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It is one of the best in The Week, which is the most valuable advertising medium in British Columbia. Reasonable rates.

# The Week

A Provincial Review and Magazine.

**NEW HOUSES for Sale**

INSTALLMENT PLAN  
A number of new homes. Modern in every respect. Easy monthly instalments.  
**B. C. LAND & INVESTMENT AGENCY, Limited.**  
40 Government Street.

VOL. II. No. 51.

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER, B. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1905.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

**THE PASSING SHOW.**

**A Review of Local and Foreign Events and Topics of the Week.**

This is Christmastide, and the things pertaining to the greatest of all English festivals are present in everyone's mind. That being so it is fitting that, in this department of The Week, first place should be given to the seasonable topic. The Week has not attempted to come off the press in any special holiday guise, but nevertheless it contains some seasonable features, which is the best the publishers could manage this year. The staff of The Week take this opportunity of wishing all readers of the paper—whether they be friends or otherwise—the jolliest Christmas imaginable. And Christmas should be jolly! It is a religious festival, but that does not imply any sort of "dourness." The day set aside for the celebration of the birth of Christ should be a day of rejoicing. His influence has improved the conditions of life, encouraged kindness and sympathy and substituted for the terrors of superstition a simple creed of salvation by love. Whatever views as to the Christian faith may be held by some people, all admit that it is the noblest and happiest ever preached to a world in darkness. And so we celebrate Christmas as best we may with family reunions and feasting—the time honored English method of showing our appreciation of that most poetic message: "Peace on earth; goodwill toward men!"

**Elections in England.**

The political campaign in Great Britain is to be brief. Cablegrams state that the elections will take place in January, and so there will not be very much time in which to thresh out the great issues to be submitted to the people. Mr. Alfred Lyttleton, late Colonel Secretary, has made a speech which is taken to indicate that the Unionist party as a whole will go to the country pledged to some measure of colonial preference and retaliation, but the Home Rule issue, which the Liberals are endeavoring to cover up, will not be lost sight of. The Liberals will make free trade and a change in the education laws their principal planks. The contest, though it is to be brief, will be hotly waged and the result is more than doubtful.

**Island Railways.**

Railway extension on Vancouver Island is foreshadowed by a number of applications about to be made to Ottawa by the C.P.R. Company. These applications are for leave to construct from Comox to Campbell River, from Duncans to the Alberni canal, from Duncans to Alberni via the Cowichan valley, from Englishman's River to the Alberni canal, and from Comox to the Alberni canal via Cumberland. These are mostly alternative routes, the company apparently desiring to further investigate the various routes for an extension to Alberni before deciding as to which is the most suitable.

**John Oliver Again.**

Mr. John Oliver is out on the war path again and has regaled a Liberal club meeting in Vancouver with an arraignment of the provincial government for all sorts of sins of omission and commission. The sturdy member for the Delta is full of steam and some of it has to blow off occasionally. The Vancouver Liberal Club was kind enough to act the part of safety valve, and hot air flew around the club rooms for an hour or so, after which everyone present returned home feeling much relieved. A long report of the speech appeared in the Vancouver World, together with the statement that it was a "brilliant arraignment of the government" and an "exhaustive criticism" of the work thereof. The Week can well

believe that it was exhaustive and also probably exhausting. There was nothing new and nothing effective in Mr. Oliver's stream of invective, except the high pressure which projected it from Mr. Oliver's inside. The Week is glad to see that the member for the Delta is out again; The Week likes Mr. Oliver very much, and is especially appreciative of his unintentional services to the Conservative cause.

**The Tariff Commission.**

The result of the work of the tariff commission presumably will be embodied in legislation to be introduced by the Laurier government at the next session of parliament. The report of the commission no doubt will depend considerably upon the views held by the commissioners prior to their inquiries pursued throughout Canada, but it will be interesting to see just what modifications of the existing tariff will be recommended. From the testimony given to the commission it is very clear that different views prevail in different parts of the province. Generally speaking the farmers of the Northwest and Manitoba appear to be opposed to a high tariff, while the manufacturing classes, who are uppermost in the Eastern provinces, cannot have too much of that very good thing for them—protection. In British Columbia there does not seem to be any general demand for a change in the tariff. Of course, the lumber of people ask for more protection, but it has not been demonstrated that this industry is in a bad way or in need of special aid from the tariff, while the public which buys lumber considers that existing prices are sufficiently high. The Week is of the opinion that the changes made in the tariff will be found to be more often reductions than increases, unless the government finds itself too much in the hands of the ruling classes in the Eastern cities to do what it would like to do. After all, the Laurier administration was first returned to power on the strength of its pledge for free trade—a pledge that, if adhered to, would not have led to the present prosperity in the East, the outcome of the Conservative national policy, supported grudgingly by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party.

**Mr. Borden's Position.**

Various Liberal newspapers in British Columbia and elsewhere in the Dominion have been commenting on the supposition that the Conservative party is not loyal to its leader, Mr. R. L. Borden. The Liberals are much attached to Mr. Borden—that is to say they have respect for him—because he declined to take advantage of a conspiracy hatched by Mr. Blair—the lately honorable Mr. Blair—to defeat the government. Mr. Borden, in deciding in that matter, took a comparatively high stand, and one that there is no reason to suppose the present Liberal leaders would imitate under a similar temptation. It may be that some of the rank and file of the Conservatives, impatient in the shades of opposition, could not see the right and wrong of the issue quite so clearly as Mr. Borden, but there is no evidence of a revolt from that gentleman's leadership. It is admitted that the choice of Mr. Borden to lead the party was somewhat experimental in character, but while Mr. Borden has occasionally failed to take a sufficiently firm stand

in the House—especially on the introduction of the Northwest autonomy bills—he is invariably found in the correct position sooner or later. On Friday night of last week Mr. Borden was entertained at a banquet in Toronto by the "Borden Club," which a number of prominent Conservatives, including Premier McBride, attended. Mr. Borden, replying to the toast of his health, expressed the opinion that a convention of the party should be held during the coming year—at which, no doubt, existing differences could be amicably discussed to the strengthening of the party. Mr. Borden reiterated his opposition to the school and other clauses in the autonomy bills, suggested needed legislation to more fully insure the independence of parliament, and criticised the long delay in the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had declared could not wait for a day, but had waited for two years. The banquet was a great success, Mr. Borden being enthusiastically cheered on the conclusion of his speech.

**Victoria City Elections.**

The possibilities of the forthcoming municipal elections in Victoria are gradually narrowing down. Mr. W. G. Cameron has "reluctantly decided that his business and other engagements will not permit him to be a candidate for the mayoralty." Ald. Lewis Hall also is reported to have decided that his feet would be warmer out of the mayoralty contest than in it. Ald. James Douglas will seek re-election to the board, having thought better of his recent decision to stay out. It is now more than probable that Ald. Goodacre will be elected Mayor by acclamation.

**An Unfortunate Occurrence.**

An instance of the serious responsibility which falls upon medical practitioners was afforded by the inquest into the circumstances of the death of Willie Kiel, at the Jubilee Hospital last week. The father considered that his son, a boy of 8 years of age, had been killed by the carelessness or bad judgment of his attending physician, Dr. Carter, who performed an operation to remove pus from one of the lad's lungs. The operation was not successful, as the boy died of shock. No anaesthetic was used, as it was considered that the boy was not strong enough to stand ether or chloroform, but ethylchloride was used to freeze the place where the needle was inserted. The evidence supported the theory that the boy, who was very weak from the effects of the disease (pneumonia) from which he was suffering, died of shock, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was to that effect, while also exonerating Dr. Carter from any carelessness or want of judgment in attempting the operation. The case is a very sad one, for the father and son were deeply attached to each other, and under the circumstances it was perhaps only human on the part of the father to blame the physician for the result. But a perusal of the evidence at the inquest would show that the father should not have been allowed to be present. His nervousness and extreme anxiety could not have any other effect than to frighten the boy—and so make dangerous what is recognized as a very simple operation, rarely accom-

(Continued on page two.)

**The Fruit Rancher and the Agent.**

(An Okanagan Nightmare.)

Written for The Week by H. Gordon.

The sun was shining on the land  
And no one spoke of snow,  
The men were planting in the soil  
The trees that ought to grow.  
The Agent Wood, beside my arm,  
Begged of me not to go.

"If you are suffering from your nerves."  
(He had the whole thing pat);  
"This is the very place for you  
"To rest and put on fat.  
"You need not sweat with honest toil  
"Our men will do all that."

"Just take a lot or two, and we  
"Will do with one-fourth cash.  
"Yes! That is very choice, so's that!  
"We haven't any trash.  
"I'll give you twelve hours to decide  
"And save you being rash."

"We plough and fence the land for you,  
"We plant and fertilize.  
"We till and spray (there are no pests,  
"But spraying's always wise);  
"We prune and shape and irrigate;  
"And you—may criticize!"

"We charge exactly what it costs,  
"Plus ten per cent. for brains.  
"And when the trees begin to bear  
"Still we shall hold the reins,  
"We'll pick and pack and ship the fruit,  
"And you—may share the gains!"

"We'll plant with anything you like,  
"With *Astrachan* or *Snow*,  
"With *King of Tompkins County* and  
"Spys in alternate row.  
"In beauty *Jersey Sweet* beside  
"The *Johnathan* shall grow."

"Thus you may have the *early* kind.  
"The *Early Fall* and *Late*,  
"And those that come in *winter* time  
"Or any other date.  
"And all that you need to, sir, is  
"To sit you down and wait.

"I shouldn't like to lead you, sir,  
"To expect over much:  
"But fruit will turn to gold, you know,  
"At about one slight touch.  
"One thousand dollars profit, sir,  
"Per acre—or I'm Dutch!"

Now that is how the Agent Wood  
"Taught me to understand  
How simply you may grow good fruit  
In this much favored land.  
And that is why he turned around  
And took me by the hand.

He led me to an office desk  
And showed me what to sign,  
And gave me papers blue to prove  
That certain lots were mine.  
And then he wrung my hand and said  
"Just drop in any time."

And so I sat me down to wait  
For seven patient years,  
And I have learnt a thing or two!  
If you will lend your ears,  
I'll show you growing fruit is not  
As easy as appears.

Seven times I've seen them come around  
To till and fertilize,  
To prune and spray and irrigate,  
And trim to shapely size.  
I haven't touched a spade or rake  
Which white hand should despise.

I sit upon my orchard fence—  
'Tis made of barbed-wire—  
And watch the heathen Chinaman  
With honest toil perspire.  
I eat and drink and smoke and sit,  
And then to bed retire.

My nerves are cured, the Agent man  
Had hit the mark in that;  
I've borne in mind his little hint  
Concerning getting fat.

In fact I'm round in all the parts  
Which formerly were flat.

But though this occupation seems  
Congenial to my health,  
I haven't seen the fruit as yet  
To bring the promised wealth.  
There's nothing here that's round or red  
Except my rounded self.

I haven't seen an apple yet  
No *Astrachan* or *Snow*,  
No *King of Tompkins County* or  
The other kinds you know.  
And Mr. Agent Wood is gone—  
Where naughty agents go.

I've waited for the *early* kind,  
The *Early Fall* and *Late*,  
And those that come in *winter* time  
Or any other date.  
I wish they'd hurry up and grow  
At something like *my* rate.

I dropped in at the office, but  
The clerk was very rude;  
The people nod and smile just as  
Nice people never should.  
My profit, like my trees, they say  
Has run away to *wood*.

And still I sit and wait and wait,  
And many tears I've shed.  
And still I grow more round, and now  
I've turned dark *Baldwin Red*.  
I fear that as no apples yet  
Are lying in my shed,  
They'll pack me for the great North-  
west,  
Inside a box, instead.

H. GORDON.

It is reported that the Metchosin school trustees will resign in a body on January 1 as a protest against the new School Act.

The herring industry at Nanaimo is in a most flourishing condition, the fish running in immense quantities this year. It is said that the big annual run has not commenced yet, but that the fish now being taken are in prime condition—superior to those that come later.

The annual sale of sealskins held last week in London showed an advance of 40 per cent.—and reached the highest price on record. The 13,000 skins sent from Victoria realized from \$24 to \$25 apiece, being a higher price than that paid for skins coming from other parts of the world. Local sealers are jubilant over the big prices realized. In 1890 the price was \$3 to \$4 per skin, so that the shipment of that year, 43,315 skins did not realize more than this year's shipment of only 13,000.

Messrs. Fletcher Bros. one of the most enterprising of the music firms on the coast, have greatly enlarged their store on Government street by means of a large brick addition to the building. They have two or three carloads of new pianos at the wharf and expect to have these handsome instruments in the new premises before Christmas.

A farmers' exchange is likely to be established in Victoria next year, in order to save middlemen's profits on farming produce.

Some impudent scholars of the New Westminster High school have been insulting Mr. Clennan, one of the teachers, because he was in the habit of wearing a hat and glass of a style objected to by the boys. The Columbian calls this "a democratic demonstration." If uncalled-for rudeness is "democratic," The Week objects to that sort of democracy. There is not much idea of freedom in a country where a man cannot choose the shape and color of his hat.

**Christmas Utilities.**

Home-made Mince Meat, per pound.....	15c
Crosse & Blackwell's Mince Meat, per jar.....	35c
Crosse & Blackwell's Plum Pudding, per tin.....	40c and 75c
Christie's Plum Pudding, per tin.....	35c and 65c
Fancy Stuffed Dates, per package.....	50c
Fancy Stuffed Figs, per package.....	50c
Popcorn, per lb.....	70c

**DIXIE H. ROSS & CO., 111 Government St.**  
Open Every Evening Till Christmas.

## The Passing Show

(Continued from page one.)

panied by any danger whatever. Had the boy been well assured that he had nothing to fear—which was impossible in the presence of a frightened parent—it is most improbable that he would have succumbed to shock, which must have been largely imaginary.

The Legislature and the Board.

Something that is not generally known in British Columbia is the fact that the power of the Horticultural Board is greater than that of the Legislature. For instance, if an Act is passed in the House appertaining to horticultural matters the Board has power to alter it or amend it in any way it thinks proper. The Fruit Market Act is the latest thing to be amended, and although perhaps the amendment may be perfectly correct in spirit, it seems like a case of "much ado about nothing." After the Fruit Inspector has placed his mark upon a box of fruit certifying the same to be absolutely sound and pure, the purchaser of the box of fruit cannot use the empty box for any other purpose than firewood under a penalty of \$50. If a farmer happened to give his horse a feed of oats out of an empty fruit box, it is liable to cost him more than the animal would be worth.

CHURCHILL'S REWARD.

Winston Churchill, the ex-Tory and ex-newspaper man, whose rather "cubish" criticisms of experienced generals in South Africa first brought him a sort of newspaper notoriety, has won an under-secretaryship—that of the Colonial Office—in the Liberal ministry. Mr. Churchill had three natural advantages in public life in the Old Country, a name well known in the political world, a very charming and clever mother, and a considerable opinion of his own ability. As a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Churchill displayed a certain amount of descriptive power and an amazing gift for "boosting" his own exploits. Finding on his entry to the House of Commons that he was not regarded as the "whole show" by the Unionist party, Mr. Churchill turned Liberal, and for a space, he has his reward. Other minor appointments in the cabinet recently announced are Mr. Reginald McKenna, financial secretary to the treasury; Mr. H. L. Samuel, under-secretary for Home Affairs; Earl of Portsmouth, under-secretary for War; Mr. R. K. Causton, paymaster-general; Mr. J. E. Ellis, under-secretary for India, and Mr. G. S. Dobson, solicitor-general. The Rt. Hon. C. R. Spencer, half-brother of Lord Spencer, is Lord Chamberlain, being elevated to the peerage with the title of Lord Althorp. Mr. J. L. Walton is attorney-general.

HALSE WILL NOT RETIRE.

Ald Halse will not retire. The Week suggested two weeks ago that it was not so much a matter of pressure of business as that of fear he would be defeated, which caused the energetic Mr. Halse to announce his intention of retiring. However, when Ald Baxter announced his intention of running again it was generally conceded that it was up to Halse. Then Mayor Buscombe announced his intention of seeking re-election and brought pressure to bear on the chairman of the Finance Committee which resulted in the announcement that Mr. Halse would be a candidate again. He has issued a statement to the effect that he feels it his duty to offer himself for re-election in the cause of that "system" at the City Hall which is not yet complete. As he has had charge of the recent changes he feels he ought to see the matter finished. Perhaps so, but what will the man who pays the bills say on election day? But the ratepayers have the last word and there is talk of the proverbial "dark horse" and some heavy bets are being made that Mr. Buscombe will be left at the post. The citizens generally seem not to be too well pleased at the announcement at Monday night's session of the City Council that, instead of a surplus, there will be a deficit this year of at least \$8,000.

WERE THEY BOUGHT UP?

The Home Automatic Telephone Company has withdrawn its application for a franchise in Vancouver. The company came to the Terminal City heralded by much talk of what it would do. In fact the din was so great that it almost scared the slow moving B. C. Telephone Co. into something a little faster than a crawl on the road of progress. The Home company applied to the City Council for a franchise and had a long draft agreement submitted to the aldermen. When these gentlemen came to deal with the matter of a franchise last Friday, they found that the application had been withdrawn. The man on the street queries "How much?"

THE POST OFFICE PLANS.

At last it has occurred. The Province, an out and out Liberal organ, has conceded that the Laurier government, or rather some of its employees, can make mistakes. It even has the audacity to speak of the architect who drew the plans for the new post office building as "some fossilized architect." Vancouver is growing rapidly and the necessity of the new building becomes more apparent every day. But when it is ready, just think of the pain of rotund Vancouverites who will have to climb up seven feet of stone steps! But the architect has views of an elevator. Then the doors are narrow. If the real estate agents continue to prosper they will doubtless grow fat. And how uncomfortable it must be for a fat man to go through a narrow door, particularly when he meets some one of his own size who is as anxious to get out as the other is to get in! Well, it's up to Mr. Macpherson. Surely he can do something when even Liberals raise a howl!

THOSE DRY SUNDAYS.

Last week no less than twenty-one Vancouver bonifaces faced the beak on the charge of not complying with the terms of the Sunday Closing By-law. In not one case was it proven that liquor had been sold but the police are anxious to make a "good record" for the last month of the year and are endeavoring to wipe out, by police court fines, that \$3,000 deficit which the City Council just now faces. They "pulled" the hotel and saloon proprietors for technicalities. A large number were found guilty of the exact letter of the law but the magistrate reserved decision until Monday. In the meantime—last Saturday to be exact—the licence commissioners held a meeting. And it was stormy. The result was that Magistrate Williams received a letter from the City Clerk asking that he impose no fines this time, but that in future the very letter of the law must be enforced. Now what bothers some people is this: In several places in Vancouver liquor is being sold without any license whatever and without any respect for Sunday closing or any other bylaws. One hotelman offered to prove to The Week that there is at least one unlicensed place in Vancouver which sells from \$25 to \$50 worth of liquors every Sunday. Whether that is so or not, two things are certain, that the "initiated" are now getting all the booze they want on Sundays and they are not getting it from the licensed houses.

THE STAGE.

Ten thousand dollars is to be spent in remodelling the People's Theatre, Vancouver, for a vaudeville house. It will be run under the same management as the Grand.

Large audiences were the rule and not the exception at the Vancouver opera house this week. The record for the season was made on Tuesday night when the Prince of Pilsen pleased a huge audience. Thursday night the Williams Opera Company, or as they are now styled the Juvenile Bostonians, came over from a successful three nights at New Westminster and opened for the balance of the week. They present some very good operas and are easily the equals of that better known organization, the Pollards. Next week the Roscian Comic Opera Company will play a three nights' engagement, opening Christmas night in Pirates of Penzance.

## The Original Grand View Hotel

(Opposite C. P. R. Depot.  
ALF. AUSTIN, PROPRIETOR.  
Bass's Celebrated Burton Ale on Draught.  
"An 'orderly' house kept by an 'orderly' man."  
—Pickwick.  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

## THE SHERMAN HOUSE

VANCOUVER, B. C.  
AMES CANNON, PROPRIETOR.  
Faces on two streets, Cordova and Water. The house of Vancouver if you want to meet an up-country man. Everything first-class. Dining Room unexcelled. Rates from \$1.00 per day and up, and all good rooms.

## QUEEN'S HOTEL

HENRY HOPKIRK, Proprietor.  
TELEPHONE 1828. - - VANCOUVER, B. C.  
European and American Plan. Rates \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day.  
Bar supplied with Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
Nos. 415, 421, 425, 429 Cordova St., and 360, 364, 368 Water St. Three minutes walk from C.P.R. Depot and Wharves.

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL

W. D. HAYWOOD.  
New, Modern and strictly first-class. Steam heated, electric light. Sample rooms. Rates, \$2.00 and up.  
Corner Hastings and Cambie Sts.  
VANCOUVER.

## HOTEL BADMINTON

American Plan \$2.00 up.  
The most popular hotel in the city. Free bus, free baths. Phone in each room.

## VANCOUVER, B. C.

## HOTEL GUICHON

J. C. CREAM, Manager  
The Leading Hotel of New Westminster. All Modern Conveniences. Good Sample Rooms. Rates Moderate.  
New Westminster, B. C.

## The Sultan Turkish Baths.

727 PENDER STREET, VANCOUVER.  
Under New Management.  
Turkish, Russian, Electric, Sulphur and Plain  
Skilled Attendants. Ladies by Appointment.  
**BATHS!**  
Massage and Electric Treatment.

The only genuine Turkish Baths in the city. Open day and night. The forenoon of each day reserved for ladies only.

Tickets can be had for any number of baths on application to  
F. H. CORWIN, Manager.  
Phone 211.

## COAL

## J. KINGHAM & CO.

Victoria Agents for the  
Nanaimo Collieries.

Best Household New Wellington Coal:  
Lump or Sack, per ton . . . \$6.50  
Nut Coal, per ton . . . \$5.00  
Pea Coal, per ton . . . \$4.50  
Also Anthracite coal for sale at current rates.

Office, 34 Broad St.; wharf, Store Street.

'PHONE 647.

## Vancouver Toilet Supply Company.

We will be prepared on and after January 15th, 1906, to furnish all offices, barber shops, hotels, private residences, etc., with Soap, Towels, and other Necessities. Our wagons will visit all parts of the city each day.

Drop us a card and our man will call and explain our proposition and quote you our prices.

## Vancouver Toilet Supply Co.

Empire Building,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

## LICENCE TO AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"Companies Act, 1897."

Canada:

Province of British Columbia.  
No. 314.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the "London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company," is authorised and licensed to carry on business within the Province of British Columbia, and to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situate at Liverpool, in the County of Lancashire, England.

The amount of capital of the Company is two million five hundred thousand pounds, divided into one hundred thousand shares of twenty-five pounds each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situate at Vancouver, and Richard Vance Winch, President of Robert Ward & Company, Limited Liability, whose address is Vancouver, is the attorney for the Company.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this 22nd day of November, one thousand nine hundred and five.

(L.S.) S. Y. WOOTTON,  
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which the Company has been established and licensed are:—

To make and effect insurances of property of any description against loss or damage by fire; to make and effect insurances against loss of or damage to property of any description in transit by land or water, including loss by theft or seizure; to make and effect insurances against loss or damage by reason of storm, tempest or accident of any description, whether on land or water, either to property or person; to make and effect re-insurances of all kinds; to carry on any such business or to do any such matters or things as aforesaid, either in the United Kingdom or in the Colonies or Dependencies thereof, or in foreign parts; to make and effect insurances of property against burglary, theft, seizure, violence or any other contingency; to make and effect insurances to protect principals, employers and other persons, from and against injury, damage or loss by reason of the fraud, theft, robbery or other misconduct or negligence of persons in their employ, or occupying, or about to occupy, any fiduciary or administrative position or position of trust or confidence; to make and effect insurances to protect principals, employers and other persons from and against liability for accidents, whether fatal or otherwise, occurring to or caused by workmen or other persons in their employ or with regard to whom they may be under any statutory or other obligation.

Nov. 25

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated at head of Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands: Commencing at a stake marked Ella M. Morrow's N.W. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains north; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

ELLA M. MORROW,  
Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

# Caledonian Is Always Good

SOLD BY ALL  
DEALERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated about centre of Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked Ella M. Morrow's S.E. corner; thence running 40 chains west; thence 160 chains north; thence east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

ELLA M. MORROW,  
Per Percy Harrison,  
Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated at head of Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked J. M. Collison's N.E. corner; thence running 40 chains south; thence 160 chains east; thence north 40 chains; thence west 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

J. M. COLLISON,  
Percy Harrison, Agent.

"FRACTION" AND "GOLCONDA"  
FRACTIONAL MINERAL  
CLAIMS.

Situate in the Skeena Mining Division.  
Where Located—At Kitsalas  
Canyon, Near Skeena River.

TAKE notice that I, Patrick Hickey, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 93906, for myself, and as Agent for H. Flewin, Free Miner's Certificate No. B65493, and D. A. Robertson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B65484, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 26th day of October, A.D. 1905.

RE: CHARLES STOUGHTON,  
DECEASED.

TAKE NOTICE that all persons having claims against the estate of Charles Stoughton are requested to forward them to Wesley Hodgson, the executor of the said estate, on or before Tuesday, the 2nd day of January, 1906, after which date the said executor will proceed to distribute the said estate among the parties thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice.

BODWELL & LAWSON,  
Dated 30th day of November, 1905.

**SOCIAL NEWS**

Mr. H. Gregerich, a well known Kootenay business man, is in town.

Miss M. Monteith returned from the Normal school, Vancouver, this week to spend Christmas at her home in Victoria West.

Lieut. Mrs. and Miss Miles, of Swan Cottage, left on Wednesday en route to England for about three years, and they will be greatly missed by their many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Scharschmidt, Master Howard and Guy Scharschmidt, Miss May Butler, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Sproat were a party of White Horse people who returned by the last Northern steamer.

The many friends of Miss Annie McQuade will be delighted to hear that she has almost recovered from her recent illness and goes home this week.

Mr. Percy Keefer of the Bank of B. N. A., has been transferred to the newly established branch at Duncans.

Mrs. Percy Roberts, of Duncans, spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. Butchart entertained on Tuesday evening of last week at Ballahinch. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Lampman, Capt. and Mrs. Parry, Miss Bell, Mr. and Miss Phipps, Mr. Angus, Mr. and Miss Gaudin, Mr. and Misses Monteith, Mr. A. Gore, Miss Miss Wigley, Miss Cambie, Miss Macdonald, Miss Tatlow, Miss Nellie Dupont, Miss Morrow, Misses Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. Dockrill, Mr. and Miss Ethel Bronne, Mr. and Miss Cobbett, Mr. Bell, Miss Nellie Todd, Mr. Cambie, Mr. Potts, Mr. P. Keefer, Mr. C. Keefer, Colonel Gregory, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Temple, Mr. Lowenberg, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Crease, Miss Baiss, Mr. Scholefield, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Willis, Mr. Tinsley, Mr. and Miss Beth Irving, Mrs. F. B. Pemberton, Mrs. and Miss Violet Pooley, Mrs. Cleland, Mr. Gillespie, Miss Beanlands, Mrs. H. Robertson, Miss Bryden, Mr. Heyland, Mr. B. Prior, Miss Loewen, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Foot, Miss Luck, Miss Pemberton, Miss Eberts, Mr. Garnett, Mr. and the Misses Pitts. Miss Thain and her assistants supplied the music.

At St. James' church on Tuesday of last week, by the Rev. J. S. Sweet, Isabel Stanford, fourth daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Charles Mackintosh, of 135 Michigan street, was united in marriage to Mr. Elmer Watson Jones, barrister-at-law, of Brockville, Ontario. The ceremony was very quiet, only a few very intimate friends of the young people being present. The bride was given away by her father, and was gowned in a very smart tailor-made suit of brown cloth with hat to match, and was attended by her two sisters, Misses Violet and Hazel Mackintosh. Harold Mayne Daly and Frank Springer of Vancouver supported the groom. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents, which was prettily decorated, white being the predominating flowers used.

After the reception the happy couple left on the Princess Beatrice for the Sound, and after a short visit there to their home in Brockville. Amongst those present were Dr. and Mrs. Jones, of New Westminster; Mr. and Mrs. William Ritchie, Hon. A. Daly, Frank Springer, Miss Bernice McClure and Miss Chase, of Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Barnard and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barnard left on Friday night for Alexandra. They expect to be away some months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fraser and son left last week for California, where they will spend a short time before returning to their home in Ottawa. They were accompanied as far as Seattle by Captain and Miss K. Gaudin.

Archaeon and Mrs. Scriven, of Duncans, spent a few days in town this week, staying at the King Edward.

Miss Mabel Cameron, who has been at the Normal school, Vancouver, re-

turned home this week.

Mrs. R. P. Butchart gave a most enjoyable dance on Tuesday of last week, about eighty couples of young people being present.

At St. Michael's church, Lake district, by the Rev. Canon Beanlands, on Thursday of last week, Clifford Little, son of Dr. Little, "The Orchards," Corfolk, England, was united in marriage to Florence Mayer, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Smith-Neill, of Barnsville, Synderingham, Scotland. The bride was attired in a costume of cream voile, with white chiffon fichu, with a white fur hat. She carried a bouquet of white roses. She was attended by four bridesmaids, Evelyn and Sylvia Cardew and Belle and Barbara Kynaston, who all wore dainty gowns of white muslin and lace. The bride was given away by Mr. J. Kynsternon, while R. H. Swinerton supported the groom. The newly married couple left the same evening for San Francisco and the Californian cities for a few months. The wedding was very quiet.

Mr. and Mrs. Swayne, of San Diego, paid Victoria a short visit last week. They were charmed with Victoria and the surrounding country.

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A fine seasonable feast will be served at the Poodle Dog Restaurant on Monday (Christmas Day) from 5 to 9 p.m.  
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## The Week

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### Contributions.

All contributions intended for publication in the issue of the current week should reach the office not later than Wednesday morning. They should be written in ink or by typewriter and on one side of the paper only, and if unsuitable such contributions will be returned providing only that a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

Original Sketches, Short Stories, Verse, "Jokes," Photographs, etc., submitted, will be carefully considered, and if acceptable will be paid for if desired. Contributors are reminded that "brevity is the soul of wit."

All contributions intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and all business letters to the Manager. Telephone B 878.

### THE COLDNESS OF CANADA.

Sarah "the divine" has been hurling bolts of the most explosive nature from high Olympus. Reclining on a cloud far above her fellows she has deigned to tell to mere mortals what Canadians look like from her intellectual plane. "No genius, no men of letters, no artists or sculptors! Call yourselves French-Canadians? Bah!"—Thus, in effect, Sarah Bernhardt.

By recourse to the argument in vogue among those who are confronted by an awkward proposition, certain young men of Quebec strove to impress upon the lady by means of eggs and other instruments of mob logic that gallantry is not much more frequent than genius "down East." Sir Wilfrid Laurier wired Madame Bernhardt a halting apology and was rewarded by a dispatch in return containing substantially the same opinions she was reported to have expressed, and concluding with a sort of pat on the head, suggestive of the idea that Sir Wilfrid might now run away and play. The honors lie where they might be expected to lie in so unequal a contest between the divine and the human.

The great French actress bewails a mercenary and merely bucolic Canada. But she forgets the northern and cold latitude of the country, the absence of ethical education, the severely practical side of life in the eastern provinces. A genius for chopping wood is of more practical utility than a genius for creating poetry or pictures—and therefore more popular in Canada.

As the twig is bent so the tree inclines. This applies to human beings also and to nations of them. Genius is an erratic plant, incapable of cultivation, but more likely to appear in an atmosphere of appreciation than in a country where the immortal Burns would probably have been invited to "attack the wood pile or get out."

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* Hush! an angel passes  
 \* O'er the land,  
 \* The very stars are stayed;  
 \* Peace! be still!  
 \*  
 \* Suddenly from out the East  
 \* The Seraph's joyful cry is heard,  
 \* The vaults of Heaven ring  
 \* And Earth gives back the answer—  
 \* "Christ is King!"  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The hearing of the action of the Esquimalt Waterworks Company vs. the Victoria Power Company, an offshoot of the B. C. E. R., is still in progress before Mr. Justice Duff.

## The Luck of a Horseshoe.

(By W. W. Clarke.)

It was the last night of the old year in Victoria, B.C., and "Billy," the bartender in a saloon not a hundred miles from Government street, was whistling softly, wiping a glass meanwhile, and wondering whether the New Year was going to bring him any better luck.

His thoughts wandered rapidly over the events in his life of the past twelve months, and although he had often heard that the road to a certain place scarcely ever mentioned by polite bartenders was paved with good resolutions, he was making them as fast as he could properly turn them over in his mind.

"Billy" had a slight touch of the "blues." He had been "out with the boys" the night previous making himself what is called a "good fellow," and had "blown in" his last cent. That alone would not have bothered him, as he had often done that before, but while he had been sampling the various brands of "red eye" in the numerous saloons, and "ginning up" the "boys" whenever he found them, he had lost his one pet piece of jewelry, a large diamond stud, worth nearly \$150.

The stud was "Billy's" one extravagance, and he was as proud of it as a little dog with two tails. When it was sparkling on the wide expanse of his snow-white shirt front he felt equal to any emergency, and could mix a fancy drink for a customer equal to any New York bartender. It was his fetich, his mascot, and he thought more of it than he did of his prayers. Without it he felt lost, and on this last night of the old year the atmosphere around "Billy" was of a deep azure tint.

"Come on, boys," he said, "and let's have a drink on the house. We'll drink to better luck next year. I don't believe there's anything in luck, or mascots, or anything, and we'll start the New Year without 'em."

Just twelve thirsty souls "lined up" to the bar, and after "Billy" had handed out each one's particular poison, and stood with his own drink in his hand ready, he counted them.

"Thirteen, with myself," he said. "Well, if there's anything in the old superstition, we're ending the old year and starting the new pretty good. I don't believe much in those things anyway. Superstition is all humbug and played out. I've been wearing a diamond stud that I thought was a mascot for five years, and now I've lost it. I'll never believe in such rot any more. Here's a Happy New Year, boys."

They all drank, and the glasses clattered back on the bar.

A pale-faced, sunken-eyed, emaciated-looking man here drew "Billy's" attention by his frantic efforts to pull a package out of his overcoat pocket.

"Say, 'Billy,' you don't believe in luck and mascots, and all those sort of things, and I don't blame you. Guess that kind of stuff is all played out. For years I've sort of believed in it myself, and wouldn't walk under a ladder or pass a pin or a horseshoe without picking them up. But it's all off now, and I don't go a cent on superstition any more. Guess I'm cured for keeps."

"What's the trouble?" said "Billy." "What's that thing you're trying to get out of your pocket? It's not a gun, is it?"

"Gun, nothing. It's a horseshoe wrapped in a newspaper. It's got some nails in it, and they've got tangled up in the lining of my overcoat. Somebody give me a hand here."

A bystander took hold of the package and by dint of much manipulation at last succeeded in extricating it, bringing the pocket of the coat along too, torn to shreds.

"Great Scott! And yet people say there's luck in a horseshoe. That's the last one I'll ever pick up as long as I live."

He placed it gingerly on the bar, unwrapping it and disclosing a nearly new horseshoe studded with seven long nails, all standing bolt upright.

"I'll tell you how I came to get that," he said. "You know I've had an awful run of bad luck this last year one way and another. Here, give the boys a drink and I'll tell you how it happened."

The liquid was set up, a five dollar bill changed hands, and the unlucky one proceeded:

"About the commencement of this last year I ran up against a pretty bad accident, and was in the Jubilee Hospital for nearly three months. When I came out I had lost my job and couldn't get another just directly.

"I was standing one day under some scaffolding down on Johnson street. Somebody let a big plank slip from the top of the building and shouted out, 'Look up, there!'

"I looked up, and got it right on the forehead, knocking me down falling on me, and pinning me to the ground, both shoulders down.

"No, it wasn't a wrestling match, but I was 'down and out.' That was on a Saturday and I woke up on Monday or Tuesday, I forget which, once more in the hospital.

"I had a big ice-bag on my head, which was aching (my head not the ice bag) enough to split; and my eyes seemed to be protruding as far out as a crab's, and felt as if they had been rolled in sand.

"I had been through sensations something like that before, and was wondering what I had been drinking, and where I had got it. Couldn't remember anything about the accident, and didn't like to ask questions. You know how a man feels, 'Billy'?"

"Bye and bye, I mustered up enough courage to ask what was the matter, and the nurse who was sitting alongside said: 'Hush! You must be very quiet. You're not allowed to speak.'

"I thought over all the sins of my past youth, and wondered what I had been doing this time. It must surely be something dreadful or they would not condemn me to silence.

"I worried till I could stand it no longer, and then I whispered in my most coaxing manner, 'Tell me the worst. I think I can stand it.'

"Don't you remember the accident, asked the nurse.

"No," said I; 'don't remember a thing; but I feel as if someone had hit me with a club or a sandbag. How did I get here?'

"The nurse explained everything, and I felt quite happy. It wasn't my fault anyway.

"It took about six weeks to get over that little affair, and I was once more on the lookout for something to do.

"I was standing at the corner of Yates and Douglas streets one fine morning, when along came a friend with a new bicycle he had just purchased. It was a nice looking machine with all the latest improvements.

"We stood and talked for a minute or so, principally about the bike, and then he asked me if I could ride.

"Whatever prompted him to ask me that question, goodness only knows, but I guess my luck wasn't far away just then.

"I've been on the hurricane deck of a bucking bronco, and I can ride most things," I replied with a touch of pride. I guess a bicycle is no harder than anything else."

"Jump on and have a try," he said. "Go up Yates street; it's good and wide up there. You'll soon find it easy."

"I got on and started, making a bee line for the drug store at the corner of the Clarence hotel, just missing entering the door, and cavorted around on the sidewalk, which I found to be a great deal narrower than it usually appeared to me.

"I finally got on to the road and found my eye was as true with a bicycle as the Queen's prize winner is with a rifle. Any object that caught my glance I could steer straight for, never missing by a hair's breadth.

"I had no idea there was so many boulders on Yates street before, and ruts—well.

"I soon found out that a man on a bicycle has a distinct advantage over a pedestrian—his eye can take in so many objects at once. It is when he tries to steer towards them altogether, instead of taking them one at a time, that he wobbles, and this was my undoing.

"In my erratic course up the street my eye caught sight of a rut about six inches deep. I had no particular wish to go there, but evidently the bike had, and it went.

"It was useless trying to arbitrate the question, the bike had the bit in its teeth, wherever they were situated, and the more I pulled on the handles the faster it went.

"Straight and swift as an arrow we sped into the rut, which I had taken to

be about six inches deep, but when I tried to get out it appeared to be over six feet.

"A little way ahead there was a building in course of construction, and my fatal eye caught sight of a big heap of rubbish composed of broken glass bottles, tin cans, etc., while beyond there was a bed of nicely prepared mortar.

"Like a well-trained steeplechaser my untamed bike jumped out of the rut, headed for the bottles, and then my ideas became somewhat chaotic, but I distinctly remember embracing armfuls of broken glass, skimming fairy-like across the surface of the mortar bed, turning two or three somersaults, ending up in attempt to glide the entire length of the street on my face and hands.

"My friend, the owner of the bicycle, came along and stood me up on end. At the time I could not have sworn which end, my ideas being so rudely shaken. He said I should have clung to the handle bars and it would have been all right, but to give advice is always easier than taking it. He wanted to know why I ran the bike over all the obstacles in the street instead of going straight, and I said I always rode that way, as it was more exciting.

"The machine was lying not far away, all the wind knocked out of its body like myself, and suffering from a severe puncture in the neighborhood of its solar plexus.

"I was smothered in blood, mortar and Yates street real estate, and had lost enough skin from my face, hands and other parts of my body to make a pair of boots for a Vancouver policeman.

"My friend took me into the drug store to get a few yards of sticking plaster, but they did not keep enough in stock for such a case as mine, so I was finally swathed nearly from head to foot in rolls of linen.

"When I walked out of the store leaning on my friend's arm I must have looked very much like an animated Egyptian mummy.

"Say, but where does the horseshoe come in on this?" said "Billy," who was listening attentively.

"That's all right; I'm coming to that now. Some few weeks ago I was walking along with my old father down by the Phoenix brewery, and saw this horseshoe lying in the road. I picked it up, telling the 'old man' that I was going to take it home for luck and nail it on the door. The 'good things' hadn't been coming my way just lately, and that horseshoe looked as if it might help some.

"The 'old man' told me to throw it away, and laughed at me for being superstitious, but I carried it home just the same.

"I placed it on a table in the dining room and for awhile forgot all about it.

"Meanwhile, a little youngster, who was staying in the house, got hold of it, and after playing with it for a time, placed it on a low stool by the fire, covering it over with a sheet of paper.

"A little later I came into the room with the 'old man,' and as the evening was rather chilly, decided to take a seat on the stool by the fire.

"As you can see I'm rather a tall man, and I dropped on to that stool with considerable force.

"I arose with agility, also with the horseshoe, which persisted in clinging affectionately to the most tender portion of my anatomy.

"There are seven long, sharp nails in that shoe, and I received an extremely painful puncture from every one of them.

Here "Billy" laughingly started to hum a line from the old quartette refrain:

"It was rusty and full of nails."

"You bet it was rusty," said the unlucky one. "They penetrated so far that blood poisoning complications ensued, and I haven't been able to sit down for weeks. It's better now, though, and I want to make someone a present of this horseshoe. It may bring them better luck than it has me. Take it, 'Billy,' and hang it up over the bar. Just find out whether it's a mascot or a hoodoo."

"I don't want the blamed thing," said "Billy," picking it up carefully by one of the nails.

Here the shoe slipped from his fingers and fell among the glasses under the bar, breaking half a dozen and making quite a commotion.



## What Your Christmas Store Discloses---

□ A splendor of Holiday merchandise representing more than half a year's planning, making and gathering.

□ Thousands of expert workers, both in America and Europe have spent weeks and months in the preparation of this wonderful aggregation of beautiful merchandise, which you are now cordially invited to inspect.

□ We are confident that nowhere would these splendid things receive such a welcome as from the artistic, beauty-loving women of this city.

□ The early hours are most comfortable.

## Some Late Arrivals

Just opened out in time.

## Art Metal Wares

Some more beautiful specimens from Birmingham, England—"The Greatest Metal Mart of the World."

**BRASS KERBS**—Latest designs—only one of each pattern—These kerbs have the returns separate from the central rail forming handsome rests for the Fire Brasses. \$10.00, 12.00, 18.00 each.

**BRASS KERBS**—High pierced fronts, suitable for nursery or bedroom use, \$18.

**BRASS KERBS**—Very handsome designs, a combination of the square rail and Adams Style of relief, \$22.00 each.

Fire Brasses to match, \$10.00 set 3 pieces. Brass Dogs, same design, \$12.00 pair.

**FIRE BRASSES**—Sets of three pieces a few sets of the newest styles at—\$4.50, 15.50, \$6.50 per set.

## Fire Screens

An elegant assortment of Repousse Antique Copper, Brass and Wrought Iron Fire Screens, these may be used to advantage all the year round, \$7.50 to \$48 each.

## Coal Boxes

In Polished and Old Brass finishes—Polished and Antique Copper—Plain and Repousse Designs, Helmets, Scoops, Vases, and Colored Boxes, \$8.50 to \$30.00 each.

## Floor Lamps

One very handsome specimen in hammered wrought iron, graceful design, telescopic frame fitted with metal fount and duplex burner and extra attachment for use with electric light—\$30.00.

Other styles in Wrought Iron Floor Lamps at \$12.00, \$18.00 each.

## Jardinieres

In Repousse Antique Copper, mounted most artistically in Wrought Iron Framework, \$6.00, \$12.00, \$18.00 each.

Repousse Polished Copper Jardiniere in several sizes at \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$5.

**Weiler Brothers**  
 HOME HOTEL  
 AND CLUB FURNISHERS  
 VICTORIA, B. C.

"Well, I'll be— Here take this thing away before it causes more trouble," said "Billy," throwing it on the bar, where it balanced equivoiced for a second, then bounded to the floor, striking one of the customers such a blow on his favorite corn that he doubled up with agony, slipped and fell, and strange to say, sat right on the horseshoe, the second man to be impaled on its sharp points.

"That's the limit," said "Billy," coming round the bar. "Give me that thing, I'll throw it outside. I don't want it in here, it will kill someone yet."

With the shoe in his hand he walked to the door, opened it, and threw the emblem of superstition as far as he could.

It alighted square on the car line, and "Billy," thinking it might derail one of the cars, ran out to kick it off.

He kicked, but could not move it, and stooping down to take hold, saw a tiny, glittering, sparkling object lying right in the crack by the rail.

There was a most peculiar fluttering sensation in "Billy's" brain, when by the aid of a penknife he drew forth his lost diamond stud, and like one in a dream he walked back into the saloon.

"Boys, the drinks are on me. Have what you like. I've found my stud, and that old horseshoe put me right on to it. Talk about luck—well, I'll say no more. Somebody go and bring that shoe in, it's out on the rails. I'm going to nail it up behind the door, anyway, and I don't give a hang if fifty people sit on it. Everybody got what they want? Well, here's to the horseshoe, and a Happy New Year to all."

## THE STAGE

The present melodic drought in the musical world is doubtless responsible, in part, for the growing popularity of that prince of melodists, Chopin. Not content with putting his works on every concert programme, attempts have been made to transplant them to the stage for operas and ballets. Although so thoroughly idiomatic for the piano, attempts are also being made to orchestrate them for the concert hall. Thus Louis Oertel of Hanover announces a Chopin Suite for grand orchestra, arranged by R. Herfarth. It consists of five numbers, and contains two preludes, a polonaise, an etude, a valse and a scherzo.

\*\*\*

Engelbert Humperdinck, the gifted composer of "Hansel und Gretel," has written some charming music for "The Merchant of Venice," a sort of musical setting to the scene in which Bassanio makes choice of the right casket, and also a nocturne for the last act in the garden at Belmont. This exquisite composition reaches its highest point in the love scene between Lorenzo and Jessica, where Lorenzo says:

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,  
... Mark the music!

\*\*\*

Miss Olga Nethersole has written to Saturday Night intimating that she had the pleasure of sending to Queen Alexandra the sum of \$1,410, the amount netted at the special matinee given in Toronto in response to Her Majesty's appeal on behalf of the unemployed of Great Britain.

\*\*\*

The latest trouble to be attributed to the popularity of "Bridge" is the poor business experienced by provincial playhouses in the Old Country. The parties at the country houses are said to be too absorbed by the fascinating game to be able to attend matinees at the theatres and the smaller homes in the country and the provincial towns are also more or less devoted to the new development of whist.

\*\*\*

Merriment has held full sway at the Watson Theatre since Monday night—the cause of it all being the Watson Stock Company's production of "Charley's Aunt"—perhaps the most successful farce comedy ever written. The comedy was well presented and has pleased large crowds nightly. To-night the company will appear in a most interesting play, one dear to the heart of

every Englishman, "Our Boys." This celebrated comedy enjoyed a "run" of over 1,600 nights in London when it was first produced, and though that was years ago, the public has never lost interest in it. "Our Boys" is sure to receive a hearty welcome from local theatre-goers and business will be brisk at the Watson theatre. There will be a Saturday matinee of "Our Boys" and the last performance Saturday night.

Christmas week will certainly be a busy one for the Watson players, and the management. There will be three matinees besides the regular evening performances.

The first performance of the big special holiday attraction, "Cinderella," will be given at the Christmas Day matinee, Monday. Many special features are being arranged for this production.

At the Christmas Day matinee Santa Claus will be on hand and every youngster in the house will be able to take home some little remembrance of a happy day spent at the Watson theatre. "Cinderella" will appeal especially to the young folks, but the old folks as well will enter into the spirit of the holiday season and live over again the days when they used to enjoy fairy tales, such as "Cinderella." Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, with a special Christmas Day matinee, and the usual Wednesday matinee will be devoted to "Cinderella."

Starting Thursday night Goethe's immortal drama, "Faust," will be the bill. The Watson Stock Company has produced "Faust" many times on the road and carries a complete scenic and electrical equipment for the great Brocken scene, the beautiful garden scene, and the wonderful electrical duel. Richard Scott appears as Mephisto, and Miss MacKeane as Marguerite. Harry Polard will play Faust.

With two such interesting plays for holiday week as "Cinderella" and "Faust" business should reach the "high water" mark at the Watson theatre.

...

The Grand theatre has been crowded every night this week, the show being one of the best ever put up here. The Marionettes' Christmas pantomime is evidently a great attraction, the scenic effects being simply marvellous and very much above the ordinary. The moving pictures are extremely realistic, the chase after the horse stealer being especially so. Manager "Bob" Jamieson can generally be depended upon to get the best performers and produce the finest show obtainable. When one considers the low price of admission, and the high salaries paid to some of the performers one cannot help wondering where the profits come in.

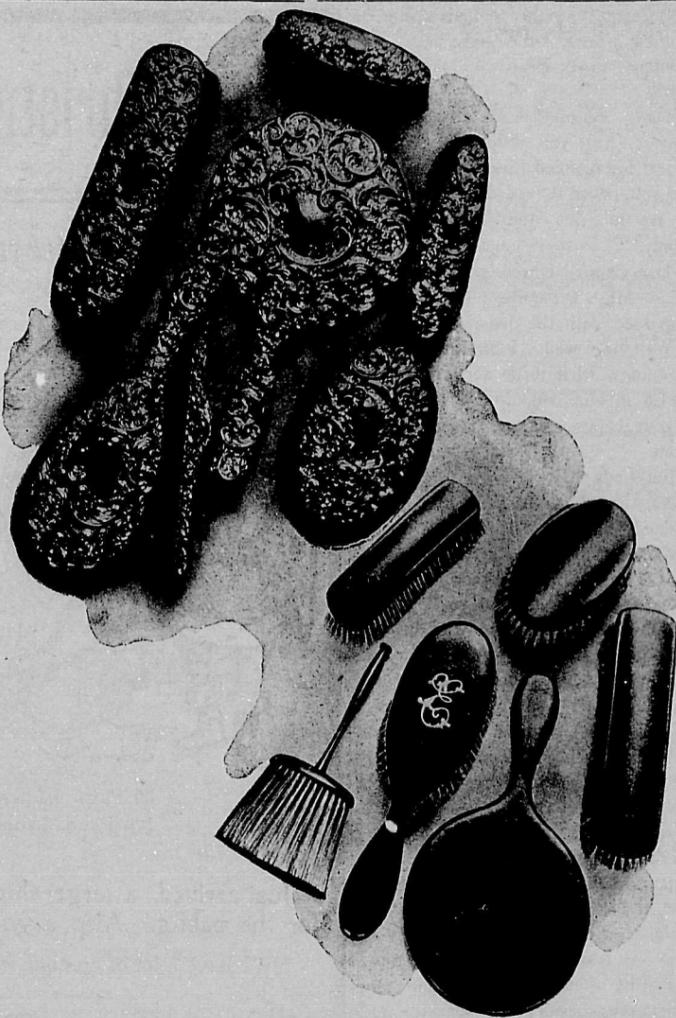
Mr. Fremean Harding, editor of the Kamloops Standard, paid Victoria a visit last week. He reports conditions prosperous in the bunch-grass country and is satisfied with the position attained by the Standard after his many years of hard work in the cause. Mr. Harding is seeking admission to the Bar of British Columbia, though whether he thinks he can find spare time to practice while editing a paper, The Week knoweth not.

In spite of considerable opposition the London County Council is going ahead with its scheme for the construction of an immense county hall, to cost, with the price of the site, £1,700,000. The site selected abuts on Westminster bridge on the Surrey side. The hall has been christened "The Spendthrifts' Palace."

The Okanagan, the Vernon Liberal paper, declines to accept as correct the statement made in The Week to the effect that the provincial government has no intention of asking for a dissolution of the legislature next year. Well, we can wait and see; the proof of the pudding—Christmas or other sort of pudding—is in the eating.

The death occurred early on Tuesday morning of Mrs. Cridge, wife of the aged bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church of Victoria. The late Mrs. Cridge was the daughter of the late George Winnill, of Essex, and was born in 1827. Paralysis was the cause of death.

Mrs. (Col.) Holmes returned on Monday from a trip to Winnipeg with Mr. and Mrs. Marpole.



## Challoner & Mitchell

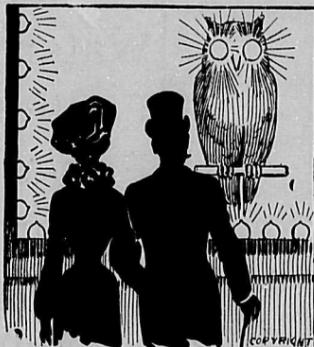
THE XMAS GIFT STORE

47-49 GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA.

## WHEN IN TOWN

CALL AND SEE

The Electric Xmas Display at



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AT

## THE PATERSON SHOE CO.

TWO STORES

THE CITY SHOE STORE, 70 Government St., VICTORIA. THE SHOE EMPORIUM, 132 Government St., VICTORIA.

440

# A Happy Xmas TO Everyone

"Christmas comes but once a year But when it comes it brings good cheer."

## AND GOOD CHEER

Means feasting. Turkeys are considered necessary by many to furnish forth the Christmas Dinner. But beef, The roast beef of Old England is part and parcel of the correct bill of fare—as necessary as the big plum pudding itself.

## We Have Everything

That is necessary and nice:

TURKEYS CHICKENS GEESE.

The Prime of Prime Bee—See our big Christmas Show.

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The Place For Practical Presents For Men

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64 GOVERNMENT ST.

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All kinds of Building Material, LUMBER SASH DOORS

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### Honor Or The Girl.

How Melita Fell in and Out With a "Real Lord."

(By Arnold Watson.)

To every really pretty girl there comes a day of danger. Melita herself may never know how near she came to disaster, but there are two people in the world who watched the play, one as a player and the other from a philosophical distance. Melita's partner in this play was Lord Francis Summers, the son of a belted earl, who was doing the tour of the world under the *nom de guerre* of James Francis, accompanied by his French valet, a very clever Parisian, utterly unscrupulous, who figured on the tour as the Count de Reuse. Lord Francis was neither better nor worse than the average young English aristocrat. He was a good sportsman, enjoyed a very liberal allowance from his father, and liked pretty things—hence, Melita. Also being a boy (he was 23 years of age) he loved mischief; that is why he made himself a commoner and his valet a Count for the purpose of "taking in" the wide, wide world.

Lord Francis, or to give him his temporarily adopted name, Mr. James Francis—for reasons unknown he had been nicknamed "Jimmy" at Eton and the name clung to him for life—arrived with the *soi-disant* Count de Reuse in the city of Victoria just a week before Christmas. He had come from Singapore. He put up at the principal Hotel, cursed the Chinese boys and the dinner, and then sallied forth to see the town. He left the Count at a music hall—the Count being absorbed in buying drinks for a French-Canadian *artiste*—and then dropped into a theatre. As luck would have it, Melita also was at the theatre that night and Jimmy, seeing a vacant seat next to a very pretty girl, promptly occupied it with his noble self. Melita, finding a man next to her, took a glance at him, and finding him exceedingly good to look upon, proceeded to neglect her girl chum on the other side and prepared for the stranger's advances. These came as anticipated, and Melita commenced another of those ephemeral flirtations which rendered her so popular with "the boys" and so unpopular with the ladies, of Victoria.

It is not necessary to trace the progress of the flirtation, step by step, but it may be stated that Melita and Jimmy contrived to meet every day. They had tea together at tea-rooms, long walks and even drives together in the country and enjoyed themselves very much. Melita was immensely attracted to Jimmy, which perhaps was not surprising and Jimmy became infatuated with the most charming of Victoria's daughters. But this sort of thing could not last. Jimmy's honor was involved, for he was engaged to a girl in the Old Country and his engagement was well-known in the fashionable world. Besides, he was—or had been—very much in love with the girl, and she with him. At nights in his room at the hotel Jimmy would wonder what was going to happen—even what he wished to happen. During the day he was either waiting for or was with Melita and was not able to think. And he hesitated to consult the Count.

Jimmy was on his way home and in order to catch his steamer at New York he would have to leave Victoria on Christmas Day at the latest. His father, who was very aged, had been failing recently and had cabled him to return at once. In effect a dying father was waiting for him and he knew that the Earl desired to see his son safely married to Lady Alice before he was gathered to his fathers. Lady Alice was safe, and very, very nice—one of those English girls who place honor above all things, and who as wives ensure a straight path for their husbands. So on the night prior to Christmas Eve, Lord Francis Summers paced his room at the hotel in much mental perturbation. Melita was something new to him and appealed to him with a much greater fascination than that ordinarily exercised over young English aristocrats by American girls or pretty actresses. His heart was torn in twain; he wanted Melita, and yet he was an honorable man.

To him at midnight entered the Count de Reuse, fresh or rather not

very fresh, from the companionship of *La Belle Maisie* at the music hall.

Jimmy smiled drearly. "Had a good time?"

"Yees, certainly," replied the Count. "And you, milord?"

"Jean! rebuked his lordship. "I told you never to use that word while we are on this tour. My name is 'Jimmy.'"

The Count bowed. "Pardon," he said. "May I inquire how you have progressed with the demoiselle?"

"Well, too well. I am in a fix. I don't know what to do about it."

"Go in and win," to use the phrase of your happy country," suggested the Count.

"But Lady Alice?"

"Ah, the Lady Alice! She is in England."

"Alas, Jean, your morality is of Paris, Parisian. It won't do."

"Then give her up and go?"

Jimmy banged his head with his fist. "I know—I know—I know!" he said.

"Jean, go to bed. I am going to worry this thing out!"

But he didn't, and the next afternoon found him with Melita in a cosy corner in a tea-room, making love with a ludicrous sort of reserve—all that remained of his good intentions.

Melita never looked prettier. The weather was frosty and her cheeks bloomed like a delicate pink rose, and her blue eyes sparkled with the joy of living—so good to behold in a young girl. But there was something else in her eyes besides the sparkle and Jimmy saw it and was glad—and yet afraid.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas Eve and the city was thronged with people making their last purchases for the dear, old festival, looking into the gaily decorated shop windows and chatting with friends and acquaintances. Through the crowd on Government street, attended with interested and sometimes envious glances, passed Jimmy and Melita.

"Where can we go? I want to talk to you somewhere—away from all these people." His voice was a little unsteady.

Melita hesitated. A crowd is a protection, and though she would never have admitted it, just then Melita felt a vague sense of insecurity.

Jimmy noted the hesitation. "Only for a few minutes!" he pleaded.

So they left Government street and walked out—hand in hand, like a boy and a girl, to Beacon Hill park. There the white swans swam lazily in a dark, be-shadowed lakelet on the surface of which the stars were dimly reflected. By the side of the lake, with weird shadows from the tall trees lying around and across them they stood and faced each other. The noises of the city came from afar off, emphasizing their sense of isolation. The hour of Melita's danger had arrived.

"Melita, Melita, I love you!" He had to say it; yet the words came to his lips almost reluctantly.

The girl was very pale. She could hear her heart beating—and his too. Something seemed to cloud her brain. She put her arms around his neck and her pretty head on his shoulder, and he stooped and kissed her.

It was over in a minute. From the distant cathedral there came, across the frosty air, the chime of Christmas bells. The sound had a peculiar effect upon Lord Francis Summers. A vision of another scene opened before his mental vision—a scene a year ago when he had bidden temporary farewell to a tall, fair English girl, who trusted him. It was cold and frosty then, too, as he had stood at the portal of her father's house with her hand in his, and the snow lay white and glittering upon the drive and over the fields, and it covered the cottages in the little village nearby. "Goodbye, Jimmy, and God bless you," she had said in her sweet voice—and then he had kissed her—his promised wife—for the first time, and he had gone. Once he had looked back and she stood watching him, a tall fair girl in the doorway, framed by the light from the hall. Then he walked on to the village with the bells of the village church ringing in his ears.

Lord Francis stiffened his soul and fought with the devil. Melita felt the sudden change and drew away from him, looking at him wonderingly and somewhat dazedly.

(Continued on page seven.)

# A Christmas Show Worth Seeing

Slippers are the Most Appropriate Presents. Here you will find a most COMPLETE ASSORTMENT to select from.



- 30 Pairs men's Kid Romeo Turn Soles at . . . . . \$2.00
- 30 Pairs Men's Black Kid Opera Slippers at . . . . . 2.00
- 30 Pairs Men's Choe Kid Opera Slippers at . . . . . 2.00
- 30 Pairs Men's Black Kid Opera Slippers at . . . . . 1.50
- 30 Pairs Men's Choe Kid Opera Slippers at . . . . . 1.50
- 30 Pairs Men's Plush Front Slippers, 90c to . . . . . 1.40
- 30 Pairs Ladies' English Kid Beaded Strap Slippers at . . . 2.50
- 30 Pairs Ladies' Kid Strap Slippers, \$1.25 to . . . . . 1.50
- 60 Pairs Ladies' Red, Black and Blue Felt Romeo at . . . . . 1.25
- 120 Pairs Ladies', Misses' and Children's Felt Slippers, 50c to . . . 75



Just arrived, a large shipment of Children's English Fancy Slippers, something nice for the babies. Also a good supply of Wool Soles.

We have a lot of crochet woolsole Slippers to be cleared out at 75c.

**James Maynard,** 85 Douglas Street  
Odd Fellows' Bl'k  
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**New Books**  
Wallets  
Card Cases  
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Hymn Books  
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Own at \$1.75  
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No end of suitable articles for presents in our stock, but our best line is in LATE FICTION, never had so many or such good books before.

**Victoria Book & Stationery Co., Ltd.**

## The LYRIC THEATRE

Broad Street, Between Yates and Johnson  
O. Renz, Manager.

The oldest and most popular vaudeville resort in the city. The management aims at all times to furnish the largest, most finished, refined and up-to-date aggregation of imported vaudeville talent that pains and money can secure. Open every evening at 8 o'clock. Show starts at 8:30. Admission: 10 and 25c.

### WATSON'S THEATRE

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Big Holiday Attraction Starting  
**Christmas Day Matinee**

The Fairy Play

**"Cinderella"**

Starting Thursday

Goethe's Immortal Drama

**"Faust"**

PRICES 10, 25 AND 35 CENTS

Vancouver

## Opera House

E. R. Ricketts, Manager.

Dec. 21, 22 and 24—The Juvenile Bostonians.

Dec. 25, 26 and 27—The Roscian Opera Co.

Seats now selling.

**Gents' Suits**  
Sponged and  
Pressed 75c

By the month \$2.00

or cleaned thoroughly and pressed to look like new for \$1.50

**LASH'S**

Cleaning, Dyeing, Tailoring  
93 View St., Phone A1207

Week of December 25, 1905.

# Grand

JOHNSON STREET.

Management of ROBT. JAMIESON.  
Daily—7.30 to 11.30. Matinees 10c. all over.

RESERVED SEATS 20c.

ILLUSTRATED SONG.  
ALICE WILDEMERE.

THE THREE VOLTONS.

LAWEL & SOUTHERN.

FRANK HAYES.

ANNIE ABBOTT.  
The Georgia Magnet.

NEW MOVING PICTURES.

# Savoy Theatre

Week December 18

First Appearance in Victoria.

PEARL & CASSIDY.

PINARD TRIO.

And Twenty Other Performers.

Admission

15c and 25c

"We must go back," said Lord Francis. "I have been very wrong. I hope to God. I have done no harm!"

Melita smiled. In a moment she was herself again; confident of her prowess in such affairs. "I am afraid you are a very bad man," she said. "You ought not to be allowed out by yourself—or rather not with a girl. And I do believe I encouraged you to—kiss me!" she concluded with a little sigh and a note of surprise.

Half an hour later Melita and Jimmy parted—never, probably, to meet again. Lord Francis duly married Lady Alice. There were great festivities and his lordship has been very happy ever since. The Count de Reuse looks after his clothes. As for Melita, it is possible that there is a little, wee dent in her heart, but she is still Melita, and as dangerous to amorous youths as ever. It might have ended otherwise.

**VANCOUVER NOTES.**

Christmas now being close at hand the social set have had no time for society functions, being too busily engaged in preparing for the festive season. For next week a large number of theatre parties, dinner parties and family gatherings have been planned.

\* \* \*

One of the belles of the Royal City became a bride last week when Margaret Mary Sullivan was wedded on Tuesday morning to Mr. W. Stuart Nutter by Rev. Father J. P. O'Neill, O.M.I. The ceremony was of a very quiet nature. Mr. and Mrs. Nutter will reside in Spokane, Wash.

\* \* \*

On Saturday morning last Miss Maud McKay became the bride of Mr. L. B. Thompson, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. M. McLeod. The honeymoon is being spent in Ontario.

\* \* \*

The Buccaneers, a West End social club, proved delightful hosts at their first assembly in O'Brien's Hall on Friday evening.

\* \* \*

Mrs. J. S. Rear was the hostess of a charming tea on Thursday afternoon in aid of the Bishopric Endowment fund. Mrs. Rear was assisted by Mesdames Keith, Williams and Tracey.

\* \* \*

Mrs. W. S. Deacon entertained at afternoon tea on Thursday.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchanan are spending the festive season in Montreal.

\* \* \*

The Maple Leaf Dancing Club held a very successful assembly dance in Pender Hall on Thursday evening.

\* \* \*

The Misses Judge entertained a large number of friends at an afternoon tea on Thursday, in honor of Miss Helen Ross, who is to be married next week.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Benjamin McLeod has arrived from Calgary to spend several weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Evans of this city.

\* \* \*

One of the largest and most select audiences of the season greeted the Prince of Pilsen at the opera house on Tuesday evening. There were several theatre parties in the boxes.

\* \* \*

Persons in Vancouver having any social items of general interest are requested to forward them by mail to the Society Editor, The Week, Vancouver.



**Legislative Assembly**

**PRIVATE BILL.**

**NOTICE.**

The time limit for the Rules of the House for receiving Petitions for Private Bills will expire on the 22nd day of January, 1906.

Bills must be presented to the House not later than the 1st day of February, 1906.

Reports from Committees on Private Bills will not be received after the 8th day of February, 1906.

Dated the 1st day of December, 1905.

THORNTON FELL,

Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.



**The Pianola Piano**

would be a perfect

**Christmas Gift**

as all the family could enjoy it.

**HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO., Ltd.**

88 Government St., Victoria.

F. D. MCINTYRE. A. F. SOPER

I deliver your trunks to your room; The higher I go the better I like it.—Jerry.

**Reliable Transfer Co.**

534 Cordova Street.

VANCOUVER B. C.

RING UP 1084.

**MUSICAL GIFT BOOKS**

In Handsome Cloth Bindings

- Songs for Tom, Dick, Bob or Peggy . . . . . \$1 50
- Folk Songs for Children . . . . . 2 00
- Baby's Opera . . . . . 1 00
- Schubert Vocal Album . . . . . 1 60
- Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words . . . . . 2 50
- Faust, Vocal Score . . . . . 2 15
- Opera Singers, with biographies and handsome illustrations . . . . . 75

**Fletcher Bros.**

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated near head of Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked H. A. Collison's N.W. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains south; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

H. A. COLLISON, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated near Quan River, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked L. Morrow's S.E. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains south; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

L. MORROW, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Quan River, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands, Commencing at a stake marked John R. Scott's N.E. corner; thence running east 40 chains; thence 160 chains north; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

JOHN R. SCOTT, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

**APPLICATIONS FOR TIMBER LICENCES.**

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated at Kumdis Slough, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked Geo. W. Morrow's N.E. corner; thence running east 40 chains; thence north 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

GEO. W. MORROW, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked J. M. Collison's S.W. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains south; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

J. M. COLLISON, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked E. C. Collison's S.W. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains north; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

E. C. COLLISON, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated opposite Harrison's Island, Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked E. C. Collison's N.E. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains south; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

E. C. COLLISON, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated at head of Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked H. A. Collison's S.E. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains north; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

H. A. COLLISON, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on Kumdis Slough, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked Geo. W. Morrow's N.W. corner; thence running east 40 chains; thence south 160 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

GEO. W. MORROW, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

**EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANIES.**

**NOTICE OF CHANGE OF NAME.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the name of the "GRIBBLE, SKENE AND BARRETT CO.," which was registered on the 3rd day of June, 1905, as an Extra-Provincial Company has been changed to GRIBBLE AND SKENE CO."

DATED this Twelfth day of December, 1905.

S. Y. WOOTTON, Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

**XMAS PRESENTS**

Do not fail to see our Ladies' and Gent's Fancy Slippers and Shoes at lowest cash prices.

**WATSON'S SHOE STORE**

YATES STREET.

**Army and Navy Cigar Store.**

VICTORIA, B. C.

**CHRISTMAS PIPES**

G. B. D. Pipes from	\$1.50	"	\$42.00
B B B	"	"	1.00 " 14.00
H. B. B.	"	"	2.7 " 4.50
L. & Co.	"	"	2.50 " 5.00

We have the most up-to-date stock of imported Cigars in the City in presentation boxes of 25.

Egyptian and Turkish Cigarettes in 18 different makes.

Cigar and Cigarette Tubes, gold inlaid, from \$1.25 to \$6.00.

Cigar and Cigarette Cases from 75c. to \$6.00.

TOBACCO JARS AND PIPE RACKS IN GREAT VARIETY.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

**NORTH & RICHARDSON**

COR. GOVERNMENT AND BASTION STS.

**CHRISTMAS CHEER**

Mumm's pts.	\$1 50
Cockburn's Red Label Port, per bot.	1 50
Royal Crown Port, per bot.	1 00
Claret, V. D., per bot.	1 25
Chateau la tour, per bot.	1 00
Sauterne, per bot.	65
Watson's Scotch, per bot.	1 00
Club Rye, per bot.	1 00

**ALSO**

A COMPLETE LIST OF BON BONS AND XMAS STOCKINGS TO BE HAD AT

**Carne's Cash Grocery**

Cor. Yates and Broad Sts., 'PHONE 586.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated near Mammon River, Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Island. Commencing at a stake marked Percy Harrison's N.W. corner; thence running 40 chains east; thence 160 chains north; thence west 40 chains; thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

PERCY HARRISON.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated near Mammon River, Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked Percy Harrison's N.E. corner; thence running 40 chains south; thence 160 chains west; thence north 40 chains; thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

PERCY HARRISON.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated near head of Juskatla, Massett Inlet, Queen Charlotte Islands. Commencing at a stake marked L. Morrow's N.W. corner; thence running 40 chains south; thence 160 chains west; thence north 40 chains; thence east 160 chains to point of commencement.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

L. MORROW, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to make application to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated about centre of Juskatla and known as Harrison's Island, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, Province of British Columbia, October 23rd, 1905.

JOHN R. SCOTT, Per Percy Harrison, Agent.

## A Lady's Letter

By BABETTE.

Dear Madge:—Really it is quite exciting these days to go into town any afternoon between the hours of four and six and watch the number of Xmas shoppers that throng the stores. And who can walk along Government street at this time of day and say that Victoria is dull after a glance at the numerous beautifully dressed women and prosperous looking men one meets shopping. And every one looks so happy, too! The society lady of many dollars is much "en evidence" at this time of year, and one hears of her purchasing beautiful jewels, marvellous toys and wonderful creations in hats and furs. "Bien," we are glad to note that she patronizes home industries. It is quite true that to be in "society" in the West means "dollars." However, I think that to-day the inmost portals of society, all over the world, are dominated in large degree by the golden call. So history, at intervals, long or short, repeats itself, and as the ancients showed their appreciation of gold, so do we bow down before all it means—power, beauty, and the hundred things that make life worth living to the twentieth century Sybarite. But I am wandering from my subject. I did not intend to criticise society at large, but to tell you of some of the latest modes. The combination of several furs, which obtained favor last winter, and the winter before, has "gone out," and not too soon. It was "painting the lily" in a most inartistic fashion to mix sable with ermine, chinchilla with stone-marten, fox with lynx, and so on. If fur must be mixed with materials either in velvet or cloth, at least let them match in tone if good effect be aimed at. The secret in buying furs, as a matter of fact (to be very Hibernian) is not to buy them unless of the best. Spend a decent sum, or wait until it is collected, and have a good article which will last and look well for years, rather than obtain cheap and nasty substitutes of which you will always feel slightly ashamed, which carry tails that never wagged when alive, and heads obviously made up, and the general brand of "not being up to the mark." For in nothing is a costume more dragged down to the commonplace than by the addition of dyed or imitation furs. Furs, indeed, are now a subject that gives rise to at least as much depression as exaltation this very season—the price has risen so excessively as compared with even last year. The sable muff of our every day affections, for instance, has become a thing of price and importance within a few short years. It is one of the admitted indispensables of every well-dressed woman, yet its acquisition is no more a mere matter of ten or fifteen, but of forty and even fifty dollars!

And now, Madge, don't feel badly if John does not appreciate your cleverness. Intellect is a reproach that woman has to live down. You know you were made that way, and are not responsible. And if you must wear a "blue stocking," be sure that it is prettily gartered and hidden under a fashionable skirt. Otherwise, Madge, you must expect a book in place of John. A man likes to be always a head in advance of his wife, sometimes neck and shoulders. He never appreciates a wife who is learned enough to pick holes in his arguments or to correct his sentences. Nor does he care to hear her talk with the tongues of men and of angels. It makes him feel small. I once heard of a man who fell in love with a very well read girl, who was always airing her knowledge. By the way, she was a brunette, and he thought he adored brunettes, so he married her. But soon after he discovered that it was a blonde who was his ideal.

Mentioning "blue stockings" reminds me to tell you of some very fine socks that I came across in Finch & Finch's the other day. They were of English make and prettily embroidered on the instep in neat designs in red and other colored silk. Now, don't be shocked when I say that I was really tempted to invest in several pairs of the smallest size, take them home and sew long, black "legs" on them for my own

use, because we poor females never seem able to procure pretty hosiery suitable for winter wear. Why it is so, I don't know. Fancy, in this store was a dainty opera bag made of Dresden silk with draw strings of blue ribbon. What a splendid idea it is for a smart up-to-date gentlemen's furnishing house like Finch & Finch to keep a few of these dainty, fussy, feminine fancies, besides carrying as they do such a splendid stock of ladies' gloves. For, look you, there is many a man who would buy his wife, or sister, as the case may be, a pair of gloves or a dainty gift like the above mentioned, but, poor dear, he shies at the very mention of a dry goods store. Hence it behooves this firm to accommodate him.

Another attractive shop for men is the Fit-Reform Wardrobe on Government street, in the windows of which are displayed some very handsome suits and overcoats of a decidedly fashionable cut. Raincoats in the latest styles are priced as low as \$15, \$18 and \$20, and surtout or Newmarket overcoats are to be had here for from \$22 to \$25. I noticed to-day some very smart smoking jackets in this store which are sure to be in demand at this time of the year.

For glittering effects, women restrict themselves to jewelry, the delicacy and lace-like effects of which increase with increasing excellence of workmanship. Take, for instance, some of the beautiful necklets, bracelets, pendants, etc., that are now on exhibition at Challoner & Mitchell's wonderful Xmas gift store, which to my mind is a veritable paradise for women. I think their jewelry is even more attractive than ever. The large pear-shaped drops that are among the newest fancy in pendants, to be worn on an almost imperceptible chain, are some of the things that we all long to possess. And the prices are well within the reach of moderate purses, though they are not cheap enough to become common. Jewel-encircled miniature pendants that are the favorite pendants with proud young mothers, examples of the daintiest designs are here obtainable at prices modest exceedingly. Other pendants of original and exclusive design, beautifully rendered in jewels and translucent enamels, are on view in this well stocked store, which proves so irresistible a magnet to the passer-by.

After a glance at the splendid display in Terry & Maret's of Lowney's chocolates and other well known makes of sweets, "done up" in the daintiest possible packages, the old saying "sweets to the sweet" naturally comes to my lips. Here indeed is a collection of tempting "bon-bons" from which to select a gift for my lady of the sweet tooth. And fear not that it will be most heartily accepted.

It is often difficult to procure the exact design in the cover of a cushion to harmonise with its surroundings. Some try to impart a new idea by making special designs of figure subjects. There have been cushion covers designed by Mucha, and cats of the Steinlen pattern have come forth to embellish the cushion of the cosy corner. Hence it is useful to know that Weiler Bros. have the largest and most choice assortment of cushion covers suitable for any surroundings. If you have a Dutch breakfast room in delf blue, green or white, an Oriental smoking room with hangings of Bagdad, etc., or a dainty drawing room in the palest shade of brocade, here you will find cushion covers to match. And the wonderful curtain stock this large store carries! Really one becomes almost bewildered, while viewing all their exquisite designs in cretonnes, denims, Oriental hangings, etc., while their exhibit of artistic pottery, dainty china, copper and brassware is undoubtedly the best in the province. From a Christmas shopper's point of view, when economy, usefulness and good value for your money, are to be considered, this is decidedly the store wherein to shop.

One of the most brilliant and artistic spectacles in the line of Xmas exhibits in the stores is that of The Hinton Electric Company. This company has just received hundreds of the most beautiful electric fixtures in brass, copper and wrought iron. It fairly makes one's heart glad to see this splendid display. Of course one invariably longs "to possess" on sight of some of these artistic fittings, but apart from that feeling which is natural to every human being, it is a pleasure to inspect this splendid stock.

"I am almost afraid to again mention Mumm's champagne, for verily you will think that I am getting too fond of this king of wines. I must, however, confess that I have a "penchant" for this particular brand, and I am sure that you also are looking forward to your Christmas "hot bird and cold bottle."

And now to descend from the sublime to the serviceable. Let me impress upon you the advisability of purchasing good stout boots for this season of the year. A hint in this line is always in order, as it spells common sense. Therefore make haste and take advantage of the boot and shoe sale that is still in progress at the Paterson Shoe Company's store. I can vouch for the superiority of their stock, having but lately invested in a pair of boots that has been a comfort to "my souls" ever since.

Don't forget that the very best Egyptian cigarettes are still to be had of Turner & Beeton Co. A box or two of their "Crown Prince," or "Goldplate" imported cigarettes would make an excellent gift for your youthful brother, who has long since recovered from the effects of his first smoke, and as you say is now at "the-falling-in-love-with-the-widow" stage. This is the stage, I think, when they learn to "make rings," and have "pipe dreams," etc.

Another store that has a fine Christmas showing is, James Maynard's boot and shoe store on Douglas street. For children's dainty dancing slippers, men's and boys' felt house slippers, in fact all that is desirable in this line for Xmas presents, you will find a most complete assortment here to select from.

And now that I have given you a hint for suitable presents for all the family, before I close may I suggest a gift for myself? I should like nothing better than to possess the lucky number that will win the \$300 piano player at Fletcher Bros.

A Merry Xmas to you, and may you profit by my "gift hints." Next week I hope to be able to tell you of many beautiful presents that will have fallen to my lot by then. BABETTE.

Miss Bernice McClure, of Vancouver, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. McClure.

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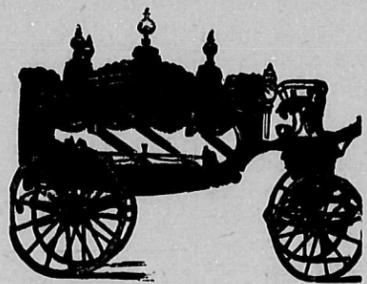
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