II., and Ch. King Pharo's Sister, have been noted before, and Mr. Wright is to be congratulated on his enterprise in getting together such a first-class kennel.

The Swiss government have set aside \$5,000 for a kennel show to be held at Geneva next year. What do our B.C.A. A. directors think of it?

**POULTRY.**

**A** RUMOR is gaining credence among those likely to be interested that the directors of the Agricultural Society have decided to restore the poultry section to the prize list. We would suggest that they make a good job of it and double the prize money, especially as there was none to pay out last year.

The article in last issue in regard to culls induced a prominent breeder to furnish us with the pleasing intelligence that he had had no culls in his yard this year. He ought to be able to form his classes at the winter shows.

Robt. Smith reports a good hatch of his white leghorns.

C. F. Beaven is giving up brahmas and going in for white leghorns.

Wm. Dean, of Dean Lea, is going in largely for black leghorns, an old favorite of his.

**PENSARN KENNELS.**

**FOX TERRIERS** { Combined strains of  
Ch. Venio, Ch. Regent, Ch. Rachel.  
**SCOTCH COLLIES** { Pensarn Gordon, 3,222  
Meichley Flurry, 2,842  
Metchley Flurry won the silver medal for best collie at Victoria Show, Feb., 1894.  
J. B. CARMICHAEL, 87 Government Street.

**FOR SALE**—Irish Setter Puppies, from Miss McGinty C. K. C. 3,270; good field dogs. Address "Irish," this office.

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A plate when made by this method is much lighter than an all gold plate, hence more pleasing to the patient.

The metallic roof-plate cannot become detached from the rubber, as the peculiar construction renders it impossible.

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Gas and Ether administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

A correspondent asks—"Has the Bank of England ever failed?" The reply is, of course, no; although it has more than once suspended payment, and several times has come very near to failing. In 1696, two years after it began business, the bank was compelled to suspend payment, its notes being at a discount of 20 per cent. In 1745, on account of the invasion of Prince Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender, there was a run on the bank, which was met by paying drafts and notes in shillings and sixpences.

In 1797 there was another run on the bank, which Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas feared that it might not be able to meet; on Sunday, February 26th; an Order in Council was issued forbidding the bank to pay cash, and this order was approved by Parliament. On May 1st, 1823, the bank again paid its notes in coin. In December, 1825, in the middle of another panic, a run on the bank began; the bank would probably have gone under had not a number of £1 notes been discovered in a box. These were paid out and the panic and run subsided.

The Act of 1844 allowed the bank to issue notes to the amount of £15,000,000, based on Government securities; but for every note issued in excess of that amount required actual gold to be kept in reserve. In 1847 the bank was in trouble again, and Lord John Russell, the Premier "relaxed" the Bank Act, so as to permit the bank to issue notes unsecured by gold; but the bank did not avail itself of the relaxation. In 1857, during the panic, the Act was relaxed a second time, and £2,000,000 of notes were issued unsecured by gold; and a third time in 1866, the Act was suspended, although a further issue of notes was found unnecessary.

The British bark Villalta, from Vancouver July 9 for Melbourne, was spoken July 18 in lat. 37 N., long. 133 W.

The total trade done by Great Britain with the Colonies is about \$900,000,000 yearly, and with the rest of the world about \$2,500,000,000. That is, the colonial trade is only about 26 per cent. of the total trade done by Great Britain with the world outside the borders of the three kingdoms.

LOBSTERS are said to be on the verge of extinction, the run upon them continuing to increase despite the repeated announcements which have been made that they are declining in numbers. If it is not the desire to absolutely kill them off surely a halt of some kind should be called. Have Sir Charles Tupper and his right hand support, Mr. Wilmot, nothing to

# PASTURE.

— THE —

## Mount Tolmie Home Building Assoc'n, Ltd.

has about 125 acres of choice pasturage within 3 miles of the city, well fenced, in four separate fields—each having ample water supply.

An experienced man in attendance. Stock will be sent for and pastured at the following rates PER MONTH:

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APPLY TO

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say, or must the destruction go on and the delicious lobster pass into the kingdom of the has been?

CONSERVATIVE estimates of the crop prospects this year are of a very reassuring nature. To look at home, even in the recently flooded section, the outlook is much better than might have been desired. The hay crop is capital, while throughout the rest of the Dominion, except in one part of the North West, where there has been drought, much better could not have been expected. In the United States, all the crops will be above the ordinary, while in Great Britain the returns will be exceptionally heavy. Wheat was recently reported at from 102 to 107 per cent.; barley, 103.5; oats, 105.4; and beans, 101. Potatoes are somewhat below the average, but are rated at 95.7. The root crops do not promise well, but the hay crop is given at 110.85, against 43.9 a year ago.

An engine has been taken down to run on the Nakusp & Slocan railway.



PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,  
10th August, 1894.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council directs that the following Rules, framed under the authority of the "County Courts Act," shall come into force from the 13th day of August 1894.

By Command,  
**JAMES BAKER,**  
Provincial Secretary.

1. There shall be a vacation in the County Court of Victoria, from the 13th day of August to the 1st day of October, 1894, both days inclusive, during which vacation, subject to the further provisions hereinafter contained, no cause shall be tried.
2. Nothing in these Rules shall interfere with the issue or service of ordinary default or judgment summons or garnishee proceedings, or with proceedings for obtaining judgment or default summonses.
3. Nothing in these Rules shall interfere with any criminal proceedings.
4. During said vacation the office hours of the offices of the Court shall be in accordance with Rule 693, "Supreme Court Rules, 1890."
5. These Rules may be cited as "The County Court of Victoria Vacation Rules, 1894."

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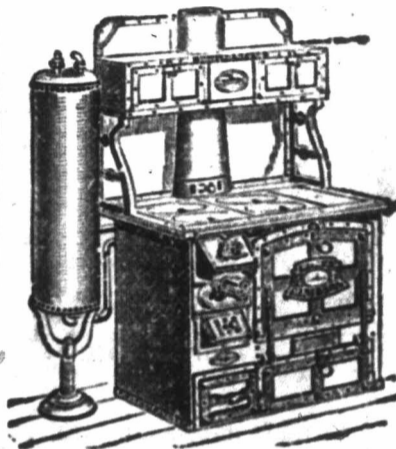
P. O. BOX 175.

**A SIBERIAN RAILWAY.**

A matter far more generally important to Russia than the wedding of the Czarevitch is the construction of the wonderful railway across the whole length of Siberia. All intelligent Russians are following the progress of this mighty undertaking with the keenest interest, and justly so. It will in time revolutionize the trade of the country, as well as open up a vast continent crammed full of every natural resource. With pardonable pride the publicists and prophets of the Russian press continue to pour out brilliant forecasts of what Siberia will be, and what Russia will be when they have the whole trade of the east diverted to their territories, when China and Japan will cease to use American and English ships to transport their exports, and will pour their riches through Siberia, when the superfluous capital of the west will be used to tap the enormous coal fields of Siberia, and the forests and gold mines and fisheries, when great cities and smiling villages will take the place of the howling wilderness at present utterly devoid of human habitation.

It looks as if the committee who have charge of the forthcoming exhibition were determined to make it a success. The show will be held in Victoria from the 1st to the 6th of October. The various days of the exhibition will be divided as follows: Monday, October 1, regatta; Tuesday, October 2, opening day by the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen; Wednesday, October 3, American's day; Thursday, October 4, societies' day; Friday, October 5, citizens' day (public holiday); Saturday, October 6, children's day. On the various days different sports will be held suitable to the occasion.

The Board of Customs at Ottawa has recently called attention to the fact that in collecting ad valorem duties under the Customs Act such duties are to be levied upon the fair market value of the goods as sold for home consumption in the principal markets of the country, whence and at the time when the same were exported directly to Canada.



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The Cosiest Place in the City.

A fine assortment of choice European delicacies to hand.  
The Great Ne Plus Ultra Concertina must be seen and heard to be appreciated.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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# THE HASTINGS ART STUDIO



) FOR FINE PHOTOGRAPHS.

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## MANUFACTURES.

Again we would recur to the subject of manufactures, and would do little more than remark that the successes of those who have made the departure ought to encourage others to follow the examples which have been so well set. We do not think that we can urge this matter too strongly. Our conditions require a departure of some kind; we cannot all live directly off the land, though from it the greater part of our wants can be supplied. We must have a variety of avocations in the same way as the farmers cannot confine themselves to the one product. The community must be built up out of all sorts and conditions. We cannot live by dealing in real estate, by keeping store or by practising the learned professions. Some must actively illustrate the Divine mandate "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," while it must also be by the sweat of the brains or of the trained hands of the skilled artizan that the general and individual wealth shall be augmented. But all tends to the one common object, the general well-being. We frequently, it would appear, take the matter of avocation too much as a matter of course, and it is in a haphazard sort of way that too many people settle down to their life's calling. As a rule, nature adjusts matters to a nicety, but, by our individual neglect, we have allowed things to get out of their courses and then have striven to regulate them by tariffs and drawbacks. But in this we cannot succeed, unless we get down to foundation work.

We have many people on the land who cultivate it in a shipshod sort of way, content, in many cases, if their own wants are met however inadequately, and utterly regardless of the fact that to a certain extent a man is his brother's keeper, and must act with this object in prominent view. It is not every one who can live on the farm and it is not every one who can live in the town to the best advantage. Indeed, there are many in the towns who have not yet found their vocation. Many of them are country-bred; but can find little to do, and either from sheer inability to make a move or disinclination to return to country life remain where they are—a useless element, and one which is a tax on the community. Had we more manufactures some of these would find employment and would become a purchasing power from which the country people would derive a benefit,

## ARTHUR HOLMES, CLOTHIER.

Suits for Boys and Youths.  
Gents' Furnishings.

Hats. Gloves. Scarfs. Night Shirts. Etc.

78 YATES STREET.

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DR. H. B. FINDLEY—SPECIALTY: CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.—The new process, which preserves old roots and restores the natural expression of the face, and having the appearance of gold filling, in natural teeth.  
DR. A. R. BAKER—SPECIALTY: PAINLESS EXTRACTION.—By the application of a patent local anæsthetic to the gums, which ensures the extraction of teeth absolutely without pain.

## The Victoria Ice Cream Factory,

38 Vancouver Street, cor. Collinson.

L. ACTON, propr., (successor to R. Lewtas & Son.) All orders of one quart and upwards packed in ice and delivered to any part of the city. Orders may be left at Fell & Co's. Telephone 94. The trade supplied.

## Imperial Vinegar & Extracts Manufactory

Lemon, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry and Pineapple.  
Pure Malt and Whitewine Vinegars, Tomato Catsup and Sauce.

C. A. PHILLIPS, No. 8 Yates Street, Victoria, B. C.

## Frank Campbell

\* P. O. BOX 108.

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and would therefore be in a better position to reciprocate by purchasing the productions of the town folk. We want to make some sort of a beginning, small as it may be, and the good work would be sure to continue and increase.—*Commercial Journal.*

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