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CHRISTMAS WEEK

Xmas Number of PROGRESS

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88 Government St., Victoria, B. C.

Vol. I. No. 50

VICTORIA, B. C., FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1904

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SALE OF CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS

Ladies' High-Cut Felt Slippers, bound with Fur, all colors, were \$1.50, this week 95c. Children's patent ankle-strap slippers 50c.

Gentlemen's Carpet Slippers, were \$1. Sale Price 50 Cents.

For Readers of 'The Week'

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BUSINESS TRAINING CO., LTD., offers

\$10 CASH

as a New Year's Gift for the best definition of the words "is" and "are," and why people say Twice 11 ARE 22, instead of Twice 11 IS 22.

1122—(i. e. Twice 11 IS 22) is our 'Phone No. for Local and Long Distance, to the Sound, Vancouver and elsewhere.

The Christmas and New Year best present from Parents to Children is a Business Course. As one fond parent said to his daughter, "What is the cost?" The reply being: Proficiency to your own satisfaction is guaranteed for: Shorthand \$35, Typewriting \$20, Telegraphy \$50. Quick Figuring \$20, a total of \$125, but payments may be made by installments with a small percentage added. I can start any day and have the freedom of the College until completion. You see, dear dad, it is no good being only handsome and well dressed. I want to be useful and help you, or earn my own living. Think what I could do for mother if anything happened to you

NORTON PRINTZ, Principal.
PERCY S. SHAKESPEARE, Secretary.

See line at foot of page, cut it out and send with reply.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

The author of "Ivan the Terrible," K. Waliszewski, is an apologist for a human monster. He draws a nice distinction between "terrible" and "cruel," either term fitting the man. Custine wrote of the Czar as one who "out-ran the limits of the sphere within which God permits His creature to work harm." He declares that Ivan's figure "is a nightmare, whose name is terror, the emulation of Nero and Caligula—the Terrible." Mr. Waliszewski advises his readers to "brace their nerves" so as "to meet

some severe shocks." In introductory chapters the political and social life, with the manners and customs of the Russians in the sixteenth century, are described. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century Russia lived apart from European civilization. She was as huge as she was barbarous.

Ivan the Terrible was born in 1530. Placed at the tender age under the tutelage of certain bishops, he was taught early the first lessons of cruelty. Culprits were slaughtered before his eyes. His amusements were hideous. For his special delectation dogs were thrown from the

castle walls. The choice of a bride for the Czar was peculiar. According to some of the chroniclers 1,500 young women were brought together, the provincial governors making, under instructions, the preliminary selections. When the seraglio was filled the sovereign made his choice, when the rest of the girls were either made the companions of the bride or sent home. Ivan's first wife was Anastasia. Shortly after his marriage she disappeared. Then a fit of fury seized the Czar. The inhabitants of Pskov having some complaint to make, approached the Czar. He had them seized and poured lighted brandy on them. As he was about to kill them news came that the bell of the Kremlin had fallen. That was a bad omen, and Ivan took horse and rode full speed to the scene of the accident.

How many wives he had is not well known. He had a way of his own in getting rid of them. The fiendish nature of the man was shown at Novgorod. There had been some religious differences between Ivan and the clergy, the inhabitants siding with their priests. The houses of the bishops were pillaged and the occupants slaughtered. The women were not spared. They were "driven naked through the streets, beaten with whips," and finally shot down. Other massacres followed. The strangest thing is that Ivan was in the habit of sending in lists of those who had been murdered by his orders and requesting that prayers be said for the repose of their souls. Forced to refer to the nice distinction between "terrible" and "cruel," the author writes that Ivan was a perfect "virtuoso in the art of inflicting suffering and causing death."

O TEMPORA, O MORES!

The Colonist Emerges From the Shades of Cold Obscurity and Enters Society.

The Colonist no longer lingers in the cold obscurity that marks the deserts outside of the boundary walls enclosing the "choicest" of Victorian society. Long has British Columbia's first and foremost newspaper stood shivering without the portals of The Blest, and at last the opportunity has arrived, for Mr. Charles Harrison Gibbons, erstwhile of the World, the Province, the Times and other leading newspapers too numerous to mention, has condescended to join the staff of the Colonist, with the latchkey to the most exclusive kitchens in his pocket.

There is no writer more famous in British Columbia today for his splendid misuse of superlative adjectives; his brilliant indifference to the meaning of common nouns, and his proud superiority to the vulgar laws of composition than Mr. Charles Harrison Gibbons. The mild tea party will henceforth develop into a Bun Banquet; the small and early dance will be transformed into a Princely Ball, and it will not be safe for a maiden to be seen talking to a man on a street corner without the announcement of an Engagement in High Life.

Victoria will not be considered slow any longer. The most sensational incidents will be recorded, with their habitat in this peaceful city, in the newspapers of San Francisco, Chicago and even Vancouver. The astonished citizen may gape open-mouthed daily on the arrival of these enterprising journals at the undreamt-of things that have been going on around him, all emanating from this noted descendant of the historian of the decline and fall of the roaming empire. And for all these blessings, Victorians may return thanks to the distinguished journalist, who is said to have boasted on his arrival from a city tired of his genius that he would make Victoria "the greatest fake news centre of North America."

His services in the press of this Province, in the cause of Sabbath Observance and the Young Men's Christian Association—services which he is so well fitted to render—are too well-known to require enumeration.

Thrus has its J. M. Barrie; Drumtochty its Ian Maclaren; and, thank Heaven! Victoria has its Charles Harrison Gibbons.

Our Christmas Greeting

In Acrostic.

Prepared especially for The Christmas Week.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to us all, my dears. God bless us. "God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim the last of all.

—Charles Dickens.

MIRTH is God's medicine.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

EVERY first of January is a remarkable turning point in our career.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

REJOICE that you are alive.

—Goethe.

REST is the sweet sauce of labour.

—Plutarch.

YOUNG or old, we are all on our last cruise. If there be a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it round, and let us have a pipe before we go!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

COME and honour, O my brothers, Christmas Day! Call a truce then, to our labours—let us feast with friends and neighbors and be merry as the custom of our caste.

—Rudyard Kipling.

HEAP on more wood; the wind is chill; but let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still!

—Sir Walter Scott.

ROSY," repeated Swiveller, "pass the rosy. May the wing of friendship never moult a feather, and may you ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him."

—Charles Dickens.

I KNOW that dancin's nonsense.—George Eliot.

SO in every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self is to be the gainer; to forget one's self is to be happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THEN arose a joyous clamor from the wild-fowl on the mere, and a voice within cried, "Listen!"

—Charles Kingsley.

MAY every blessing that the prayers of a true and earnest heart can call down from the source of all truth and sincerity cheer and prosper you.

—Charles Dickens.

AND it is more important that a person should talk pleasantly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day and hour, than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

STRAITWAY answered the Colonel's son, "Do good to bird and beast."

—Rudyard Kipling.

FORTUNE and victory sit on thy helm!

—Shakespeare.

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee.

—The Bible.

OH, may now the fair goddess, Fortune, fall deep in love with thee: Prosperity be thy page!

—Shakespeare.

MEN cannot live isolated; we are all bound together for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body

—Carlyle.

THE times (as Carlyle says) are bad; very well, you are there to make them better.

—John Burroughs.

HELLO—a great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper!

—Charles Dickens.

EACH good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.

—Whittier.

WAS ever yet a sound by half so merry as your schoolboy's laugh?

—Whittier.

EVER keep Hope, for in this is strength, and he who possesseth it can worry through typhoid.

—Rudyard Kipling.

EVERY one knows that it is not over the virtues of a curate-and-tea-party novel that people are abashed into high resolutions.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

KNOW then, that Father Time is not always a hard parent, and though he carries for none of his children, he often lays his hand lightly on those who use him well.

—Charles Dickens.

The Tenants of Moordene Manor

An Original and Seasonable Story

Written for "Christmas Week" by T. L. Grahame.

My journey to Sheffield had been rewarded by the capture of an order for the complete refitting of Messrs. Carnby, Jefferson & Co.'s great machine works with the tools supplied by my firm, Messrs. The T. Spott Company of Pittsburg, Pa. It was the best order ever secured by my firm, and I felt well pleased as I sent off a code cablegram outlining the order, and notifying my employers that I should sail from Liverpool two days afterwards on the White Star liner Titanic for New York.

Somehow I felt that my hard and delicate work in winning what had really been a diplomatic battle against considerable odds, deserved a day off all to myself, the indulgence for a few hours of the eccentric streak in my character; for, to the commercial world I am known only as Silas Biddle, a hard-headed, practical, almost soulless Yankee, who sells nails, tools and steel fittings, and sells them pretty well, too. The commercial world knows me not as the author of a little work on the architectural antiquities of New York; but that is my pet avocation—architectural antiquities. That is the reason why I chose the English trip in preference to the China one, thought the latter certainly offered greater monetary inducements.

They told me in Sheffield that if I took train to Upperby on the Yorkshire moorlands, nearly on the borders of Lancashire, procured there a good horse, and followed the old Roman way across the most unfrequented part of the wold, I should come upon a deserted mansion, built, it was said, in the time of James the First. As a portion of the place was in a fairly decent state of repair I could spend the night there, if not afraid of ghosts, which I am not, examine and sketch its peculiarities on the morrow, ride then to Ullton Junction, where I could leave the horse and catch the express at noon for Liverpool, in time to join the Titanic.

The plan delighted me. Mounted on a sturdy roan I found myself, late on a gray afternoon near the end of December, cantering along the Roman way, filled with joyous anticipations of a few hours of bliss investigating and limning the ancient mansion's beauties. As I rode up what had once been the drive, now wild with tangled and matted weeds, fetid and dank under the gloomy arcade of beech and elm boughs, the utter desolation of the place smote me chillingly, and only the view of the noble front of the mansion raised my spirits to their wonted level. Here was what I had seen in my dreams and had hoped with great yearnings to see in reality some day. Better still, I was to have the old house and its memories all to myself for the night.

Stabling my nag in the most sheltered portion of the decaying mews, and seeing him comfortably provided for, I took a quick run over the old manor. It is needless to describe the innumerable delights which its rambling passages, unexpected turns and windings, unaccountable odd nooks and corners gave me. Nor expatiated upon the joy with which I examined its carvings in wood and stone, wiping away the thick dust and mildew, the mould and secretions of time, in order to study their quaint forms. Nor my wonder at the vast baronial fireplaces with their ponderous mantels, the dark, mouldering wainscoting, the mullioned windows, still holding much of the old glass lozenges, here and there an armorial device in faded colors; I was like a child new fetched to Fairyland amidst it all.

From the spacious hall rose, at the end facing the main entrance door, a grand stairway, wide enough to take a score of men abreast. I ascended to the upper floor, notebook and pencil in hand, to jot down a few details ere night, now falling fast, should end all such labors. Here also the same evidences of solidity in construction appeared everywhere. In one of the rooms I found an enormous easy chair, its woodwork worm eaten, but the elegant carvings braving the tooth of time. It was evidently meant for solid comfort. To lug this four-

poster downstairs into what I took to be the library, where I intended to pass the night, was no easy task. Further foraging disclosed a little solid mahogany table in one of the smaller apartments, and this ponderous article of furniture I likewise deposited, after a struggle, in the library, comfortably to my hands from the easy chair.

At one side of the Gargantuan fireplace I heaped up a huge pile of oak and ash billets which I had gathered in the grounds. In the grate, guarded yet by its massive wrought-iron bars of quaint and curious workmanship, I built a roaring fire. On the table I spread out my provender, including a package of my pet Key Wests and a flask of the wine of the country. It takes a Yankee, I think, to fix things comfortably and extract the quintessence of luxurious ease out of any situation on earth. Getting through my business notes, entering up my diary and arranging my programme for the morrow I fled them all away and sat back in that big arm chair for a long, sober and happy reverie. As midnight approached the wind, which had been rising steadily all evening, rumbled in the chimney and groaned around the corners and eaves and gables. What a weird, humanlike sound it made in the corridors and passages; moaning and sobbing unceasingly; sometimes like people whispering and muttering to one another. Luckily there is not a particle of superstition about Silas Biddle, and not much fear, either; so the thundrous slam of a door upstairs just as my watch pointed the noon of night, did not scare, though it startled, me from the hearth-dream into which, under the combined narcotics of the fire and my cigar, I had been sinking. Through the curling incense of fragrant cigar smoke visions of home and infancy, far across the wide Atlantic, coiled up enchantingly before me, and I longed for the pinions of the frieze bird, supreme in flight:

"At even thou look'st on Senegal;
At morning on America."

Behind me suddenly the door opened, and hearing a heavy tread I turned in time to behold (almost face to face), a tall, well-built man of military bearing, clad in the costume of James the Second's time, entering. I suppressed the impulse to salute him, and he took no notice of me, but walked deliberately, head slightly bent in thought, to the side of the fireplace unoccupied by my chair and table, turned his back to the genial glow, put both hands under the skirts of his riding coat and proceeded to warm himself as male Britons have been wont since history records anything. In that flickering imperfect light I could not get a clear view of his face, but enough to show me that it was very stern and sinister in expression.

His large, prominent eyes surmounted by well-arched brows, glittered unpleasantly under the brim of his plumed beaver; the nose had been broken at the bridge and exhibited a somewhat unsightly depression. On cheeks, jaw and chin scars and cicatrices helped to accentuate the forbidding ugliness of the countenance. The mouth, hidden under a heavy black moustache, seemed to be large and coarse, with tightly-compressed lips. Feet and lower limbs were encased in the great overhang jackboots of the period; his long-skirted, plum-colored riding coat fell open off his chest, displaying a plain waistcoat of puce color, across which ran a broad leathern baldric supporting a hanger such as commissioned officers of that time wore. The face was ruddy as if tanned by exposure to all weathers and all climes. The man's whole appearance denoted great bodily strength and activity. I should say he was somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty years, for the hair peeping from under his wig was iron grey, and the sable moustache was shot with the same. Now and then he gnawed a thumb nail, while across his gloomy countenance there flitted a saturnine smile, remarkably enhancing its evil look. Once or twice he threw back his head and

laughed harshly, seemingly well pleased with his thoughts.

How long he stood thus communing with his own fancies I cannot say, but the door again opened and a young fellow of sweet countenance and elegantly attired in house costume, ushered into the room a graceful, good-looking young lady, who replied to the sweeping, and somewhat mocking bow of the first comer with a pretty courtesy and a smile that beautified her interesting and innocent face.

"Miss Ada," began the elder man in strangely harsh, commanding tone, as of one accustomed for many years to giving orders where it was death to disobey, "Miss Ada, thou hast the knightly scruple in keeping appointments. My service to thee, sweet lady, would that my officers might emulate thy good example. I have ridden hard and far to-night to keep this tryst."

"Oh, Sir Beverley, thank not me, but Selby here, but for him with his nice point d'honneur in such trifles, I fear 'twould have been but a woman's trysting on my part."

"Yes, Colonel, I confess 'twas rude of me to carry her off hither nilly willy in the midst of a most charming duetto, but I knew thy punctilio, and rather would have Miss Ada's resentment than that she should risk thy wrath, Sir."

"Faith," sneered Sir Beverley, casting a quick glance of dislike at the young man, "faith, such dutifulness is truly angelic in so bold a warrior," then, with asperity, "Miss Ada, I fancy, is quite able to keep her own engagements without assistance. I have craved this meeting with the lady. May I request you now, Sir, to withdraw, and be gracious enough to close the door after ye? My appointment is with the lady alone, not with you."

The cool truculence of the tone, the implied menace in the attitude of the older man, accompanied with the dark look which still distorted his grim face, seemed inappropriate unless more was meant than met the ear. The younger man reddened painfully.

"I do not withdraw at your orders, Colonel Dashwood; but if it be Miss Ada's wish?"

He gazed enquiringly toward the lady who appeared to be struggling with various emotions.

"If you please, Selby," she said, "just for a few moments. Sir Beverley has asked me to hear somewhat of importance in private."

"In private, Ada!" exclaimed the young man in surprise, "in private, and with the renowned Sir Beverley Dashwood, Ada," he continued with a most singular emphasis on the concluding words. Dashwood's face was a study in demoniac expression. It was wrinkled like a gargoyles.

"May Captain Nelthorpe remain, Sir Beverley?" she coaxingly asked, smiling and turning toward the veteran.

"Most certainly not!" thundered he. "Cannot I speak a few words of counsel privately to my old commander's daughter without spies and eavesdroppers thrusting lug into the matter? No, by God, Mistress Hazelby, hear me as I request or I'll horse and across the moor again!"

The coarse vehemence of the man seemed to arouse the high spirit of the young lady. It was the daughter of a soldier now who faced the knight, her white bosom heaving with rising anger, her face transformed from its wonted placidity to the animated features of resentful pride. Miss Hazelby cried in a clear ringing voice.

"Sir Beverley Dashwood, surely you forget your manners thus to speak to me. How dare you insult me thus, and insult Captain Nelthorpe? I will hear you now in what you have to say. Captain Nelthorpe stands in a relationship to me that makes it perfectly proper he should hear anything that may be said to me. Captain Nelthorpe shall remain, Sir I command you to stay here, Captain Nelthorpe," she said imperiously, glancing over her snowy shoulder at the young soldier.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The room rang again with the harsh echoes of Sir Beverley's unrestrained merriment.

"Bravo! Bravo! my lady. God to witness, now, why could not thy father have waited to see this rarity, instead of letting himself be shot uselessly like a chivalrous fool, in the Sedgemoor fight? Little he wot of the Minerva he'd bred for daughter! Gad! thou, Mistress Ada, for a soldier's wife. Bestow not thy hand on a milksoop or train-bearer!" and Sir Beverley stared hard at Captain Selby Nelthorpe.

In a moment she was at the side of the old soldier, her arm rigid as stone pointing straight to the door, which Captain Nelthorpe now held wide open.

"Go!" The white lips framed no other word, though the eyes were full of unspeakable things as they glanced and sparkled under the excitement of high anger.

"And, Mistress Ada, if I refuse to 'go'?" and the knight mocked her accent and action in a very provoking way.

"Refuse!" shouted Captain Nelthorpe with passionate fury, drawing his light court sword and striding forward.

"Fie, fie, boy," sneered Sir Beverley unconcerned, his back to the fire and his hands still under his coat skirts, "trifle not with God's mercies thus, lad, when thou'st the finest petticoat in all England to shield thee. Tut, child, put up thy toaster and lackey Mistress Hazelby as God meant thee to do—thou and thy like; though, faith, a soldier's daughter deserves a soldier for spouse, not a —" The last word was such as might have been expected from a denizen of the kennels.

A hoarse cry of uncontrollable indignation burst from the Captain's lips as he rushed madly upon his brutal insulter. Ada blocked the way, grasping with both hands his sword wrist and clinging desperately thereto, gasping:

"Not yet, Selby, not yet. For God's sake, dear, leave him now. Another time for this, Selby."

"Ada, let me go. Oh, for God's love disgrace me not thus, woman. Stand aside, back, let me go," he screamed, writhing and panting to release himself from the firm grasp of the lady, while Sir Beverley never for an instant changed post, but stood with his arms behind his back laughing loudly and immoderately at what he vowed was, "by God, the finest play-acting ever shown."

"Ah!"

Just by the fraction of an inch the deadly lunge had missed its mark, for although Captain Nelthorpe had swiftly changed his sword from right to left and reaching across Ada's shoulders aimed a thrust straight at Dashwood's face Sir Beverley's astonishing quickness in parrying the stab with his forearm deflected the point safely over his shoulder. But it was a close touch.

"Coward, assassin, poisoner, low hound!" shouted Captain Nelthorpe, mad with rage. "Who stabbed Claude Merton at Taunton? Who cheated poor young Scrope and ruined him at play? Who stole Lady Moreham's jewels? Who was the fiend that cut with his own bloody hands the throats of the wounded at the Nareton Farm fight? Who was notorious as the blackest of Kirke's Lambs? You, you, you, perjurer, liar, coward, common thief. Damn you, you shall not escape this time. Fight thou shalt!"

"Selby, Selby," sobbed the weeping Ada, her strength nearly exhausted.

Like the grating of a rusty hinge on its fastenings Sir Beverley spoke slowly, well-weighting his words.

"Miss Ada, be persuaded by one who adores thee ('Pah!" said she) to release the young person who is making so much noise, and who so unworthily doth bear his majesty's commission. Speech hath passed, fair lady, which only the sword can amend. I intend to do this person the honor of crossing swords. Captain Nelthorpe I hope is not all sound and fury; he will not, I trust for the honor of the service, be afraid to meet me a reasonable distance from thy sweet petticoats, Madame, and endeavor to make good those pretty compliments with the sword of an officer, if not of a gentleman. Were it not that Captain Selby Nelthorpe comes of a family as worthy of my regard as he is unworthy of its fame and honor, I should pay less heed to his ravings, delivered so charmingly from your lovely arms, fair Mistress Ada, than I should to the chatter of kennellers."

Pale as death but quite composed again, Captain Nelthorpe seemed to have passed the limit where a man's wrath can be provoked to display of outward violence. It was now of a more deadly nature.

"Ada," he whispered to his lady-love, "my honor is compromised. I must meet this man now. Let me be free, dear lady, I must redress your wrongs and mine own, too."

In an instant he was free. He walked up to Colonel Dashwood.

"Colonel," said he in a quiet tone, bowing courteously, "when you will, Sir."

"Ay, but the lady, the lady," re-

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LODGE REGISTEK.

Woodmen of the World.

Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. Assessments are due and payable on the first day of the month. Members must notify clerk of change of occupation and location.

Independent Foresters.

Court Cariboo No. 743 meets in No. 1 Hall A. O. U. W., 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 8 p. m. Thos. Le Messurier, Fin. Sec., Garbally Rd. R. C. Wilson, Rec. Sec., 101 Chatham Street.

Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Victoria Aerie No. 12 F. O. E. meets every Wednesday evening in Eagle Hall, Adelphi Block, at 8:30 p. m. Sojourning brothers made welcome. Joseph Wachter, President; Frank LeRoy W. Secretary.

Northern Light, No. 5935.

A. O. F.

Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday in each month in K. of P. Hall, Douglas St. Visiting members cordially invited to all meetings.

J. P. Hancock, Chief Ranger; W. F. Fullerton Secretary.

Knights of Pythias.

Far West Lodge No. 1 meets at their Hall, corner Douglas and Pandora Streets, every Friday at 8 p. m. Sojourning brothers are always welcome. J. H. Penketh, C. C.; Harry Weber, K. of R. & S. Box 544.

Juvenile Ancient Order of Foresters

Court No. 1 meets first Tuesday in each month at K. of P. Hall. Adult Foresters are always welcome. S. L. Redgrave, President; E. A. Laken, Secretary.

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LAND REGISTRY ACT.

In the matter of the Application of William Farrell for a Certificate of Indefeasible Title to Subdivision Lots D and E of the Garbally Estate (Map 116) Victoria District (now Victoria City).

Notice is hereby given that it is my intention to issue a Certificate of Indefeasible Title to the above land to William Farrell on the 6th day of February, 1905, unless, in the meantime, a valid objection thereto be made to me in writing by a person claiming an estate or interest therein or in any part of it.

S. Y. WOOTTON,

Registrar-General.

Land Registry Office, Victoria, B. C., 31st October, 1904.

Hotel Davis

Our Rooms are the most central, the best furnished and most comfortable in the city.

The famous Poodle Dog Restaurant in the building. Cuisine unexcelled.

\$15.00 PRIZE

A Maltese Lace Collar, worth \$15.00, will be awarded to the lady composing the best poem on the merits of Mooney's Perfection Cream Soda Crackers. Ask your grocer for printed conditions of contest. The collar is on view at T. N. Hibben & Co's Store.

The GEORGE CARTER CO.

LIMITED

WHOLESALE AGENTS

plied Sir Beverley, testily, staring hard at Ada, from off one of whose perfect shoulders the draperies had been forced in the struggle with her lover, and it now gleamed fair and pearly, like the alabaster creation of a Grecian sculptor. Blushingly she adjusted the disarray, all the while too conscious of the burning stare of the rude old soldier, who stood with arms akimbo, an evil smile corrugating his face.

"May we request you to favor us by withdrawing for a few moments? I shall not be longer with the task, dear Mistress Ada," purred the Colonel in his blandest accents, the same derisive smile on his face, as he bowed ceremoniously.

"Yes, Ada," urged her lover, "go, we must settle this matter alone."

"I shall not go," replied the girl, then with marked emphasis, and fixing her tear-stained eyes upon Colonel Dashwood, she said, "I shall not leave you to fight Sir Beverley Dashwood without witnesses."

The cut went home. Gathering up his under lip in his teeth, while his face went livid with agitation, Sir Beverley seemed put to it to control himself.

"Good, excellent," he laughed after a moment's pause during which they had regarded him curiously. "You are indeed the very daughter of your father, Mistress Ada. He had an espada for tongue, and thine is the stiletto. Now, enough of fooleries. Captain Nelthorpe, you will join me, I beg, in praying the lady to withdraw. Time goes apace, and I have other engagements to keep."

The two men then plied the lady with earnest entreaties to leave the room. Unwillingly she at last allowed her younger lover to lead her to the door, where, ere it was closed, he bade her tender adieu, kissing her hand devoutly. While in the act he could not, of course, observe that Colonel Dashwood had unsheathed his rapier, a stout, well kept military blade, and, his repulsive countenance black with hatred and jealousy, was stealing up behind the young soldier like a leopard on the spring, his weapon held ready to plunge into the back of his foe. As I was about to yell a warning to Captain Nelthorpe he turned quickly and seeing how the matter stood cast a withering smile upon his enemy, surveying him contemptuously from head to foot a full minute.

"Colonel Dashwood was never known to lose an opportunity to advance his own interests, but I did not credit him with cherishing the lofty sentiments of the footpad or the common assassin!"

The last word was literally hurled into the teeth of Sir Beverley, who made no other reply than to throw himself into the posture of attack and begin to close in upon the young captain.

The light undress sword wielded by Captain Nelthorpe seemed to me no match for the substantial weapon in the powerful hand of his antagonist. But it distressed me to notice, after they had fenced for a minute or two, that Nelthorpe himself was not fit to cope with the knight. The captain stood gracefully erect upon guard, whilst the Colonel crouched as if about to spring, and he held his hand high, so that his point was always on a level with his adversary's throat. Nelthorpe neatly parried several cautious feelers, thrusts in tierce and carte, and he met some simple feinting on the high lines with success, but when he tried to deliver an attack, developed from a cut over the point, which the lightness of his sword enabled him to do smartly, and then a feint in tierce which was responded to by the Colonel exposing the lower lines for a moment, it failed because of the extraordinary fierceness of the parry and riposte the Colonel's sharp weapon pinked his opponent three times in such rapid succession that I could not follow his movements, incredibly swift as they were for a man of his weight and age. All I saw was that the Captain was bleeding profusely from three ugly wounds, and that the Colonel was now pressing him with a fury that foreboded an early end to the encounter, unless the younger man should discover some greater energy than he had shown. In his eagerness the knight once caught his foot in the carpet and he stumbled forward directly under his opponent's sword, completely at his mercy. Captain Nelthorpe instantly raised his point and when the Colonel had recovered, as he did with lightning-like celerity, Nelthorpe kissed his hilt in salute.

"Fool!" growled the Colonel, stabbing like a madman at the breast

of his enemy almost before the other could recover his guard, and wounding the captain in the thigh. At the same moment, by a lucky riposte, Captain Nelthorpe's point found its way through the flank of his ferocious enemy, who winced perceptibly.

To it again they went, the sword edges grinding and rasping incessantly, each man practicing all that he knew of the art. I noticed that the Colonel's sword was slightly flattened from the point down about ten inches, and that this flattened portion was as sharp as a razor. This, then, was the reason for the strange motion which the Colonel was continually making amongst his thrusts, parries and counter parries. A stealthy upward movement for the elbow of his opponent, an attempt to cut with that lancet edge the tendons of Nelthorpe's sword-arm at the inner elbow, and thus disable him. Twice or thrice the cruel blade had slashed the captain's sleeve just at that point, but not enough to do the deed.

"Stop, stop, stop! There has been enough of this murderous work," cried Ada suddenly bursting into the room and rushing between the men. She implored them in an agony of entreaty to desist for her sake. Both men now showed fierce impatience. Nelthorpe gently, and the Colonel firmly took her arms and, profusely apologizing, led her to the door. They insisted that she not only leave the room, but that she go above stairs.

"Until I call you again, Mistress Ada," said the Colonel brusquely.

"Until you call me?" she retorted, scornfully.

"Ay, Madame, till I call thee. Dost think this hero is ever like to call thee when I have taken tax for his insufferable insolence?" and he scowled contemptuously at Nelthorpe.

"Not so fast, not so sure, Sir Beverley," cried the younger man.

"But Ada, I must join the Colonel in insisting that you go above stairs and there remain till this is over, when I shall call you down again."

"In that case, Mistress Ada, make thy will and leave me, prithee, thy dear favor, sweet lass," laughed the Colonel staring admiringly at the weeping girl, whose proud toss of the head and gesture of unutterable aversion made him laugh the more and the more loudly. Weeping bitterly, as I could hear, she was escorted between the two men to the top of the stair and there left alone, while they came down into the room again, shut the door and immediately fell upon guard. Hardly had they faced one another a moment when the knight, executing with rare precision the well known feints, and manoeuvres which lead to disarming the opponent, locked his blade in that of Nelthorpe and, with a swift wrench, tore it from his grasp and sent it smashing and clattering to the farther end of the room. Colonel Dashwood was breathing heavily, and the perspiration was rolling over his face. He remained in the same crouching attitude, while Nelthorpe, who made not the slightest effort to recover his weapon, quietly folded his arms upon his chest, and gazed into the eyes of his foe, without a word, Dashwood crouched, tense and eager, his point less than twenty-four inches from the Captain's breast, and was about to lunge when he suddenly straightened himself, muttering, "No, 'twould be murder, murder." He stalked gloomily to the sword in the corner, and presenting it to Nelthorpe, nodded surlily. Nelthorpe bowed as he grasped the hilt. Both fell upon guard again. Dashwood was breathing like a man in distress from heavy exertion; his antagonist's firm-set mouth and easy carriage betokened plenty of force in reserve. The Colonel tried a complicated attack in tierce, then very popular, but it failed because of Nelthorpe's suppleness, the older man's fierce lunge gliding harmlessly along the hollowed back of the younger officer, while at the same time the Captain's blade passed through Sir Beverley's neck, severing the artery. Still outstretched at the lunge, the Colonel savagely riposted, stabbing with blind fury as he felt the gravity of his own wound. Twice his blade found Nelthorpe, and to serious effect; then again a desperate upper thrust in the sword shoulder that caused the younger officer to relax his grip of the hilt, and fall.

Sir Beverley, reeling like a drunken man, trying with left hand to stop the jetting flow from his wound in the throat, staggered toward his fallen enemy.

"Chivalry, curse it, chivalry is a fool's game," he snarled. "But I'll have ye yet!" In vain the old soldier tried to steady himself, to point his weapon at his adversary's heart:

his knees shook and his body swayed—he fell across Nelthorpe with a mighty groan like the half-grunt, half-gasp of the wild boar when he brings every muscle of his mighty neck to the sending home of the tushes.

Silence fell in the room. Only the wild raving of the winter wind and its roar in the chimney disturbed the night. The ponderous front portal fell to with a noise like thunder that sent the echoes bellowing through corridor and hall. Then I heard light footsteps descending the stair, and the soft silken rustle of a woman's garments, the pattering of little feet on the hall floor—then Ada, tearful, rosy, wild-eyed, ran into the room. Slowly, like a tree when it sways to its fall under the woodsman's strokes, she sank down beside the two soldiers. She kissed Selby's lips and eyes, she fondled him piteously, pressing one of his hands to her breast. Then, raising her face to heaven, she uttered one long and very bitter cry—the wail of a loving woman's ultimate despair and woe. It pierced the black night and rang with dismal echoes through the old mansion's remotest chambers and passages like a sound from the lost—and it brought lackeys and lights and help for the wounded. They raised the young officer up.

"He lives, he lives!" they cried. "He will recover, Mistress," said the surgeon. "A terrible engage it was, in faith," he added, glancing at Sir Beverley's stern dead face.

Captain Nelthorpe opened his eyes, saw Ada, smiled gladly and swooned again. And she, brought from the deepest despair to unutterable hope and joy, laughed and stammered thanks and prayers as they bore away her lover to his chamber.

And I awoke with a start from my dreaming to find the fire naught but gray ashes, my pile of wood scattered on the floor where it had fallen, and the Christmas snow sifting silently in through the faded and riven heraldry of the old window.

CROW'S NEST COAL.

Mr. Lindsey, General Manager of the C. N. C. Company, Gives Out Interesting Information.

Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, general manager of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, is now in Fernie to assume charge of the vast business of that company. Just before leaving Toronto he gave out the following interview to the Globe:

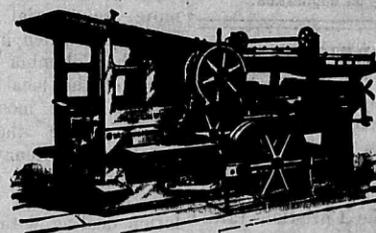
"The matters that have been most pressing of late," he replied, "have been the closing up of our long outstanding differences with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, securing to them their right of way, and to us the conveyance of the two hundred and fifty thousand acres of coal lands coming to us under our agreements with them. The government having selected its fifty thousand acres, the coal company became entitled to the deed, but so many difficulties and complications had arisen owing to the carrying on of extensive operations and the lapse of time since the railway was built and the coal company commenced work, that much adjustment became necessary before final closing. However, a good understanding has been arrived at, and the conveyances were executed by both companies and handed over in Montreal yesterday.

"The lapse of the Coal Creek branch was signed in Montreal the same day and takes effect on the 15th of December, on which date the coal company will operate the line from the coal mines to Fernie. The crossing of the Canadian Pacific Railway by the new line which we have contracted to connect the branch with the Great Northern Railway, has been allowed, and is now constructed. This will give direct connection with both the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Great Northern Railway to Fernie. The Great Northern Railway will be running trains into Fernie before the end of the month, establishing communication between these important mines and the United States market."

"Will this widen your market?"

"Certainly, the direct communication between the mines and the United States will enable marketing in a much wider area than hitherto. The new railway accommodation should help the car shortage, as it will make the distance between the Montana smelters, which we are now supplying with coke, and the mines much shorter than heretofore, the same number of cars doing a considerably larger business. Our present output is at the rate of one million tons of coal a year."

Smile!



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When life goes by like a song,
But it's another thing to keep smiling
When your printing is all done wrong.*

Bring your printing to us and we will help to make things pleasant by giving you good workmanship, the best of stock, prompt execution and low prices. Join our other customers and be happy.

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Cor. Gordon and Courtney Sts.

Our Cash Specials

For this week we are selling for CASH over the counter

Choice Sugar Cured Hams 18c
Turkeys at 25c

B. C. Market Co., Ltd.

Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Week End Excursions

AT POPULAR RATES
TO ALL FAVOURITE ISLAND RESORTS.

Through Tickets to Alberni, Crofton, Comox and
Other Points of Interest.

GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager

What Did the Monkey Say?

(See Competitions, page 8.)

.....

.....," said the Monkey, as he made his thirty-fifth resolution for the New Year.

Name.....

Address.....

Cut Out, Fill In, Mail to PROGRESS.

Christmas Week

Xmas Number of Progress.

Published at 85 Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

By S. A. G. FINCH.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a Year.

Advertising rates on application.

LET US REJOICE.

Christmas once again! For a brief season we are invited to put aside the manifold cares of life and rejoice, as most of us have year after year in the past, at the celebration of the birth of the Christian faith. Born in adversity, fostered in the midst of antagonism and persecution, that simple faith spread slowly and surely through the centuries, and today holds sway over the minds of nearly all the civilized races of the world. There is no miracle recorded in ancient Scriptures so wonderful as the growth of Christianity. Apart altogether from the doctrines, more or less contentious, of the Christian churches, there is the simple heart of the Faith itself which has appealed to humanity in every part of the world, and is contained in the message of the Nativity: "Peace on earth; good will toward men!"

Not yet accomplished! Nearly 2,000 years have passed since the shepherds, watching by night, heard the strains of that angelic chorus, and still we have war, crime and greed, as three great factors in civilization. And there is no peace on earth except in the hearts of a few. There appears to the average man to be an eternal contradiction between the thought and the deeds of mankind. The priest who preaches the gospel of peace, yet blesses the arms of the soldier departing to the field of battle; the gentle girl who could not bring herself to crush the life out of a beetle, watches her lover go forth to slay or be slain with tearless eyes and pride beating in her heart. How can these things be reconciled?

Only by patience. What are two thousand years in the unrecorded millions of years during which life has existed and the many more millions during which life will continue to exist? Just a brief period, and one that has been marked by marvellous changes in man's conception of life and the universe. We can trace the gradual acceptance of Christianity by the peoples of the world, and the benefits that already have resulted from that acceptance. The foundation of Faith has been laid, and though the Temple is not yet completed, we can see its shape in dreams; poets can sing of it, musicians derive inspiration from it. Much already has been done. Mankind today is kinder, better-hearted than before the birth of Christ. And so we may be thankful for blessings received, hopeful of the future, and able to rejoice on Christmas day.

The result of the election in the Yukon must have been quite a shock to the extremists of the Liberal party in British Columbia who could believe no wrong in the methods of the administration of the affairs of the Northern country. The defeat of Mr. Congdon, whose candidacy seemed a little odd in view of the position he held, was decisive, showing clearly enough that the election was fought entirely on local issues and that the administration is condemned. During the last twelve months very serious allegations openly have been made against Mr. Congdon and his subordinates and it would have shown better judgment on the part of the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to have instituted promptly an independent inquiry into the charges, rather than to have allowed the conditions to continue until at last the people of the Yukon had the opportunity to pronounce their condemnation through the ballot boxes. The prestige of the Liberal party suffers in the result. It is true that the Yukon is far removed from the seat of government and that abuses might creep into the administration of that country without the knowledge of the majority of the Ministers at Ottawa, but this condition should call for special vigilance on the part of those responsible and not be an excuse for inattention and indifference. It is greatly to the interest of British Columbia that the rich Yukon territory should be governed honestly and wisely, for without such government no country can prosper. Mr. Thompson has been entrusted by the people of the Yukon with an important mission and all Canadians who are not blinded

by extreme partizanship him success.

The next session of the Provincial Legislature promises to be both interesting and important. There are something like twenty new railroad charters to be applied for, and of these several will be likely to prove more substantial than the "paper railways" which have been built over British Columbia during past sessions of the local House. Of these proposals the most important foreshadowed are the construction of the Coast-Kootenay road, the extension northwards of the Vancouver, Westminster and Yukon, and legislation dealing with the Grand Trunk Pacific.

So it is to be Port Simpson, after all! It should prove a suitable location for the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. There is rich mining territory behind that little port which has been waiting many years for capital and enterprise to develop it. There is not much to be said for the land thereabouts from the agricultural point of view, but locations may be found where "small farming" for the local market can be carried on with success. There are some fine opportunities up at Simpson for in a few years there will be a boom in progress there of large dimensions. It is to be hoped that not quite all the harvest will be reaped by our American friends, but it is a fact that some smart gentlemen from the other side already have procured timber limits and other things in the vicinity of the future city. Mr. Hays denies officially that any terminus has yet been decided upon, but there is little doubt that Port Simpson is it, all right.

Congratulations to the editor and staff of the New Westminster Columbian on the successful publication of its mammoth Christmas supplement, "The British Columbian." It was a big undertaking and would have taxed the resources of a much larger printing establishment than that of the Columbian. It contains an immense amount of information, is profusely illustrated, and should do good service to the Province by its circulation abroad.

PRESS COMMENT.

Not Necessary.

An attempt will be made to explain Thompson's defeat by lusty howls about fraud, robbery, jobbery and general crookedness. As it is bound to come, none should be deceived by it.—Whitehorse Evening Star, Dec. 7th.

Will Have to Reform.

Chicago's famous unknissed professor is to marry, if current reports are to be trusted. Professor A. R. Crook, of Evanston, is his name. Three years ago he told a class of young men at Northwestern University that his lips had never pressed woman's, save those of his mother. The story was flashed all over the world, and the professor never has heard the last of it.—A. P. dispatch.

New Use for Firemen.

One official this city has always lacked is a chimney sweep. Now and then an itinerant member of the order passes through, but usually when work is slack elsewhere. To fill the breach, the fire laddies at No. 1 hall have made several steel chimney brushes, and Chief Watson states that these will henceforth be at the disposal of the citizens.—New Westminster Columbian.

Will Hit the Pipe.

The Kootenay Mail in its last issue has had another pipe dream. It blames the McBride government for the depression in the lumber industry.—Revelstoke Herald.

Benefits of Lung Exercise.

Why is it that popular orators, whether lay or clerical, are commonly men of great girth and good digestion, while great philosophers are often of diminutive size and small vitality.—Boston Christian Register.

Hear, Hear!

Delinquent subscribers should be sure and start the next year aright by visiting ye editor in the course of the next two weeks.—Phoenix Pioneer.

The Strenuous Interior.

An ounce of "get up and get there" is better than a pound or two of that tired feeling.—Fort Steele Prospector.

Try Mr. Russell, Victoria.

British Columbians who are looking for a fat job on the Grand Trunk Pacific, should apply to C. M. Hay, at Portland, Me.—Fort Steele Prospector.

Those Dreadful Owners.

Predictions have oft been made in the past of the great revival in mining that would ensue in the Sloean when silver climbed to 60 cents. The desired point has been reached, and the much-vaunted lead bounty is still in effect, but yet the expectant hum is not to be heard. What do the mine owners want now?—Sloean Drill.

Only the Birds.

The racket overhead during the opera Monday night was just the Eagles initiating candidates. While putting on the feathers the "billy-goat" got loose and had things all his own way for a few minutes.—Sand noStandard.

Let 'Em Have It

In the contract with the Shuswap & Okanagan company the C. P. R. bind themselves to "provide and run over the said railway duly equipped trains for the carriage of passengers and freight as frequently as shall be necessary for the traffic." They carry out their contract by putting on an old rattletrap engine that "can only haul its train over many of the grades of the S. & O." after taking two or three preliminary runs to gain impetus, and which is frequently obliged to leave cars at way stations because it is not powerful enough to manage the load!!!—Ver-non News.

EXPRESSION.

For The Week.

Faith unprofessed is like to fail,
The hope that sleeps is bootless,
An idle love that only dreams
And never speaks is fruitless.

If I could make of love a song,
Or tune a harp to play it,
She might be won—but then, alas!
I cannot even say it.

—Arnold Watson.

A Canadian Pacific Railway workman named C. Sanford was probably fatally injured in a fight in Fernie on Friday with a man named Scott. The latter struck him with a hammer, fracturing his skull.

AN EXCUSE.

The problem here, Lady Fair,
Is how to choose a theme,
And how to treat those virtues rare
With which you plainly teem.

To trot them out in dialogue,
A trick both stale and old,
Whereas a simple catalogue
Might seem both stale and cold.

Discretion, doubtless, you're aware,
Forms far the better part
Of value in "affaires de guerre,"
And in affairs of heart!

It might be prudent to apply
This wise and woeful tip
To arts of poesy, thereby
Avoiding "lapsus lip!"

You pressed to hear my lyrics, so
I could not well refuse,
Nor could I hedge—because, you know,
Ce qui o' excuse—s'accuse!

And so, observe I leave this rhyme,
Nor give you need of praise;
To do but this would take more time,
Than I can give to lays!

—Phymar.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

There are some interesting prizes to be competed for this week, and our readers are invited to participate in the competitions. A perusal of our advertising columns will be rewarded. The winner of the "Monkey" prize last week was Miss E. B. Saunders—her name being omitted by error.

This week the winner in this competition is Mr. Fred W. Walker, with the remark on the pilotage investigation. "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

For this week's competitions, our readers are referred to the advertisements of Mr. Printz and Mr. Geo. Carter.

If Nogi is going to winter in Port Arthur he will have to hurry forward those expert swordsmen who have been in training for so many years.

THE SILVER SPRING BREWERY, Ltd.

Brewers of

English Ale and Stout

The Highest Grade of Malt and Hops Used in Manufacture

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Established 1885

Pioneers of this Industry in British Columbia

The Brady Houston Packing Co.

Packers, Purveyors and Manufacturers of

Proprietors of the Celebrated "Queen City" Ketchup

Pickles of All Kinds, Sauces, Tomato Ketchup, English Malt and Other Vinegars, Salad Oil, Horse Radish, Chutney and a Full Line of Table Delicacies

Proprietors of the Renowned "Brady's" Worcestershire Sauce

Our goods can be obtained from any of the local grocers, who are authorized to guarantee their quality, purity and excellence.

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Pacific Coast Depot for the Wilson, Lytle Badgeron Co's Famed Vinegars

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Manufacturers of

English Ale and Stout and Aerated Waters

Telephone 444 Victoria West, B. C.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

are the best, and can be had from their agents,

T. N. HIBBEN & CO.

IF YOU HAVE NEVER TASTED

BLUE BERRIES

Now is the time to buy. We have just received this year's pack from Loggieville, New Brunswick, and will sell them

2 2-Pound Tins for 25 Cents

Canned Pumpkins per tin 25c.

Fine Old Port and Sherry, quarts, 50c

Phone 586.

CARNE'S CASH GROCERY, Corner Yates and Broad Streets.

Christmas Presents!

From Now till January 1st

With each 50c. purchase of Tea or Coffee we give you a pretty glass dish.

HALLAM & WYNDHAM

25 Government St., Opposite Post Office.

Victoria College of Music

248 Cook Street, Victoria, B. C.

Principal: MR. A. LONGFIELD, F. V. C. M.

PIANO, VIOLIN, ORGAN; IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES

Special Inducements to Pupils on the Pipe Organ

We Sell Only the Best Meat

COME AND TRY IT. PRICES RIGHT.

My Cambridge Sausages are A. 1.

E. CHAPMAN, Near Broad Street. 52 FORT ST.

Just Received

A large consignment of

DUTCH BULBS

Extra fine quality. Ask for Price Lists.

Joh nston's Seed Store

City Market.

The place to get a

Good Cup of Coffee

to cheer you or a Pot of Tea to punctuate a quiet tete-a-tete is at the

Mikado Tea Rooms

44 Fort Street

Society News and Gossip

The Hockey "Cinderella."

One of the jolliest and most successful dances of the season was the Hockey Cinderella given on Saturday evening for the visiting players from Vancouver. The old Assembly Hall had on its festive robe once more, and never looked gayer. "Sitting out" rooms were artistically arranged with flags, evergreens and dim lights, and made comfortable with large easy chairs and settees. A dainty supper was prepared, and refreshing lemonade, tea, coffee, etc., was available throughout the evening. About 300 were present, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." At five minutes to 12 the dancing was stopped, giving every one just time enough to scramble into his or her cloak and depart as the clock struck—a most proper Cinderella, indeed. Before leaving the hall, the Victoria Hockey Clubs gave three rousing cheers for the Vancouver players. The committee that had the arrangements of the function in hand consisted of the Misses Sehl, Nason, Wilson, Leeming and Hardie. These ladies are to be congratulated upon the success of the affair, and it is hoped that before the Hockey season ends the Vancouver players will again visit this city, and that the Victoria clubs will give them another of these delightful Cinderellas. The music supplied by Miss Thain and Mr. Fawcett was all that could be desired, and consisted of many new and catchy tunes. A number of pretty toilets were in evidence; the Christmas season always seems to bring with it new frocks. The young ladies of the visiting team were Miss Lawson, who wore a pretty white organdie over blue; Miss Burpee in a dainty creation of pale green voile; Miss F. McClure looked charming in a gown of white chiffon; Miss Turner wore pale blue silk, and Miss E. Burpee white mousseline de soix; Miss Davis was in white silk, also Miss Nixon, and Miss Babbington was faintly gowned in pale mauve crepe de chine; Miss Barwick wore white crepe; Miss Boulton, Nile green voile, and Miss Whitehead white silk with lace; Miss Crawford looked very smart in pale green silk crepe; Miss Caldwell wore white mousseline de soix; Miss Fraser white organdie, and Mrs. Douglas-Creighton was becomingly gowned in pink chiffon. The gentleman of the Vancouver Club present were: Messrs. Dean, Stevens, Crickmay, Barwick, J. Nicholles, Shallcross, V. Innes and D. Creighton. The Victoria lady hockey players present were: Miss Nason, in a pale blue crepe de chine frock; Miss Wilson in green and white organdie; Miss C. Hardie wore white soft silk; Miss Roberts wore blue silk; Miss A. Futeher, white silk, and Miss Read black silk and chiffon; Miss Baiss wore a pretty frock of white lace, and Miss Newcombe, pink and white mousseline de soix; Miss D. Sehl looked chic in a dainty creation of cream lace over taffeta silk; Miss Bowron wore white silk, and Miss L. Burgess, white crepe de chine; Miss Jay was handsomely gowned in white silk and lace, and Miss D. Leeming wore a delicate pink silk gown. Besides these were noticed Miss Newling, in white point d'esprit; Miss Sehl, in pale pink chiffon; the Misses Nicholles, in white silk; Miss McDonald wore pale blue silk and lace, and Miss M. Green a pretty white silk gown; Miss Johnson was also in white silk; Miss Monteith wore black chiffon over taffeta, and Mrs. Carew Gibson, white silk and lace; Miss Bechtel looked handsome in white silk; Miss Locke wore black lace over yellow silk; Miss D. Williams was in white silk and lace; Miss Williams wore black silk; Miss Fraser wore white silk; Miss Potts, pale pink mousseline de soix, and Miss Bamford, cream crepe; Mrs. Norton looked smart in a lace gown over pink silk; Miss B. Gaudin wore a white frock of soft silk.

Collegiate Closing.

At the Laurels on Friday evening last, Mr. and Mrs. Laing held the Christmas closing exercises of the Collegiate School. The halls were filled with guests, parents and relatives of the pupils, besides many friends of the host and hostess. The presentation of prizes by the Hon. Mr. Justice Martin took place in the school room. After this followed an amusing play by the boys, "The Area Belle." This was much appreciated by the audience, especially the young-

er members, who applauded heartily. A squad from the Cadet Corps performed a musical drill, while Mr. Carl Lowenberg accompanied them on the piano. This concluded the programme, and the guests adjourned to the house, where a delightful little supper was served. Among those present were: Bishop and Mrs. Perrin, Colonel and Mrs. Holmes, Dr. and Mrs. Hanington, Mr. Darrel Hanington, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. The Maccabees' Sale.

Three Hives of the Ladies of the Maccabees combined forces and held a most successful sale of work on Saturday, the 17th inst. The new building next to Terry & Marrett's, on Fort street, was prettily decorated for the occasion, in evergreens, bunting and flowers. The following ladies presided over the different stalls: Mrs. Rathorn and Mrs. Whittier at the handkerchief table; Mrs. Carlon and Mrs. Lawson sold collars, aprons and fancy articles at another stall. Mrs. Clyde and Mrs. Jackson had a very pretty booth filled with all kinds of dainty and useful electric light shades. Mrs. F. Andrews had a fascinating candy stall, loaded with all kinds of delicious sweets. Afternoon tea was served and the ladies looking after this department were Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Watson.

Rogers, Canon and Miss Beanlands, the Misses Devereux, Mrs. and Miss Monteith, Mrs. C. S. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Hulton-Harrup, Capt. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. S. Pitts and the Misses Pitts, Mrs. and Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, Mr. Geo. Harvey and the Misses Harvey, Mrs. Troup, Mrs. Martin, Miss Todd, Miss Heyland, Miss Crease, Mrs. E. G. Prior, Mr. and Mrs. F. Pauline, Mr. Malcolm-Richardson, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. C. H. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wootton, Mr. and Mrs. Blizzard, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Smith, Miss Newcombe, Mr. W. H. Langley, Mrs. Carew-Gibson and many others.

Marriages.

On Monday evening, Miss Helen E. Currie, of Glasgow, Scotland, was united in marriage to Mr. Garvin Lawson, of Belfast, Ireland, by the Rev. W. Leslie Clay. The bride was attended by Miss K. Hibbs, and Mr. G. A. Laird was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson are honeymooning in the Sound cities.

On Tuesday, Mr. Jas. A. Gill and Miss Dora Godtel, both residents of Esquimalt, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony, which took place at the residence of the groom's parents, 20 Henry street, was performed by Rev. J. P. Westman. The bride looked charming in a gown of cream silk trimmed with all over lace. She was attended by Miss Ella Gill, while Mr. Adam Godtel attended the groom. The house was beautifully decorated. A supper was served and advantage was taken of the opportunity by guests to wish the newly married couple long life and prosperity. Mr. and Mrs. Gill left on the same evening for the Mainland by the steamer Princess Victoria for their honeymoon.

Thompson-McFadden.

At 9 o'clock on Monday night, in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, a pretty wedding was celebrated, the principals being Mr. Chas. F. Thompson, of Winnipeg, and Miss Ina McFadden, niece of Mrs. Dixie H. Ross, of Hillside avenue. The church was decorated with ferns and holly.

There were present quite a large gathering of friends. The bride was supported by Miss Maude Ellis, of Vancouver, and the groom by Dr. George Haynes. The bride wore a white embroidered chiffon costume, and the bridesmaid was attired in blue crepe de chine with cream lace, and black picture hat. Rev. W. Leslie Clay performed the ceremony.

After the wedding a supper was partaken of at the residence of Mrs. Ross. Some time later the happy couple embarked on the steamer Princess Beatrice en route to their new home in Winnipeg.

In the Prairie City the groom is a prominent business man. He was formerly a traveler for a Toronto firm. The bride is a popular Victorian, and has here a wide circle of friends.

Daughters of Pity Cinderella.

The annual Cinderella dance, under the auspices of the Daughters of Pity, and which is always looked forward to with such delight by the young people of Victoria, takes place on Thursday, December 29th, from 6 p. m. till 2 a. m. All are heartily invited, young and old. There are no tickets for sale, as the admission is so small that it will be more convenient to pay at the door. Although it is not compulsory to wear fancy costume, yet it is hoped that as many as can conveniently do so will—the "grown ups" as well as the little ones. All should enter into this jolly season with the true holiday spirit, and how can one make merry at a fancy ball, without jesters, clowns, dashing cavaliers, gay Pierrettes, etc.?

Miss Smith's Pupils.

On Saturday, December 16th, the pupils of Miss S. F. Smith spent a very delightful afternoon at her studio, 57 Fort street. The decorations had been in charge of the senior pupils, the effect of the tastefully arranged ivy and bunches of large yellow chrysanthemums being very artistic. The centre of attraction was a beautiful Christmas tree hung with all sorts of "goodies" for those present, about forty in number. Mrs. Garret Smith (pianist), Miss M. Hall and Mr. Fawcett (violinist), contributed in no small degree to the success of the afternoon by their charming selections. Miss M. George led the younger children through some very pretty figures of marching, after which musical games were played. The tree was then lighted and refreshments were served. Miss Smith cut from the tree and presented to each pupil a dainty little Christmas gift and the scene was one of great merriment. After "God Save the King" had been sung, leave was taken amidst many expressions of thanks for the enjoyable afternoon spent.

The Hon. R. G. Tatlow, the Hon. R. F. Green, and the Hon. Mr. Fulton have returned to Victoria. With these members of the government in the city an executive meeting will be held and a decision is likely to be reached as to when the legislature shall be summed together. It has to be called before February 11th in conformity with the statute, and the date, probably, will be February 2nd.

Brief Paragraphs.

Mr. Gordon Smith, having retired temporarily from war correspondent work, has settled down again in his old place at the Colonist office. He may return to the Far East next spring. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith have taken up their residence on Michigan street.

The Sandon Standard says: E. Jacob—one of the best known mining journalists of British Columbia, was in town a few days this week gathering information for a report of the mineral resources of the province, which he has in hand.

Mr. W. McNeill has returned from the Mainland, where he has been on business for several days.

Miss Marguerite Bierman, formerly of Nanaimo, but now residing in this city, was married by the Rev. J. P. Westman on Monday to Mr. John Roe of this city.

Mrs. Fred. Peters, who recently underwent a very dangerous operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, is now out of danger and is steadily recovering her strength.

The Hon. Richard McBride has returned from his trip to the interior, and will spend Christmas at home.

The young ladies of the Intermediate choir of the Catholic church gave a Japanese Fan Dance, which was much appreciated. Then followed Miss Glen Switzer, who was splendid in her rendering of "Mr. Dooley" and other comic selections. The trio "Twilight," by the Misses C. O'Meara, Sehl and D. Sehl, was one of the gems of the evening, the parts being well sustained by the young ladies, who were in splendid voice. A comic sketch, in which Irish Biddy Muldoon is politely robbed of \$7.50 by a tea agent, brought the programme to a close.

Preserved PLUMS, PEACHES, STRAWBERRIES, Etc., home grown and home made. Insist on having Price's.

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(strongly recommended by the medical fraternity) for Rheumatism, Sciatica, stiff Joints, etc. Apply to MISS ELLISON, 74 Fort Street, Victoria. Telephone 1110. Balmo-nal Block

MISS MARRACK'S CONCERT.

Miss Marrack's concert, which took place on Tuesday evening at the Institute Hall, View street, was only fairly well patronized. Perhaps it was the inclement weather that kept many away, for it certainly was a stormy night. Those who were present, however, were indeed in luck, as the programme provided for the evening was excellent.

Miss Marraek has worked wonders with her pupils and never before have they been heard to better advantage. Miss Camille O'Meara possesses a remarkably fine soprano voice of good range. In her solo from Romeo and Juliet, a very difficult selection, full of little trills and staccato notes, she quite excelled herself and brought forth tremendous applause. A trio, consisting of Miss Sehl, Miss E. Loch and Miss D. Sehl, sang "In Old Madrid" in good style. Miss E. Sehl then delighted the audience with a soprano solo, Mascheroni's "For All Eternity," with violin obligato by Mr. E. Fawcett. Needham's "Barley Sheaves" was well rendered by Miss Emma Ore. Then followed a quartette, "Welcome Pretty Primrose," by Pinsuti, the singers in this selection being the Misses C. O'Meara, E. Sehl, E. Locke and D. Sehl, who were in good voice and received hearty applause. The next item was a contralto solo by Miss M. O'Keefe. Green's "Sing Me to Sleep," with violin obligato, by Mr. E. Fawcett. This was very prettily sung. Miss O'Keefe is the happy possessor of a lovely rich contralto, and it is hoped that she will be heard more frequently in the future. Another trio, by Miss E. Sehl, Mr. Langworthy and Mr. Ollivier, Attila's "Te Sol Quest Anima," was well rendered.

The Savoy.

During the past week it was the same old story at the Savoy. Large audiences nightly greeted the Bob Hewlette Company, who presented in a very creditable manner the sensational melodrama "A Bootblack's Christmas," which met with instantaneous approval. For the coming week Mr. Hewlette will present one of his latest efforts, entitled, "A Filipino Princess." This is a political satire in two acts; the first act takes place in the Philippines; the King of Bungahoola is overthrown, and he sends his daughter, the princess, to the United States to plead for the restoration of his throne. The second act is in Washington, D. C. The princess arrives and the president becomes infatuated with her charms and promises to restore the kingdom. The king and suite arrive per airship, and many complications are straightened out to the satisfaction of all. The burlesque characters of President Roosevelt, Booker T. Washington and Mr. Hewlette as the king, afford many hearty laughs. The entire company appear in the cast. Many new and catchy musical numbers will be introduced. In the vaudeville programme following the burlesque, several performers make their first appearance before a Victoria audience, notably Owens and La Marr—Sam and Edith—comedy sketch team and champion buck dancer; Genevieve De Forrest, singer and dancer; Anita De Schoutz, transformation danseuse; and a return engagement of Mlle. Laurendeau, the favorite and popular baritone vocalist. Others are: Mae Mulqueen, new illustrated songs; Marie Sparrow, in a new specialty; Jim Rowe, comedian; Myrtle Bartlett, vocalist; Minnie Adams, soprano; Dorothy Heather, soubrette; Clark Sisters—Maude and Hazel—singers and dancers; Viola Le Page, Spanish dancer, and the regular Savoy Stock Company.

Don't Forget the Hospital.

Christmas gifts to the Royal Jubilee Hospital, such as flowers, holly, bon bons, cakes, etc., will be gratefully received. The Women's Auxiliary are arranging the Christmas dinner for the hospital and supplying the turkeys. So, from any one wishing to assist, donations will be much appreciated.

See Finch's new assortment of choice ties for Christmas trade, ranging from 50c. to \$2 each. Finch & Finch, 57 Government street.



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Ladies' Hairdressing Shampooing, Etc., at
Mrs. C. Kosche's
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Everything for the kitchen in Tin, Agate, Wood and Fibre Wares, and Prices Are Right.
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Situating in the Mount Sicker Division of Chemainus District.
Where located.—On the east slope of Mount Brenton.
Take notice that J. W. A. Dier, agent for the Mount Sicker and Brenton Mines, (Limited) Free Miners' Certificate No. B85247 intend 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim. Any further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 14th day of November, 1904.
W. A. DIER

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Of the Conservatory of Music, Napoli (Italy), in addition to tuition on the Violin, Mandolin and Guitar, will conduct a special class in the art of accompaniment to a limited number of advanced piano pupils. Apply at studio, over Imperial Bank, corner Yates and Government Streets.

IN GOOD TASTE
A gift of LOWNEY'S is always in good form. It is an appropriate gift to anybody and for almost every occasion, and especially for Christmas. It may simply be a remembrance in the way of a small package, or a substantial present of a two or three-pound box or basket. We are receiving Lowney's every few weeks, fresh from the factory. A complete variety and every size of package. We take orders and deliver any hour of any day you say. If you wish to send it out of town, we will pack it, enclose your card, and attend to its shipping. Get your order in soon and remember that nothing takes the place of Lowney's.

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MINES INSPECTOR DICK.**Inquiry Before Judge Spinks Concluded at Nanaimo—Report Not Yet Handed Down.**

Judge Spinks has concluded the taking of evidence in the charges preferred against Mr. A. Dick, inspector of mines, in which it was alleged that while filling the position of inspector he had accepted pay from the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company.

In Nanaimo this week His Honor heard some evidence. A man named Hugh Dixon had many complaints against the condition of the mines of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, especially with respect to dust. He had written a letter to the Clarion, which referred to Mr. Dick receiving pay from the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, and had received a reply thereto from the minister of mines. He denied bringing the charge against the inspector. He wasn't satisfied that Mr. Dick was in the employ of the company. He didn't believe it, nor disbelieve it.

Superintendent Stockett, formerly of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, also gave evidence. After giving considerable expert evidence as to the conditions of the mines, Superintendent Stockett was asked: "Can you give any reason why the reports of the inspector improved in reference to the condition of the mine?"

He replied: "I cannot; but can see that the later reports were correct."

"Do you know of any money being given to the inspector that influenced his reports?" was asked.

"I do not know of any being given or of any benefit being given by any official of the company or by any one connected with the company," replied Superintendent Stockett.

Mr. Harvey, on behalf of the government, then addressed the court, saying that although nothing had been shown to prove the charge that money had been received by the inspector, evidence had been given that the mine was in bad condition. Evidence had been given that large quantities of dust were on the haulage ways as well as some in the rooms. Mr. Stockett also had given evidence that dust was on the haulage ways, and that the same had been sprinkled with water cans and buckets. During that time the inspector had reported that the mine was free from dust. Enough had been shown to suggest that something was wrong. "I have nothing further to say; you have all the evidence before you, and I have no doubt, will give your decision accordingly," concluded Mr. Harvey.

The court then adjourned.

CIVIC EXPENDITURE.**On the James Bay Improvement Works—By-Law for Compensation Money.**

Mayor Barnard has handed to the press a statement showing the expenditure of the balance, \$42,000, in round figures, at the commencement of the year, of the \$150,000 voted for the James Bay improvement work. Mr. J. Seeley received \$2,500 on account of his corner lot adjoining the causeway; \$17,000 was spent on taking down the old bridge and filling in, and \$14,000 on buttress work; \$2,000 was absorbed by the expenses of the Bertucci arbitration.

The \$25,000 which it is proposed to raise by a new by-law, is for the purpose of compensating property owners affected by the extension of Douglas street and the filling in of the James Bay flats; \$11,000 will be appropriated for the payment of the Bertucci claim, an amount settled by arbitration; \$5,500 goes to Messrs. Weiler Bros., the sum agreed on, and \$9,000 is to be spent in putting the flats in a condition so that the mud flats may be placed in good shape for the speedy erection of the new C. P. R. hotel.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Natural History Society was held on Monday evening, with the president, Capt. Walbran, in the chair. The subject of the evening, the John Fannin memorial fund, was again brought forward, and the secretary reported having sent out a large number of letters to the residents of the city, but up to date he had not received any donations in response to them. A contribution of \$50 for the fund was unanimously voted by the society, and a subscription list will be opened in the Bank of Commerce. Intending subscribers

are requested to place their names on this list, or send the money to Frank Sylvester, the acting secretary. At the close of the business meeting, in the absence of the reader of the paper of the evening, J. R. Anderson, an address was given by Capt. Walbran on the history of the battle of Trafalgar. During the address a translation of the French account of the battle was read from the Naval Chronicle of October 25th, 1805, published by order of Napoleon in the Official Gazette Moniteur.

G. N. R. AT FERNIE.

The first train over the Great Northern Railway branch into Fernie arrived on Friday, says a dispatch from the coal town, and the time to the Pacific Coast will be reduced by 32 hours. This, of course, is via Spokane. Contractor Shanley is rushing the new depot and expects to finish it by December 31st. He has the contract for four other railway buildings in the town, including the section house and engineer's offices. By the arrangement between the Crow's Nest Coal Company and the C. P. R., whereby the former leased the latter's line to the mines at Coal Creek, the Great Northern Railway, through its intimate relations with the coal company, will get its direct line to the mines.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**Interesting Selections From Superintendent Robinson's Annual Report.**

Under the head of "General Remarks," Mr. Alexander Robinson, Superintendent of Education for British Columbia, has this to say in the 33rd Annual Report of the Public Schools, just issued:

I believe the time has now come when the question of the revision of the School Act should be openly and courageously met.

In a province as large as British Columbia it necessarily takes several years for the professional reputation of a teacher to extend throughout the several school districts. In consequence, some of the teachers, who by nature and education are totally unfitted for the task of instructing the children of any district, however isolated, are yet enabled, after dismissal by the trustees of one district, to secure an appointment in another school if only it is sufficiently remote from their last charge. The names of these birds of passage, who, by the way, are mostly men, are well known to the Education Department, and their certificates should be summarily cancelled. It is unfair to Boards of Trustees to allow them to be victimized by these incapables any longer. Besides, the cancellation of the certificates of two or three teachers, who through lack of natural aptitude are incapable of improvement, would exercise a stimulating influence in the case of others whose want of professional success is due, not to a lack of intelligence, but to a deficiency of zeal.

I see no reason to change the opinion expressed three years ago in the 30th Annual Report, that the time has not yet arrived for the establishment of a Provincial University. The establishment of such a university would no doubt tend to foster a stronger provincial spirit; whether at the same time it would tend to advance the cause of higher education in the Dominion is doubtful. Apart altogether from the initial cost for buildings and apparatus, the amount required for the salaries of professors and for maintenance would not be less than \$18,000 a year; a sum sufficiently large to maintain at McGill or Toronto University 60 British Columbia students, allowing each a scholarship of \$300 a year. Even were our population large enough to support a university, it is a question if the money required for its maintenance could not be more judiciously expended in granting scholarships at McGill or Toronto to poor but deserving students of this Province.

I believe that in the case of Manitoba University, the Government of that Province would have acted more wisely if instead of founding a small struggling university at Winnipeg, they had agreed to contribute one-half of what is now spent on their Provincial University to the support of a first-class scientific and technical school in connection with Toronto University while using the remaining half to help support at Toronto Manitoba students who, for want of funds, are now debarred from enjoy-

ing the greatly inferior advantages offered by the university of their own Province.

HOTEL FOUNDATIONS.

It is satisfactory to note that after encountering many difficulties, the B. C. Construction Company is now progressing satisfactorily with the hotel foundation work on the James Bay flats.

The company, after a considerable amount of worrying by the officials of the Sabbath Observance Association, has given way and stopped Sunday work, which means, of course, further delay in the completion of the contract.

A genuine Cravenette Raincoat on the back is worth two umbrellas in the hand. Pneumonia comes cheap, but goes high. Fit Reform, 75 Government street.

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What you please without any distress or fear of indigestion if you use our Digestive Tablets. Take

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according to directions and you need not fear Dyspepsia. They will make you feel good and

ALIVE

Glad you are living. These tablets are wonderful as an aid to digestion and for curing heartburn, nausea, sick and sour stomach. You should get a box to-day, 50 cents.

CYRUS H. BOWEN, Chemist, 98 Government street, near Yates street.

STORIES OF THE STREET.

It seems rather a pity that the Christmas numbers of the magazines appear so early as they are quite too old to be interesting during the holiday season.

Who cares about Nan Patterson or Mrs. Chadwick or any other American adventuress in this moral city?

"The ladies, God bless 'em!" said the Monkey, devoutly, as he took his morning's morning after reading five more columns of telegrams about Mrs. Chadwick.

The British Firmament Darkened.—"With but two exceptions, the presenting force (the Ben Greet Company) lacks but two people of being entirely made up of celebrated English stars of the legitimate drama."—Pipe dream in the Colonist.

David Spencer, Ltd., is now busy knocking spots out of the local booksellers with cheap editions of old novels and modern classics.

Holly with berries is very scarce this year and decorations will suffer in consequence.

The C. P. R. is running cheap excursions to Vancouver during Christmas tide. They will have to be cheap to attract many travellers.

"Going to church on weekdays," growled the Monkey as he hopped into an office in Troncoe alley to pay a little bill.

In a Victoria restaurant: Customer, regarding very small amount of bird just served him on a December night—Say, waiter, do you call that half a grouse?

Waiter—It's a very young grouse, sir.

The advance agent for Ben Greet was introduced to a gentleman in Victoria as the representative of Everman. See it?

B. J. Perry will be a candidate at the next Provincial elections in Victoria. He says so, and he ought to know. He would be pretty hard to beat.

Can't those tiresome newspapers just drop political animosities for this week?

It must be nice to be a pilot and get paid for work you don't do.

When two good Liberals fall out, as have Messrs. Kingham and Fraser, over the latter's evidence at the pilotage investigation, the Conservatives ought to get their own—that is the truth about the political end of the case.

It is hard to withhold sympathy from Battling Nelson after he lasted so gamely until the twentieth round.

Dr. Elliott S. Rowe is now allowed to smoke cigars. An advantage of the life insurance business over the other.

If you want an Al pair of dancing pumps at a reasonable figure, go to Watson's store on Yates street.

The Times refers to the editor of the Colonist as the "Yellow-eyed representative of a discredited and defeated party." Not nice journalism.

The odd thing about "Everyman" was that one woman took the part.

A dramatic critic may be paid without ever having been made.

Lawson will soon begin to feel the force of the first half of his name.

The school teachers say that all they wanted was to be allowed to attend the Institute at Vancouver in January instead of taking in the Provincial Institute, which is held this year in the Upper Country.

When buying Xmas supplies, do not forget to lay in a stock of sedlitz powders and other antidotes to plum pudding and late nights.

It is to be hoped that the emblem of purity will not cover our streets with slush for the holiday season. What is known as a green Christmas is much preferable to the sloppy mess that covers our streets after a snow storm.

Santa Claus will come Sunday morning, and the little people will be happy.

Victoria looks forward to the new hotel much as the small boy looks forward to his first pants. Anticipation is often better than the realization, but the new building certainly will be the greatest improvement that Victoria has ever had, not excepting even the Parliament buildings, for the hotel covers up a plague spot of the worst kind, converting it into a thing of use and beauty.

The newspaper is passing and in its place is coming the party organ that suppresses unwelcome news or tells just as much as suits its purpose. In the old days telling only half the truth was considered equivalent to lying, but these are the days of advancement.

"How terribly light my pocket is," said the monkey as he recovered from his after-Christmas dyspepsia.

There should be a doctor on the school board. Dr. Bolton would make a good member and should be elected if he will run. None should know better how to deal with the hygienic phase of education so well as a doctor.

That pupil was adding insult to injury who borrowed a match from the principal of the public school in order to light a cigarette.

The Tuesday Club must have assembled for a Christmas greet-ing at their last meeting.

It is quite appropriate that the Poultry Association should meet at a restaurant.

Window gazing is all the rage this week.

The most delicious sweetmeat now on the market in Victoria and at the same time the most wholesome, is the **HOME-MADE BUTTER TOFFEE**, manufactured by W. R. Hartley, 74 Yates street.

Price's Gold Medal Brand Catsup, Pickles and Sauce are condiments that should be in every house. Price and quality second to none.

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At \$2.50

equal to those sold elsewhere at \$3 and \$3.50. Inspection invited.

Watson's Shoe Store, 65 Yates Street

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SUITABLE TO ALL

—AT—

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A Large Stock of

Toys, Games, Books and Fancy Articles

We invite you to call and inspect our stock

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WANTED—A boy's bicycle; must be in first class order. Address Cash, Box 94, P. O. city.

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For gentlemen, with bath and electric light; every convenience.

GORDON HOTEL, Yates Street

Delicious Perfumes Ebony Brushes Toilet Cases**Suitable Xmas Presents****Central Drug Store Douglas and Yates Streets.**

Phone 201.

Mary had a little lamp, 'Twas filled with kerosene, She went to light the kitchen fire She's never since benzine.

A Guest of the Night.

Original Christmas Story
Written for "Christmas Week" by Arnold Watson.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."—Byron

Drip, drip, drip!
A cold wind, very gusty at all the corners, was blowing down the street. The rain came down steadily, except when it became involved in these gusts. Then it was blown down the neck and into the eyes of the one slated wayfarer in sight. The city clock had struck the hour of Two, slowly and solemnly, and the city was wrapped in sleep.

"Rain and wind," muttered Geoffrey Fanshawe, grumblingly, as he pulled his hat further down over his eyes. "Rain and wind!"

As if to emphasize the cause of Mr. Fanshawe's displeasure, an extra angry gust of wind whirled round the corner he had just reached and threw a cloud of cold water into his face. "Curse the weather!" ejaculated Mr. Fanshawe heartily, as he shook himself. "Curse the weather, anyway. No fire, I suppose, when I get home. No comfort in this infernal country; no comfort, and no peace! Home, indeed! As if a man could have a home here." He laughed in a cold, derisive way and hurried onwards. The houses he passed were all plunged in the darkness of the night. No warm rays of light came through the chinks of window curtains or over the fanlights above the doors. It was a city asleep.

Everybody except Geoffrey Fanshawe seemed to have retired between his two warm blankets. The rain, however, was falling for the especial purpose of annoying Mr. Fanshawe. On and on, past the darkened houses, stepping unawares into puddles of muddy water at the crossing, sometimes abusing the weather and at last he arrived, dripping wet and very ill-tempered, at the house in which his lodgings were situated. At home, like the others, showed no light nor sign of habitation. Mr. Fanshawe opened the front of his front door, found his latchkey in his pocket and let himself in. In the hallway he tried to light a match, but the rain somehow had penetrated to his matchbox, and he had to grope his way along the hall to the stairs, knocking his shins against some unexpected obstacle on his way and cursing beneath his breath as he did so.

When he reached his rooms, however, Mr. Fanshawe met with a pleasant surprise. There was a warm fire in the little sitting room and some wood and coal had been placed ready for his use. It was a comfortable little room, and with the light firelight dancing on ceiling, walls and curtains, it was not to be despised. On the mantelpiece over the fire were pipes, tobacco jar and framed photographs. On the walls were pictures and more photographs. The bookcases were well filled with books. On the little table stood two glasses, a decanter of whisky and a taphon of soda water. Heavy, dark curtains hung at one end of the room, draped at the centre, and between them one had a glimpse of the bedroom. Comfortable bachelor quarters, a visitor would have said, and the home of a man in fairly good circumstances.

Geoffrey Fanshawe! Type of many men; neither very young nor old, neither rich nor poor; neither happy nor yet quite miserable! He took off his dripping hat and overcoat and hung them up just outside his door. They could dry in the passage or stay wet. Next he took off his boots and threw them aside, sat down in his armchair beside the fire and fell a-thinking. There was no one to hear, and so he could think aloud.

"Christmas eve!" he said to himself. "Christmas again; Well, what does it matter? What is Christmas to me?" For a man of thirty-five, the firelight in falling upon Geoffrey Fanshawe's face, lights up a bitter face—a disappointed, weary face. There are lines on the forehead that ought not to be there, and lines about the mouth and eyes, too, that are not quite pleasant. Geoffrey stared idly into the fire for many minutes and the fire started back at him. He got up presently with a sigh, poured some of the whisky into a glass, half filled the glass with soda water and

emptied it rapidly, at a draught. Then he fell to walking very slowly up and down the little room.

"The only thing in this Christmas business for me," he said, "is memory. It is all right for children; yes, or for older people, with children belonging to them. But what is the good of it to me?" Judging by the expression on Geoffrey Fanshawe's face, Christmas was not much good to him. Presently he threw himself into his chair again, and put some more fuel on the fire. The wind outside had risen and was blowing round the house more noisily, sighing and groaning in the eaves of the roof and whispering among the rose bushes in the garden. Fanshawe shivered a little and drew nearer to the hearth, as a man will when he hears the wind and rain outside. By degrees the warmth of the fire exerted its influence over him and he fell into a light, fitful sleep.

Just how it all happened, Fanshawe never could very clearly remember in after years. But he is quite sure that he was awakened by a knock at the door. The knock was so gentle that he was not quite sure about it, and it had to be repeated before he gave any sign. Somewhat surprised, he invited the person outside to enter.

The door opened and a young man stepped into the room, closing the door after him. The two looked at each other in silence for what seemed like several minutes. The mysterious visitor was very young, perhaps 20 or 21 years of age. He was dressed smartly enough, but the cut of his clothes and the shape of his collar were out of date, by a decade. He was tall and slender, and his face was handsome, bright and hopeful. His eyes were very clear, and his glance frank and happy. Altogether, Fanshawe was quite pleasantly impressed by the appearance of the youth, though he wondered, naturally enough, who he was and what might be the meaning of his untimely visit. However, he invited the youth to take a chair at the other side of the fireplace. The visitor did so and Fanshawe continued to regard him with interest.

Presently the youth spoke. "You are wondering, of course, who I am?" he suggested, with a smile.

"Possibly," replied Fanshawe. "You do not remember me at all, I suppose?"

"I do not," said the youth, still smiling, but rather sadly, "and yet there was a time—and it is not so very long ago—when you knew me better than anyone else."

"Surely not!" said Fanshawe, beginning to doubt if his visitor was quite right in his mind. "But, of course, even a few years ago you would have been very young, and you might have changed a great deal."

"I was young, yes. But I have not changed so much as you. The fact is you have changed greatly, while I—well, I have only ceased to exist."

"Only what?" exclaimed Fanshawe.

The youth smiled again. "You need not be alarmed," he said, quietly. "But that is the fact. I have ceased to exist. I am now only a memory—and that half-forgotten."

Fanshawe was very much puzzled, but he waited to hear more without interrupting, and presently the youth continued.

"Probably you wonder," he said, "how it is that if I have ceased to exist I can be here talking to you? Well, this is Christmas morning; did you remember that?"

"How could I have forgotten?" replied Fanshawe.

"Plenty of things to keep the day in your mind, no doubt," suggested the visitor. "The gay shop windows, filled with toys and picture books; the happy, expectant faces of children—yes, the approach of Christmas is always evident. It is one of the landmarks of Time. No man, however fully occupied with business or pleasure, can pass it without observing it."

"I was thinking just now," observed Fanshawe, "that while, as you say, one cannot overlook the day, it

comes to have less meaning as one gets older."

"You were thinking that?" said the youth, quickly. "And why is it so?"

"Because—well, because it is so," said Fanshawe, lemelly.

"I will tell you why it is," said the youth. As he spoke he got up from the chair and stood behind it looking very earnestly at Fanshawe. "It is because a lonely man loses sympathy. Sympathy and affection are the source of all happiness, and Christmas Day is nothing without happiness. You have forgotten so much. After ten or twelve years, for instance, you have forgotten me! Look at me carefully. My sentiments, my hopes, my enthusiasms were once yours. But you have killed them all."

"No!" interrupted Fanshawe. "Not quite that. I begin to understand now who you are. And it is hard for me to be frank with you. We all deceive ourselves; yes, from the very beginning. I have not, as you say, killed the sentiments that once animated me. Rather have I found them to be false—the dreams of unknowing boyhood. In youth, life seems to be full of great possibilities; but as we get older we have to come down to stern reality—in- stead of soaring to the skies, we are glad enough to find shelter on the humble earth."

"But," said the youth. "It may surprise you to know that I was not deceived. The warm heartedness of youth is true and right, and the hardships that comes with experience is wrong. This is the time of the year in which a man remembers, and so you shall remember now and as you remember, regret!"

A strange stupor fell suddenly upon Fanshawe. The firelight glowed brightly before his eyes, widened out into a sheet of flame and then slowly died down. He found himself looking across a snow-clad landscape. Overhead the stars shone in a cloudless sky. In the distance lay a village, lights twinkling redly from windows of cottages, and from the windows of the church standing in the midst of them. The bells in the church tower were pealing the glad, merry chimes of Christmas. The air was very still and cold. It was a familiar scene to Fanshawe, for it represented his birthplace and the home of his youth.

"Christmas eve twelve years ago," said a voice behind him. "We will see glimpses of what you were doing then."

The scene before Fanshawe darkened into black night and changed as rapidly into the warm but dimly lighted interior of a large oak-walled hall. At the far end a great log fire blazed in the huge hearth. A lady, in whom Fanshawe recognized his mother, was playing soft music at the piano some distance from the fire. The squire was in his big armchair near the fire, a favorite dog lying at his feet. But the principal actors in the scene for Fanshawe were a young man and a girl—charmingly pretty girl reclining gracefully on an old settee, while the young man stood talking to her. His back was turned towards Fanshawe and he spoke very low, too low for the old people to hear, but not too low for Fanshawe. Ah! the drift of the boy's remarks was clear enough, and Fanshawe remembered the love that had filled his heart on that night twelve years ago.

"You will forget!" the boy was saying, "that is what I am afraid of. When I am thousands of miles away, some other man will come and take you from me. It will be so easy for you to forget."

"Geoffrey," replied the girl very gently and smiling a little sadly, "do not think that."

"I will work so hard for you, dear," broke in the young fellow impetuously. "I will work for you, dream of you, think of you always. You will be the guiding star of my life, ever before me, leading me on to success, keeping me safe from folly. But if you fail me, what shall I have left?"

"Dear boy," said the girl, "keep the memory of those words in your heart. I fear that it is men and not women who can forget. We know how to wait patiently and be true. Look to yourself and never mistrust my faith!"

The scene faded and darkness surrounded Fanshawe. Then his guest spoke again: "Have you remembered?"

"Alas," replied Fanshawe, "I have not remembered—not as I promised!"

"And she?"

"She was right. She has waited

The Ben Greet Players

of London, under the personal direction of Ben Greet, at the

Victoria Theatre

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 20

The XV Century Morality Play

EVERYMAN

As given by this company in London and New York.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 21st

Appropriate to the Christmas season

The Star of Bethlehem

A miracle play of the Nativity.

Prices of Reserved Seats are \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c and 50c, Gallery 25c. Seats on sale beginning Saturday Morning at Waitt's Music Store, Govt. Street.

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ED. REDMOND CO.

Week Commencing Monday, Dec. 26

and continuing until Wednesday Evening, with usual Wednesday Souvenir Matinee

The Jolly Laugh Producer

"NIOBE."

Souvenir Matinee, Wednesday
A portrait of Ed Redmond presented to all attending.

Seats 10 cents
A Few Reserved for 25 cents

Thursday and Balance of Week,
Ending Saturday Matinee

The Cyclonic Comedy Success

"JANE."

Night Prices, 10 and 25 Cents

Phone No. 822

Call us up and Reserve Your Seats

Curtain Rises Evening 8:15.
All Matinees 2:15.

for me patiently all these years."

The darkness lifted and Fanshawe was in his room—alone. The fire had died down and he was very cold. He jumped up from his chair and put his hand to his forehead. Fanshawe's face had changed. There was a light of resolution resting upon it.

"Good lord!" he exclaimed, "what a fool I have been! This is Christmas day. The first thing I shall do will be to send a cablegram to England."

Quickly and nervously he got pencil and paper and wrote a copy of the message to be flashed over the wires 5,000 miles. Then he went to bed and was soon fast asleep with a smile of happiness upon his face.

The message, which was despatched six hours later said:—

"Christmas greeting! If you can forgive me the long waiting, come, and come at once."—Geoffrey.

Our pique gloves are manufactured by skilled pique sewers under the accurate eye of expert examiners. The Finch glove fits to perfection and the wearing qualities are unsurpassed; there is no more serviceable glove made. Every pair is guaranteed and fitted. Finch & Finch, 57 Government street.

If you have beauty,
We can take it;
If you have none,
We can make it.

Savoy Theatre

W. G. Stevenson, Mgr.

WEEK OF DECEMBER 26

Look at the Names

Owens and LaMarr

Mlle Lauredean

Anita DeSchoritz

Genevieve DeForrest

Viola LePage

Clark Sisters

Hewlettes' Burlesquers.

Myrtle Bartelle

Minnie Adams

Dorothy Heather

Marie Sparrow

Mae Mulqueen

Comedians

Jim Rowe

Bob Hewlette

in the burlesque entitled

Phillipino Princess

Admission 15 and 25c.

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Friday and Sat., 23 and 24

MUSLINER'S
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CIRCUS
at GRAND Theatre this week.
Two matinees Saturday, commencing at 2.30
Children, only.....5c
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Le Petit Crystal

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Give a Special Matinee at the
DALLAS HOTEL
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Punch and Judy Entertainment

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PHONE No. 204

THE REALM OF SPORT

Saturday's Hunt.

The members of the Victoria Hunt Club met at the Gorge bridge on Saturday last for their weekly run. The course led over Mr. Rogers', Ah Sing's and Mr. Mercer's land. The pace was not as fast as usual, as the going was rather heavy over the plowed fields. However, all seemed to enjoy the run. The weather was delightful and the jumps not too high. Only one brave huntsman came a "cropper." This was a soldier bold who was mounted on the fiery steed "Thunder." The cause of his downfall was a little difference of opinion with the noble "gee" as to the right course. Just after getting safely over a fence, "Thunder" turned sharply to the right and the gallant soldier had an idea that he ought to go to the left, consequently rider and horse parted company for a few minutes, but they were soon together again and finished with the rest. The following were the ladies and gentlemen who finished: Miss Pooley, Miss V. Pooley (riding Frank L.), Mr. and Mrs. Bradburn, Capt. Popham, Capt. Cockburn, Col. English, Mrs. Bland, Miss Devereux, MissONEY Irving, Mr. Hughes, Mr. McHenry, Mr. Langworthy and Mr. Garrett. The next run will be from "Fernhill," the residence of Mr. Pooley, corner of Lampson street and Esouimalt road, on Saturday, the 24th, at 2:30 p. m.

Handball.

An exhibition match was played on Tuesday night last between Peden and Hughes (J. B. A. A.) and Winch and Gallop (Fernwood Y. M. A.), which resulted in a win for the J. B. A. A. team with the following scores: 21-14, 21-7, 20-21, 21-18. The first and second sets were won easily, owing to the Fernwood boys lacking good combination, but a splendid exhibition was given in the third and last sets. The Fernwoods hope to arrange an exhibition match at singles with some of the J. B. A. A. players in the near future.

In the F. Y. M. A. best average tournament, E. A. Gallop has a good lead with 13.33 average for, P. K. Winch being second with 11.44 average for. A. Marconini is third with 8.33 and W. P. Marchant fourth with 7.90 average for. This tournament will be finished next Tuesday. Commencing with the New Year the Fernwoods will start a club handicap tournament, and entries should be made as soon as possible to Chairman Winch.

Britt's Victory.

Jimmy Britt got the decision over Battling Nelson at the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, on Tuesday night. His success was expected in 'Frisco, but Nelson's supporters were justified in their confidence. It was not expected that the fight would go to a decision and that made all the difference. Britt is the more scientific boxer, but he has not the staying power of the Dane, and the bout easily might have ended differently. It must have been a terrible battle, and Nelson may yet prove too many for the Californian. In view of the fact that Joe Gans, who secured a decision recently over Britt on a foul, can hardly get down to weight again. The decision Tuesday night gives Britt, virtually, the light-weight championship.

Savoy Boxing Match.

Great interest is taken in the 15-round go between Oakley, of the Shearwater and Gr. Neillings, R.G. A., at the Savoy Theatre on Friday night. Both men are in fine form, and there appears to be little to choose between them. City sports generally seem to fancy the sailor. The Savoy management has earned a reputation for putting up first-class boxing contests, and this should prove no exception to the rule.

Provincial Police Walker and Dow, of Fernie, who went after the Indians last week for hunting deer with dogs, were unable to entrap the wily red men, although the police were satisfied in their own minds that the Indians had grossly violated the law. They found four encampments between Elko and Wardner. At each camp were about five dogs, all securely tied and looking very innocent. It is believed that the Indians, alive to the situation, had spies out and passed the word along ahead of

the police and had the dogs tied at the camps. The four camps had at least 100 horses, many of them pack animals, and by the Indians' own admissions they were killing many deer. The wild, scared condition of the scattered deer on the mountains as found by the white hunters also bear out the theory that the Indians have been chasing them with dogs. The police were unable to secure any incriminating evidence on this point, nor on that of selling the slain deer.

McNamee vs. Hornbuckle.

Gr. McNamee, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, has accepted a challenge from Professor Hornbuckle, of Vancouver, to box twenty rounds to a decision, at catch weights, at the Victoria Theatre, on a date to be fixed towards the end of next month. McNamee is a strong boxer and should give Mr. Hornbuckle the time of his life. He is getting into condition doing some hard work daily with Sergt. Dunn. Gr. Reilly and others. His weight, ringside, is about 175 pounds.

The Crow's Nest Pass Hockey Association met at Pincher Creek last week and drew up a schedule of games to be played at various places along the line from Fernie eastward.

The Stage

Poor Business.

The business at the Victoria theatre continues very poor while the best of the popular priced theatres are enjoying big patronage. Of late some high class attractions have been staged at the Victoria, more especially the performances by the Ben Greet players—one of the most noted theatrical organizations in Great Britain—but poor houses have been the rule all the time. The situation is becoming serious and the more enthusiastic playgoers recognise the fact. While business has been bad here, the Vancouver opera house, competing with twice the number of low priced houses, has kept up its record as one of the best theatres on the Northwest circuit. Why the repeated failures here? It is curious to see that with his finger on the pulse of the circuit all the time and well knowing recent conditions in Victoria, John Cort, of Seattle, general manager of the Northwest Theatrical Association, is still talking about a new theatre for Victoria.

The C.P.R. company, who built and own the Vancouver opera house, may possibly supply the capital for the new venture and if so the theatre is likely to be one of the finest on the Coast.

The Redmond Theatre.

The coming week at the Redmond Theatre will be devoted to comedy. Victoria audiences like to laugh, and always enjoy clean and wholesome fun. The company are clever in comedy, a fact well known to the patrons of this cosy play house. "Niobe," a lively fun producer, will be the offering for the first half of the week, beginning with Monday and continuing until Wednesday and concluding with the usual Wednesday matinee. As a comedy "Niobe" is a great play and presents situations that produce great merriment. Madame Myee will have a most congenial role and Mr. Redmond offers another jolly impersonation—that will create no end of fun.

For the last half of the week the whirlwind comedy creation, "Jane" will be offered and what is more to the point, enjoyed, for like its predecessor it is constructed for laughing purposes and in the capable hands of Mr. Redmond's players a genuine week of hearty laughter is assured.

The souvenir matinee next Wednesday will in all probability attract much attention, from the collectors of souvenirs. The portrait of Ed. Redmond will be presented to all attendees and many will wish to secure a picture of him.

Ben Greet Players.

One of the most interesting theatrical events in Victoria for a long time past was the visit of the Ben Greet Players. In the production of the old morality play "Everyman" theatre-goers had an opportunity to see something quite remarkable, and while a very large number of those present did not appreciate the performance, there were others more fortunate. Madge Robertson's

little article on this play in the Colonist is well worth reprinting. She says: "It would be hard to over-praise the production of 'Everyman' by the Ben Greet company. Such a rare presentment has not, I fancy, been seen here before. The absence of stage tricks, the fidelity to the text and its environment, the absolute control of the situations and the dramatic fitness of the emotional rendition make this a notable production. The elements of grotesqueness and melodrama are so marvelously handled and subdued to the level tone of consistent morality that these are services of strength to the dialogue. We have to thank Mr. Greet for giving us an opportunity of realizing what his revival of the old morality plays means. He has shown us that a play wholly simple and primitive, with elemental lessons of retribution, can be made the occasion of a most scholarly presentment, that its literary value can be immeasurably heightened by most careful stage handling, and that a high standard can be determinedly maintained and made popular with no extraneous aids. The acting of Miss Frawley dominates the play, and deservedly so. It is hardly possible that Victoria will be out of accord with the rest of the continent in refusing her the appreciation she deserves. It is not too much to say that the performance was wholly satisfying from an educational standpoint, that it was artistic to a degree and that its moral aspect, naturally simple and direct, was impressed upon us with the greatest realism, which is the highest art. One is glad to have a chance to say a few words of appreciation of so finished a piece of work."

The Retort Courteous.

"The late Charles Hoyt," says Frank Daniels, the actor, "was about as genial a fellow as one would ever meet; yet, when occasion offered, he could give utterance to some rather sarcastic remarks.

"I remember once how he gave an awful jolt to a player well known for his intense egotism. Hoyt was in the box of a Western theatre witnessing the first production of one of his musical comedies, and, in accordance with his custom, making notes for the improvement of the piece, when a telegram from the actor referred to was handed to him. The telegram read:

"If your play is a success I very much desire the leading role in same."

"Whereupon Hoyt turned over the message, wrote upon the other side, 'You are alone in your desire,' and gave it to the messenger to be at once put on the wire."—Collier's Weekly.

Players People Know.

Miss Alta Phipps, who recently left the Redmond company, is now singing at the Empire theatre, Vancouver, and earning considerable praise from the press.

Miss Viola Le Page, the popular dancer and singer at the Savoy, is a Canadian girl, hailing from Quebec. She once hesitated between the stage and the convent and left the decision to chance.

Ben Greet, who played at the Victoria theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday last, has been on the boards for more years than he likes to remember. He has the reputation of being one of the most cultivated actors on the British stage. For many summers he toured England with pastoral plays, played in the open.

Florence Roberts is reported to be one of the wealthiest players in America. She is a prime favorite on the Coast, and it is said, returns her compliment by investing largely in real estate in the various cities she visits from 'Frisco to Vancouver.

A Rain Coat is better than rheumatism and costs much less.

The cravenetting process don't make the fabric air-tight—nor yet deluge-proof, but it does make it non-absorbent of moisture and odorless—all without changing its appearance.

An ideal Rain Coat and Fall Overcoat combined may be obtained at the "Fit Reform," Government St. Price, \$15, \$18 or \$20. A Rain Coat is a necessity—not a luxury.

For pure and wholesome sweetmeats, for delicious English toffees and fine chocolates, you cannot beat **W. R. HARTLEY, Candy Manufacturer, 74 Yates street.** The most reliable candy maker in town.

See Finchs' overcoats before you buy elsewhere. Finch & Finch, 57 Government street.

If you are in want of a **HIGH GRADE SCOTCH WHISKY**

Be Sure You Get

BUCHANAN'S SPECIAL or BUCHANAN'S BLACK AND WHITE.

Stevenson Macadam, the well known analyst, of London, certifies these whiskies to be absolutely pure.

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AND WE CAN TELL YOU HOW.

Use EXCELSIOR MEAL. This being a special blending of all grain, cannot fail to bring good results.

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REPAIRS WELL DONE

FALL AND WINTER SUITINGS.

Our finest stock of West of England and Scotch and Irish Goods is most complete, and cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

Suits to Order \$20 up. Overcoats to Order \$25 up.
Pants to Order \$5 up.

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TELEPHONES 48, 305, 404 or 594.

Assembly Dancing Academy

Mesdames Dickinson & Simpson will resume their dancing classes Saturday, Oct. 1st, Assembly Hall, Fort St.

Monday afternoon, children's fancy dances, 3.30 to 5 p. m.

Monday evening, beginners classes.

Tuesday evening, Cotillon club.

Thursday, Social Night, 8.30 to 11 p. m.

Friday afternoon, children's private class.

Saturday afternoon, general class 2.15.

Private Lessons Given.

PHONE 881

At the Savoy

Grand Scientific Glove Contest.

Dec. 23.—Grand Scientific Glove Contest, 15 Rounds for a Decision. No draw goes. Jim Oakley, H. M. S. Shearwater vs. Tich Weillings, R. G. A.

NOTICE

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 30th, 1904.

I hereby present a complete statement as to James Cameron Watters' expenditures during the late general elections, Nov. 3rd, 1904.

Advertisement and printing.....	\$117 00
Hall rent.....	28 50
Incidentals.....	10 00
Car fare.....	1 60
Clarion newspaper.....	20 00
	\$167 10

Arne John Arnason, agent for James Cameron Watters
Received the above the 21st day of December, 1904.

HINKSON SIDDALL,
Returning Officer Electoral District of Victoria City

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