

alone in this way of reasoning is evidenced by the fact that I have received several letters from members of the Cathedral congregation this week, complaining of the innovation and calling on THE HOME JOURNAL to exercise its right of criticism. In a future issue, I may have occasion to write of this matter at greater length.

In the past, many complaints have been made as to the way in which the dressing rooms of the Victoria theatre were furnished. Manager Jamieson is determined to stop unfavorable comment, and, with this end in view, he has had said dressing rooms carpeted and painted in a most attractive style. He has also had placed in each a wash-stand and all the conveniences required by the profession. The aisles of the theatre have not been neglected, where a few hundred yards of carpet have been put down. Now, when young men, bibulously inclined, want to remain out until the curtain is rung up, there will not be so much fear of them disturbing the whole audience with the clatter of their heavy boots along the bare floor. These are only a few of the many improvements contemplated by Manager Jamieson.

"Squire Abingdon," the sporting peer whose decease in the United States was theme for a day's gossip, did not leave a farthing of his millions to the soiled Lily Langtry on whom in life he was wont to bestow black eyes and other marks of distinguished consideration. Most unconventional in life, most disregardful of the amenities and even decencies of society, this queer person made a most orthodox will. The bulk of his property goes to his mother for her life, thereafter to be distributed among relatives according to the propinquity of their kinship. Not a tanner to the Lily. The fact might not be worth the mention save as it illustrates a trait in human nature too often overlooked. Because a man of decent breeding takes a notion to be a cad; to waste his money on riotous living, and to consort with the outcasts of society, it by no means follows that he has lost all his regard for his original decency and for his respectable origin. Though he give his life, he does not necessarily mortgage his eternity to the riffraff. The Lily has been crushed anew, but one of the traditions of birth and breeding has been saved.

My attention has been directed to the gross brutality of a person engaged in business on Yates street. It appears that the creature referred to has in his employ a young man who, although decidedly deficient in understanding, is capable of performing manual labor. The employer, it is said, is in the habit of gratifying his thirst for blood by subjecting this poor simpleton, every week or so, to the severest punishment which can be inflicted upon a human being. The other day, the poor unfortunate creature received his regular weekly dose from his employer, and, as a result, his face was bruised almost beyond recognition. If half of what is said of this unnatural employer be true, as regards his treatment of the simple young man referred to, it occurs to me that the cat-o'-nine-tails would find a

fulfillment in its mission by being applied to the back of this burlesque on man.

I was not one of the invited guests at the big Board of Trade banquet at the Driard House on Thursday night, or rather, as I explain to my numerous friends who have been so solicitous in their enquiries as to why I did not go, I was suffering from a severe attack of la grippe, and it would have been dangerous to my health to go out in the night air. By the way, I may remark I am very careful of my health these fine days, and my digestion not being as good as it used to be, I am bound to confess to a feeling of shyness when in the presence of French cooking. This method of practicing the culinary art is all right in its way—for those, who like it. I don't. Not that French cooking as a whole is bad, but sooner than eat the food prepared by some cooks of this variety, one of whom I have particularly in mind as I write, I would eat oatmeal and dry bread three times a day. However, let this pass. It is the banquet I am going to write about. From all accounts it was a grand affair, M. Escalet, the genial caterer, had determined to do himself great honor. This was an occasion not had every day to exhibit his skill as a restaurateur, (I think that is a good word) and he must needs cover himself with glory and renown. The result was that the menu card was literally filled with all sorts of foreign names, principally Italian I fancy, some French and a little German thrown in as a compliment to the guests. There were "soupes" as they call them in Patee, galore, seven kinds I am told, and of fish all kinds and varieties known, whales, sharks, devil fish and crabs. Not to occupy too much time going into details, it might be said briefly that the host outshone himself, even serving some things which were entirely unexpected by many. One dish in particular, a beautiful roast, being much admired, not so much for itself, but more because of the delicacy and ease in which it was put on. The wine list was elaborate. It included anything from California sherry to Mumm's extra dry and Pommery, the demand for the latter two brands being so great as to severely strain the supply, and it is a noteworthy fact that one guest, after the supply was exhausted, sent out and bought a couple of bottles because he said the quality was so excellent he thought he could stand some more. Everything was provided with all the freedom and generosity for which M. Escalet has gained such a wide spread reputation, and anything you did not see—so I am told at least—could be had by asking for it. Of the speeches which followed, little need be said. It was a noticeable fact that every one was well prepared for the "feast of reason and flow of soul," so that there were excellent after-dinner orations. I am told the speaker of the evening was General J. B. Metcalfe, of the State of Washington. So eloquent were his remarks and so gushing his flow of language that every one in the banquet hall was able to listen intently to him for the one hour and twenty minutes he spoke on the future possibilities of the Nicaragua Canal, and the appeal he made to his audience for mercy to the great

great Panama Canal character—De Lesseps—caused a copious flow of tears. Not a dry eye was to be seen anywhere, and when the great American Demosthenes had concluded, such a round of applause and cheers went up from the vast multitude as fairly shook the rafters and made the plate glass mirrors, with which the dining-hall is resplendent, rattle in their frames. It was a glorious outburst, and, as my informant put it, "so long as life within me stays, I will never, never, never forget that magnificent, sublime, patriotic, transcendent, luminous, eloquent discourse!" Mr. F. Elworthy, the genial secretary of the Board, also spoke well. His name did not appear on the toast list, but, I am creditably informed, his effort was a masterpiece. *En passant*, let me say that the entire credit for the success of the whole banquet is due to the untiring efforts of this gentleman who, from first to last, from the suggestion of the idea until it was finally carried out, shouldered the whole responsibility and did all the work, without assistance, without instruction or guidance, and, moreover, with that rare tact and genial courtesy for which he is noted. Too much praise cannot be given him and I am sure he will bear the honors—as he always does—with becoming grace and modesty. Much disappointment was felt that some of the best after dinner speakers of the Province had no opportunity of addressing the audience; amongst these may be mentioned Hon. Dr. Milne, Major-General Kane, Mr. Barney Boscowitz, Barrister Charles Jewell Prior, Lord Baltimore, Francis Bouchier, the Napoleon of trade and finance—and others. Before quitting this interesting subject I must not omit to mention the fact that all the members of the Board were so much pleased with the banquet that they vow M. Escalet will have charge of all future demonstrations of the kind with which they have anything to do.

PERE GRINATOR.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA

## Derby Sweepstakes

To be decided by the result of the ENGLISH DERBY, run at Epsom, May 31st, 1893, (241 Horses Entered).

**\$20,000**

Divided as follows:

First Horse.....	\$10,000 00
Second Horse.....	3,000 00
Third Horse.....	2,000 00
\$2,500 among Starters and \$2,500 among Non-Starters.	

10 per cent. deducted from all prizes.

Tickets entitling the subscribers to one chance in the Sweepstakes, price \$2.00, can be obtained at all leading hotels and saloons, or directly from W. R. Jackson, Box 372, Delmonico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., or W. G. Stevens, Box 283, Pioneer Bodega, Victoria, B. C.

The Drawing will take place at the Delmonico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., on 29th May, 1893.

The most reliable manner of forwarding subscriptions to the Sweepstakes is by Postal Order.

Copies of the drawing will be sent to all local Agents, and a full list of the numbers drawn will be published in the principal papers of Canada and the United States of May 30th, 1893.

GUARANTEED TO FILL.

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