

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to
THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

WITH the opening of the shooting season, the farmers are taking extra precautions to protect their cows and sheep from the Nimrods.

TRANSFUSION of blood has been found efficacious in curing pneumonia. To keep one's own blood in good condition at all times is a better preventive.

OBEY the law as good citizens is a maxim which a lot of people should paste in their hats and read it every time they feel themselves growing hot under the collar.

COMPLAINTS are made that dogs are killing off the fancy fowl of some of the citizens. If people must keep dogs, they should guarantee their neighbors at least a small amount of protection.

SOME astronomers have settled to their own satisfaction, at least, that Mars is inhabited by a highly intelligent race of beings. The discovery of artificial canals would seem to indicate that these highly intelligent inhabitants were interested in retaliatory measures and politics.

THE assault on John E. Rice by Esther Lyons' husband, at Seattle, the other day, leads one to the belief that the trouble between the theatrical king and the actress is not yet at an end. Now that the friends and relatives of the principals have taken a hand in the matter, the outcome is more than ever enshrouded in Egyptian darkness.

THE story goes that Sir Charles Smith, as British ambassador to Morocco, overawed the Sultan by some tricks of prestidigitation, and his wife took the starch out of a hostile mob by photographing them with a kodak. No wonder the Englishman had it much his own way as long as the spell could be kept up.

The craft of the mapmaker could be considerably improved in the opinion of those who have to refer to them occasionally for accurate information. A gentleman speaking before the Engineering Club of Philadelphia, the other day, remarked that "Nothing short of a special act of Providence could give birth to more beastly specimens of cartograph than the average American wall map designed for educational purposes."

NEXT year, the discovery of America

will be celebrated in every way that patriotism can invent. Not only are we to be furnished with a special issue of half-dollars by the U. S. treasury, commemorating the event, but the Postoffice Department also has decided to sell a complete set of jubilee postage stamps during the year of 1893. The stamps will bear appropriate engravings, and the only portrait to appear on them will be that of Christopher Columbus.

ENGLAND has annexed Johnston's Island, which was occupied in 1858 by citizens of the United States and has been considered a part of U. S. territory. Where is Johnston's Island? Get out your map and see. Not one man in a hundred knows whether it's in the Pacific Ocean or the Caspian Sea, and those who do know its location can't tell what it's good for. Few maps show its location, and it is but a mile and a half long by half a mile wide. It adjoins Hawaii.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in an article in the September number of the *North American Review*, elaborately argues that Mr. Gladstone cannot afford to shelve the home rule proposal in order to give precedence to the One Man Vote measure and the suggested bill to improve the registration Act. Mr. McCarthy adds to his argument a positive sort of opinion that Mr. Gladstone never entertained the idea of delay favored by Mr. Labouchere and the Radicals. He takes the popular view that the Lords will throw out the bill and then Mr. Gladstone could call another session very early and bring in the home rule bill again. This time the peers must either "give in or give out." This is a placid survey of the future, to say the least.

THE day of the "Hello" girl is almost past; in other words, it is said that the automatic telephone exchange is a practical success, and an ingenious electrical mechanism is about to take the place of thousands of young women at telephone headquarters. The machine is fully described and illustrated in the *Western Electrician*, and the inventor is about to put it in operation in eastern cities at once. This threatened wholesale displacement of a large body of young women who have gone to the trouble of undergoing a course of special training, and have been for years the faithful workers in a great industry which is also a monopoly, is a very serious thing, and unless living becomes rapidly cheaper with the increase of the machines that oust men and women, some solution will have to be found to the question, "What are you going to do about it?"

A STORY ABOUT COLONEL GORDON.

When Colonel Charles Gordon went to the Soudan for the last time he started in characteristic fashion, with only the clothes he wore; and had it not been for Lord Wolseley he would have started without any money. In writing of Gordon, Wolseley says:

"Gordon left London on January 18, 1884; he started from my house, and

when he left he said, 'I pray for three people every night, of my life, and you are one of them. When Gordon went to Kartoum he went for God. I think Charlie Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. I have met abler men, but none so sincere. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Soudan took place late in the afternoon. There he stood, in a tall silk hat and frock coat. I offered to send him anything he wanted. 'Don't want anything,' he said. 'But you've got no clothes!' 'I'll go as I am!' he said, and he meant it. I asked him if he had any cash. 'No,' was his calm reply. 'When I left Brussels I had to borrow \$125 from the King to pay my hotel bill with.' 'Very well,' I said; 'I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it.' I went round to the various clubs and got \$1,500 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with him; Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by, when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, 'You remember the \$1,500 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Among them was an old sheikh to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money and gave the whole of it to him!'

EXCERCEVIA EXPLAINS.

Dear Home Journal,—I have to apologize to your readers this week for my failure to continue the pleasant narrative of last week. It is in order, I presume, for me to assign some reason for my neglect. The fact of the matter is that I received a shock during the week, and have been unable to recover my composure. It came about in this way. I was dining at the Union Club, as usual, when a well-known, if not prominent, citizen varied the conversation by asking who THE HOME JOURNAL'S "Exercevia" was. In reply, another gentleman who happened to be present—a suave, sugar-coated man, with a large mouth—claimed the authorship. "Good," thought I, and I felt flattered to think anyone would so admire my diction as to usurp it, but when this same person went on to declare who and what my shafts were aimed at, I was thunderstruck. You can understand that it would take some time for a man of my nervous temperament to recover. I hope, however, to be all right next week. But in the meantime the club man who said he was the author, is a—well, I won't say what.

Yours very faithfully,

EXERCERVIA.

THE CLUB,
Sept. 2, 1892.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That money continues to obliterate all social blemishes.

That every new hotel opened decreases the business at old ones.

That tradesmen too could have vacation if all their fashionable customers paid them.

That the prayer to be kept from "envy, hatred and malice" should be printed for distribution.