THE VICTORIA

HOME JOURNA

SSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C. SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL. Office: 77 Johnson street Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

NEVER lose sight of an honorable enemy; he will make a good friend.

CHARACTER gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hair.

THE surest and shortest way to prove a work possible is strenuously to set about it.

MAYNARD HAVELOCK COWAN'S name is papa, now, and he still recognizes old friends.

An official inspection of weights and measures in some parts of Victoria is said to be needed.

WE are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

CIRCUMSTANCES form the character, but, like petrifying waters, they too often harden while they form.

NATURE has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces, which is honored almost wherever presented.

IT is understood that Ald. Bragg thinks he could fill the mayor's chair better than Mr. Beaven, of whom he is an ardent admirer.

IF you have great sorrows keep them to yourself, unless you have some bosom friend that will listen to you with a sympathetic ear.

well; and doing well whatever you do-without a thought of

THE C. P. R. is about the best friend the Northern Pacific R. R. can have. Every time the former snubs Victoria, the latter is more strongly cemented here.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or to society in some form or another.

To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is unconscious as a lamp is of its own light.

NEVER affect or assume a particular character, for it will never fit you, but probably give you ridicule; but leave it to your conduct, your virtues, your morals, and your manners to give you one.

WE make unlovely all our days by the little soul we put into our efforts, by the way in which duties push us forward, by lack of that electric something which makes all words, all deeds, quiver and

An editor out west who sends his paper out to "time subscribers" sends a bill each year. second bill is sent and there is no response, he takes it for granteo that the subscriber is dead, and publishes an "obituary notice" in his columns.

OH, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing that thou seekest is already before thee, here or nowhere, couldst thou only see.

WORKINGMEN will note that Ald. Robertson the latest accession to THE talent of success is nothing the aldermanic board, and who

more than doing what you can do mainly got in on the strength of his "friendliness" toward the working man, is a supporter of Chinese labor on work connected with civic contracts.

> VICTORIANS should take a leaf from the book of the people of Winnipeg, who have become disgusted with brainless blundering aldermen, and are seeing about placing municipal affairs in the hands of salaried commissioners, holding office during good behacior.

ENCOURAGE your little one to sing. Music lessens care and heartache. Often and often the words of a song, the sweet melody, linger in the heart after the voice is silent, and keep alive the courage which has almost died; anxiety and heart pain cause heart disease, and after that quickly comes death. Song sweetens toil, and it is imperative that parents and teachers should aim to increase this means of happiness for the children, if for no other reason than to strengthen their minds and hearts for the labors to be borne in mature years.

THE late Benjamin P. Shillaber, whose published sayings of Mrs. Partington were very popular some years ago, was fond of quoting her in friendly conversation, though he used to say that such twists of the language came easier from his pen. He always laughed at her perversities, and a friend relates that he said that in his last book on Mrs. Partington he had to kill her so that no one else should lay claim Her peculiarities were to her. suggested to him by those of an elderly friend of his youth in the New Hampshire town where he was born.

McINTOSH. ROCK BAY